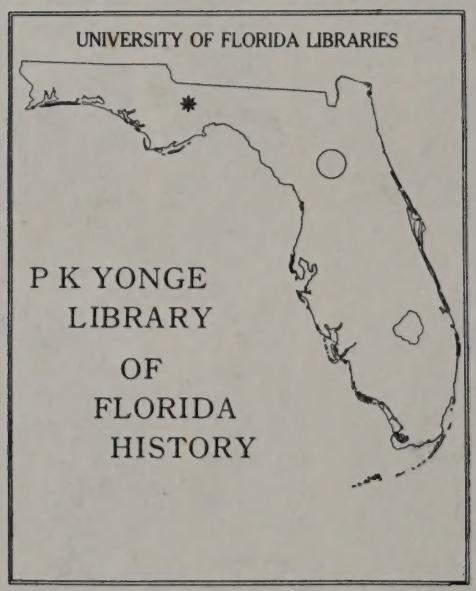
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A Study of the History and Folklore of the St. Andrews Bay Region

By
ELSIE LILLIAN SURBER

A THESIS PRESENTED TO THE GRADUATE COUNCIL OF
THE UNIVERSITY OF FLORIDA
IN PARTIAL FULFILMENT OF THE REQUIREMENTS FOR THE
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> Mr. J. R. Asbell had charge of digging up the grave of Governor John Clark. I don't remember what year it was, but Emanuel Pope, a Negro, and possibly another man or two did the digging. Emanuel Pope said God would sure have a hard time getting that man's body together on Judgement Day because part of it was here in Florida and part in Georgia.
>
> All that was found in the grave were rusty streaks where the nails from the coffin had rusted and a ten cent piece with a hole in it, probably had been on a string around a child's neck as there was a child's and woman's grave--possibly the Governor's wife and child--near by.[31]

In an old law book the heirs of John W. Clark are listed as Ann W. Campbell, Wylie P. Clark, and John R. W. Clark, who had died in May, 1835, leaving no children.[32] West mentions another daughter named Mary and says that according to the records of the Daughters of the American Revolution there was a daughter named Nancy Williams Clark. West does not mention the son, John R. W., nor does the law book mention any heirs other than the one daughter and the two sons.

The Clark House was one of those destroyed in December, 1863, by shell from a Federal gunboat. Even though all the houses and many trees were destroyed, no damage was done to the monument.[33]

The Loftin family was the next to settle in Old St. Andrews, moving from their home on North Bay in 1830. William Loftin was a prominent character in the early days of St. Andrews Bay. He had been a surveyor and planter in North Carolina and had served in the War of

---

[31] As related November, 1949, by George W. Surber, age 78, who was working for Mr. Asbell at the time.

[32] Florida Reports, Volume V, p. 563.

[33] West, on. cit., pp. 23-32.

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INTRODUCTION

In an everchanging world one often loses sight of the many facets of our cultural heritage. Experiences, stories, customs, and songs which were a part of the everyday life of our forefathers, all too frequently have been sloughed off and lost to us today. It was with the idea of preserving some part of the rapidly vanishing folklore and folkways and of recording some of the historical facts of the St. Andrews Bay section that this study was undertaken. The purpose was to search out and to record items of its heritage that would provide for the student of today and tomorrow enjoyment as well as instruction.

The thought has been that the material included in this story would be useful to teachers in secondary schools. For that reason, an effort has been made to keep the presentation of the material relatively informal and free from the more technical refinements of research.

The study is limited to the St. Andrews Bay region of Florida, with the emphasis on those places and persons involved in its early history. In searching for information, the writer found that definite written material concerning this part of the state was meager. Therefore, much of the material included in the study is limited to the memory of the few remaining pioneer settlers and their descendants.

The writer does not maintain that this is a complete history of

the region. She has attempted to include only those neighboring areas whose histories have bearing upon this section. In collecting the data for the study, she read books from the Jacksonville libraries, the State Library in Tallahassee, the P. K. Yonge Library of Florida History, University of Florida, Gainesville, and private libraries in Panama City. She searched through newspapers of Bay County and neighboring counties; borrowed from residents of the county scrapbooks containing pictures, poems, and clippings; obtained pamphlets from the Panama City Chamber of Commerce; and gained much information through correspondence and interviews with pioneer settlers, their descendants, and other prominent people of the area.

The study is presented in two parts. In Part I the historical background and the development of the region are presented. The folklore, including customs, superstitions, legends, stories, and songs, is dealt with in Part II. Pictures concerned with the history and folklore of the region are used throughout the study. In the Appendix have been included letters, legislative acts, newspaper clippings, and other data which the writer thinks will be of importance and interest to the reader.

PART I

This section of the study deals, in the main, with the history of the area immediately surrounding St. Andrews Bay. Those aspects stressed particularly are the natural setting, settlement, people, education, literature, postal service, transportation, and industries.

The account presented herein has been gleaned largely from books, newspapers, and interviews. The two books most extensively used were West Florida by John Lee Williams and St. Andrews, Florida by G. M. West. Many newspapers were examined, especially the Panama City Pilot, Panama City News Herald, St. Andrews Messenger, and St. Andrews Buoy.

Included also in this section is a brief description of the plant and animal life of the region in the earlier years of settlement. At first glance, this material may not seem appropriate; but when one reflects that the history of any region is partially dependent upon the natural environment, its inclusion seems not only appropriate but also necessary.

CHAPTER I

EARLY HISTORY AND SETTLEMENT

St. Andrews Bay is located in West Florida in what is now Bay County. It lies just beyond the bend in the West Coast of Florida. This bay, thought by many to be among the most beautiful bodies of water in the world, lies approximately thirty miles northwest of St. Josephs Bay and sixty miles westward of Apalachicola.

Bay County was formed from portions of Calhoun County and Washington County on April 24, 1913. Its scenic coastline, most of its people, and its historic associations cluster around St. Andrews Bay. This bay has an excellent harbor. The high banks, which rise fifty or sixty feet above the surface of the water, have such a steep descent that in many places seagoing ships can tie right up against the bank. The area enclosed has a shoreline of 600 miles or more and is large enough, so it is said, to harbor the Navy of the United States without being crowded.[1]

The principal city today is Panama City, which was formed in 1925 by a consolidation of St. Andrews, Millville, and Panama City. St. Andrews is the oldest city in the county, its history going back to the early 1820's. Today Panama City is a lively, bustling industrial town which has grown to a population of 28,016 (1948). It is now served by three bus lines, one railroad, and steamships which run to many parts of the world.

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[1]Stockbridge and Perry, So This is Florida, p. 247.

THE BAY—ST. ANDREW

Early scenes of St. Andrews Bay from souvenir booklet belonging to Mrs. Ethel Joyner, St. Andrews

THE BAY.

Settlement

St. Andrews[2] received its name, no doubt, from the early Spanish navigators who explored the northwest Gulf coast in the sixteenth century. Place names given by them to physical features of the coast show the course they followed. The fact that Spain was a Catholic nation and that representatives of the Church accompanied all expeditions probably influenced the naming of bays, capes, and islands after the saints. They were named possibly for the saint upon whose day they were discovered. These names are especially characteristic of the coast of West Florida. In the 250 miles from St. Marks on the east to Santa Rosa on the west, the place names St. James, St. Teresa, St. George, St. Vincent, St. Blaise, St. Joseph, and St. Andrews are found. That no other part of the coast of Florida, or for that matter of North America, has so many places named for saints, would indicate that the early Spanish explorers gave special attention to this section.[3]

St. Andrews, or "St. Andre," as it appears on old maps,[4] was named possibly for St. Andrew Corsini, whose day is February 4, St.

---

[2]The names St. Andrew and St. Andrews have been used for the town. The writer has chosen to use the name St. Andrews because it seems to have been the more commonly used among the early residents of this section.

[3]West, St. Andrews, Florida, p. 1.

[4]Cf. old map by H. Moll, Geographer, entitled "Florida Called by Ye French Louisiana," 1732, and "A map of East and West Florida, Georgia, and Louisiana, published as the act directs of May 31, 1781." Copies of these maps may be seen in the P. K. Yonge Library of Florida History, University of Florida.

Andrew Avellino, whose day is November 10, or the St. Andrew whose day is November 30. No record has been found which identifies the explorer who named it.[5]

Spaniards

Since there is little evidence as to what explorers reached this section of Florida, just which of the Spaniards did touch here can only be assumed from the records. G. M. West, who did research on the early history of the St. Andrews Bay area, says that Americus Vespucci might have visited it in the spring of 1498. In 1516, a pilot in Cuba, Diego Mieurelo, sailed along the west coast of Florida, trading with the Indians. A bay named the "Bay de Mieurelo" that had palm trees at its entrance is mentioned in the report of Bazares' voyages in 1558. West says that since St. Andrews Bay marked the westernmost limit of the cabbage palm and since there were many of these trees at its entrance, this was the bay named by Mieurelo.[6]

Other Spanish explorers who visited this part of Florida between the years 1529 and 1559 were Pineda,[7] Narvaez, Cabeza de Vaca,[8] Guido de las Bazares, De Luna, and DeSoto. When De Luna's party reached

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[5]West, op. cit., p. 2.

[6]Ibid., pp. 1-2. Mieurelo is West's spelling, possibly the same as Miruelo.

[7]West says that the oldest map of this part of Florida gives "the land of Garay." Because of the inaccuracy of the map, the land can not be located exactly. Pineda was sent out by Garay.

[8]DeVaca's visit took place in 1529, as is established by the narrative written by DeVaca himself.

this part of Florida's west coast and landed on the shores of the bay described by Bazares and Mieurelo, they were visited by a tropical hurricane which lasted twenty-four hours. So much damage was done to ships and men that no further attempts were made at exploration or settlement for some time.

There is some evidence that the St. Andrews Bay area was inhabited by Spaniards at one time. Charlevoix states that on his voyage along the coast in May, 1722, after leaving "St. Jo" on the thirtieth and advancing seven leagues, he came to anchor at the mouth of a river which came from a bay opening to the southeast.[9] This would be St. Andrews Bay, the easterly pass of which is often referred to in early records as a river. The current setting out through the Bay was mistaken for that of a river.

The few Spaniards who lived on St. Andrews Bay were probably adventurers. Orange and fig trees found growing on Dyers Point and other spots along the Bay as short a time ago as the early 1900's would seem to indicate that those spots may have been the homes of these early Spanish settlers. In a letter written by one Thomas Robinson and published in Roberts' Florida, mention is made of these homes. Robinson writes concerning a voyage which he made from Pensacola to St. Marks in 1754. Concerning this coast he says:

---

[9] West, op. cit., p. 7.

> The shore level, rising gradually into eminences, clothed with the finest verdure, and spontaneous productions interspersed promiscuously, as mulberry, cedar, cocoa, vanilla, moho, and cabbage trees, etc., the last towering their round tops above the rest, as if conscious of its sovereign dignity. I discovered near to this coast several plats of ground, which appeared to be barakas /cottages or rural houses/ of wood (like those I had seen on the Mexican coast) surrounded with pleasant little gardens and corn.[10]

The evidence is not too conclusive as to the Spanish occupation, but old clearings, fig and orange trees found here by the first English settlers, and Spanish coins of an early date picked up on the Bay shores indicate that there were some white settlers, possibly Spaniards, here as early as 1700.

English

During the English occupancy of this section from 1763 to 1782, there was an English settlement called Wells on St. Andrews Bay. Later American settlers found along the shores old fields long since covered with rosemary, evidently the locations of English homes. Two historians, Bonnycastle and John Lee Williams, make reference to this town.

In his book, Spanish America, published in London in 1815, Bonnycastle refers to the Bay as "Saint Andrews River." The only three places mentioned by him as being in West Florida at the time of his travels from 1800 to 1815 were Pensacola, Wells, and Apalachicola.

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[10]Roberts, Florida, p. 94.

Wells he describes as a seaport on the west side of St. Andrews Bay in 30.25 north latitude and 85.50 west longitude.[11] The location of this early English town was on, or near, Dyers Point,[12] a site occupied during World War II by the Wainwright Shipyard. Williams, in writing of his travels through West Florida between 1821 and 1825, tells of Wells and other English settlements there:

> Several demonstrations at townmaking have been essayed, in West Florida, but most of them have ended in bushes, where they began. During the possession of the English, a town was begun about seven miles north-east from Pensacola called Campbellstown. Another on the east side of St. Andrews' bay called Wells. It is impossible, at this time, to obtain an exact knowledge of the population or extent of either. They, however, could have been no more than infant establishments; as they all fell to decay directly after the English evacuated the country.[13]

West mentions in his book a talk he had with a descendant of the Wells for whom the town was undoubtedly named. According to the descendant, Wells was a town of importance during the British occupancy. A heavy trade was carried on at this place with the Indians and other English settlers living around the Bay. The first Masonic Lodge in what is now Bay County was established at Wells under a charter from the Grand Lodge of England. Mr. Wells was one of the

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[11] Bonnycastle, Spanish America, p. 14.

[12] West, op. cit., pp. 12, 13, states that early navigators and charts differed from five to twenty miles in latitude from those of present charts and therefore can not be depended upon for accuracy.

[13] Williams, West Florida, p. 80.

A section of a map made by Bernard Romans during the English Occupation in 1774 - The English town of Wells is shown on the west side of the bay and is the only town in the area. (Photostated from a map in P. K. Yonge Library of Florida History, University of Florida, Gainesville, Florida)

A map of Florida from an American Atlas published in 1822 by H. C. Carey and I. Lea, Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, showing the old English town of Wells and the old city of St. Andrews (Florida Times-Union, February 26, 1950)

first worthy masters of this lodge, and his descendants still have in their possession his "lambskin apron."[14]

The first English settlers, some Tories of the Revolutionary days, others fortune hunters and discharged soldiers, produced indigo and naval stores. Indigo may still be found growing in some places.

The firm of Panton, Leslie, and Company of Pensacola carried on trade with the settlers and the Indians in this section. Some of the articles received by the company from the settlers were pine timber, lumber, naval stores, indigo, bear's oil, salt fish, dried venison, deer skins, and furs.[15]

West speaks of old fields found in his day[16] along the shore of the Bay at Dyers Point and northeastward of there. Of course, there remains no trace of the plats today, since the Wainwright Shipyard was built in this area. He refers also to plantations which existed between Caroline Bayou--today known as Baker Bayou--and Panama City. These belonged possibly to English soldiers who were given grants of land.[17]

The first charting of St. Andrews Bay was done by an Englishman,

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[14]West, op. cit., p. 13.

[15]Ibid., p. 14. Cf. Chapter IV, "Occupations of Spanish and English," for a more complete list.

[16]West came to this section in the 1890's and lived here until his death in 1926. From an interview with G. W. Surber.

[17]West, op. cit., p. 14.

Admiral Gauld of the British Admiralty. He began the work in 1764 and continued through the next seven years. The survey seems to have been thorough and gives a very accurate picture of St. Andrews Bay, so-named on the chart.[18]

When Florida was returned to the Spanish in 1784, the English left, some going to the new United States and others to the British colonies. No one was ever known to have returned.

Indians

In the long ago--before the Indians found here by early explorers --people must have lived on the high hummocks along the shores. The huge shell heaps on the shores of St. Andrews Bay show that these people must have lived, to a large extent, on oysters, scallops, and conchs. Live oaks at least five hundred years old were found growing on the mounds when this section was first settled by white people. Other oaks just as old were found rotting on the ground, indicating that they were growing on the heaps before those standing were in existence. G. M. West in his book, St. Andrews, Florida, says that there is indisputable evidence that a people inhabited the shores of St. Andrews Bay in the distant past. He fails to give evidence other than the facts already mentioned, but even today remains of carved pottery and arrow heads are found in the shell heaps along the Bay.

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[18] A copy of this chart can be found in the Library of Congress, Washington, D. C. Cf. West, op. cit., pp. 10, 15, 46.

John Lee Williams says that the central parts of West Florida display abundant evidence of an ancient and dense population. History gives nothing on the subject, and, as Williams goes on to say, "Indian tradition sheds only a faint and uncertain light on that period of distant years."[19]

In the west end of what was once the city of St. Andrews, now a section of Panama City, there was at one time a huge Indian mound. (The writer remembers seeing it when she was a small child.) Today a street named Mound Street runs through the spot where this mound was located. The Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences sent out an expedition to study the mounds in this part of Florida's coast. When the mound was examined, it was found that urn burial was practiced by the early Indians. One old settler who was employed to dig into the mound states that each urn had a hole knocked in it, apparently a part of the burial ceremony. This was done possibly to "kill" the pot.[20]

The Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences sent out The Gopher, an old river steamer, to visit all the Indian mounds in this vicinity. It is stated in one volume of the reports on this cruise that the Hopewell type of pottery was uncovered on Redfish Point and at Parker. Indications were that seven different colonies had lived on Redfish

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[19]Williams, op. cit., p. 32.

[20]Moore, "The Northwestern Florida Coast Revisited," Journal of Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia, XVI, 515.

Examples of Indian pottery found in the St. Andrews Bay area (Photostated from The Northwestern Coast of Florida Revisited, a report of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences)

FIG. 19.—Vessel of earthenware. Mound near West Bay Creek. (Height 5.25 inches.)

Mound near Davis Point, Bay County.

About one mile northerly from Davis Point, on East bay, a part of St. Andrews bay, on property of Mrs. A. W. Kirven living nearby, was a mound on the verge of hammock land, about 3 feet in height and 45 feet in diameter of its circular base. Evidence of but little previous digging was apparent.

Mound near Davis Point. (Height 6.25 inches.)

A bowl (Fig. 26), some parts of which were not recovered, bears an interesting

FIG. 26.—Vessel of earthenware. Mound near Crooked Island. (Diameter 9.1 inches.)

incised decoration including portrayal of a bird's head, inverted, on two opposite sides.

Point and had built their villages one on top of the other.[21]

The Bay does not appear to have been occupied by a large number of Indians at any one time. The Apalachees were the inhabitants of this part of North Florida before the coming of the Seminoles. Little is known about these Indians. According to West they were noted as mariners, since they made voyages to Cuba in canoes hollowed out of large cypress trees.

Williams records in the following excerpt glimpses of the Indians' wars and final defeat, as told by the old men of the Fowltowns:

> Tradition says that about one hundred years ago the Yamases inhabited this country; but that white men also had towns and cultivated fields among them; that they lived in peace and intermarried with each other. But the Muscogulgee tribes commenced a war on them, which continued a long time; during which the forts were erected, whose ruins are still seen; that the Muscogulgee finally conquered; that the white men were at last driven to Fort St. Lewis, and from that to Ocklockney fort, from which they embarked on the Big Water and left the country. That the remainder of the Yamases were taken prisoners and made slaves by the conquerors. That the Muscogulgees then abandoned the country because they had destroyed the means of subsistence. Many years of desolation succeeded; till at length vagrants from different tribes strayed into the unoccupied regions, and united with the remnant of the Seminole nation. These traditions are gathered from the old men of the Fowltowns and however uncertain, are the only authorities within our reach. After the battle of Emuckfow, and the Horseshoe, etc., many of the fugitive Creeks fled into Florida, and joined the Seminoles. The Indian villages west of the Suwanny river and Mickasuky Lake were called the Fowltowns when the territory was transferred to the United States. ... By treaty made at Camp Moultrie, in 1824, the Indians

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[21] From an interview with Judge Ira A. Hutchison, Panama City, Florida. He was present when the discoveries were made.

> of Florida relinquished their lands for a district of country on the peninsula to which they were removed in 1825.[22]

Williams goes on to describe the life of these Indians before their removal. He says that for meat they depended principally on hunting. The women raised such crops as corn, sweet potatoes, pistache nuts, beans, melons, and pumpkins. They made a kind of bread from the tuberous root of the great Bamboo or China Briar grated fine to separate the starch from the fibers. They seemed to live happily and were quite republican. They watched over the conduct of the chief with great care. The men were much handsomer than the women and dressed with better taste. The inferiority of the women was probably the result of their servile position. The children appeared healthy, active, and intelligent. They were under no restraint and did no work unless they wanted to do so. The tribes raised cattle and horses. The women raised hogs and fowls. Their savage nature was "much broken," and if they had remained in the rich fields of Mickasuky and Tallahassee they would have reached a high degree of civilization.[23]

It would appear that all through this early period Bay County remained in possession of the Indians. Perhaps it was the unimportance of these few Indians that caused them to be left alone when the other tribes to the eastward were destroyed.

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[22] Williams, op. cit., p. 72.

[23] Ibid., p. 73.

During the Second Seminole War (1834-1842), this section was subject to trouble from wandering Indians. There seems to have been no damage from them in St. Andrews, but there was destruction on all sides of it. In 1840, one settler, a Mrs. Jones of Econfina, was killed by Indians.

An early newspaper (1839) carried the following item concerning Indians on the Bay:

> Indians.--About two hundred refugee Indians are said to be concealed in the hummocks on the eastern arm of St. Andrews Bay, between thirty and forty miles north of this place. A detachment of United States troops are in pursuit of them. As yet they have committed no depradations and excite little alarm in the neighborhood.[24]

In an 1840 issue of the same paper, the news was printed that an entire family about six miles from Iola near St. Joseph was murdered by Indians and their home was burned. It was thought that the Indians might head for the eastern arm of St. Andrews Bay. A company had been sent in pursuit.[25] So far as the local record goes, the last Indian killed in this section was old Chief Indian Joe. This happened, according to an "old timer," around 1848.[26] No burial grounds of importance have been found. Those which have been found seem to have been intrusive and not like those of later Indians found here by the first white settlers.

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[24] St. Joseph Times, February 2, 1839.

[25] Ibid., January 29, 1840. The family was named Harlen. The company was under the command of Colonel Fitzpatrick.

[26] West, op. cit., p. 55. From the reminiscences of Dr. J. W. Keyes, published in an early Wewahitchka paper.

United States Occupation

Between the second occupation by the Spaniards (1784) and the purchase of Florida by the United States (1819), no permanent settlements were made on the Bay. A few Spanish fishermen lived on the shores of the Bay. West Florida seems to have been in a constant state of upheaval during this time as a result of the fighting between the Indians and runaway slaves and the United States forces--twice under General Andrew Jackson.

People in the states of Georgia and the Carolinas had heard about West Florida and once Florida became a part of the United States, a few hardy souls began moving into the section. The abundant fish proved an attraction for the planters in the neighboring states. They had their slaves salt the fish for consumption on the plantations. Many slave owners fed their slaves on salt fish.

A Pensacola newspaper of 1824 mentions what was probably the first settlement by Americans on St. Andrews Bay:

> La Fayetteville has also been projected on St. Andrews Bay. A few log cabins have been erected, but its progress is doubtful.[27]

Williams gives a brief glimpse into the life of the people living in West Florida at this time (1822). The inhabitants were Spanish, French, and American. He says their "habits, customs, and manners are various and have yet assumed no settled tone. Diversions in town

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[27]Pensacola Gazette and West Florida Advertiser, December 18, 1824, p. 2. Article by John Lee Williams.

are principally dancing and billiards. In the country fishing and hunting are both business and amusement." In speaking of the religious side of their life, he says, "Roman Catholic religion predominates. Three-fourths who perform worship at all attend the chapel." He lists the products from West Florida as cotton, live oak, cedar, pine plank, oak staves, deer skins, hides, and bricks. Williams describes the setting up of housekeeping by the immigrants thus:

> When the immigrant first settles, he builds a cabin, either by laying up round poles or by driving posts into the ground and weather boarding with puncheons split from pitch pine and covered also. Sometimes bark of cypress is used for roofing. It is best for durability and turning rain.[28]

On Williams' map of West Florida published in 1827, the homes of some of the first settlers in this part of the state are shown. The home of Colonel Loftin was shown near Oyster Point--later Little Oyster Bar--and what was called East Creek. The residences of Ormond and Young were located between East Creek--now Bayou George--and Bear Creek. A residence marked by the name Wood was shown to be on the east side of Econfina not far from the natural bridge.

As nearly as can be determined, the first man of note to settle on the north shore of the main bay[29] was John Clark, an early governor of Georgia. Mr. Clark moved from Milledgeville, Georgia, in 1827 to old St. Andrews, now called "Old Town." There he built his home on a

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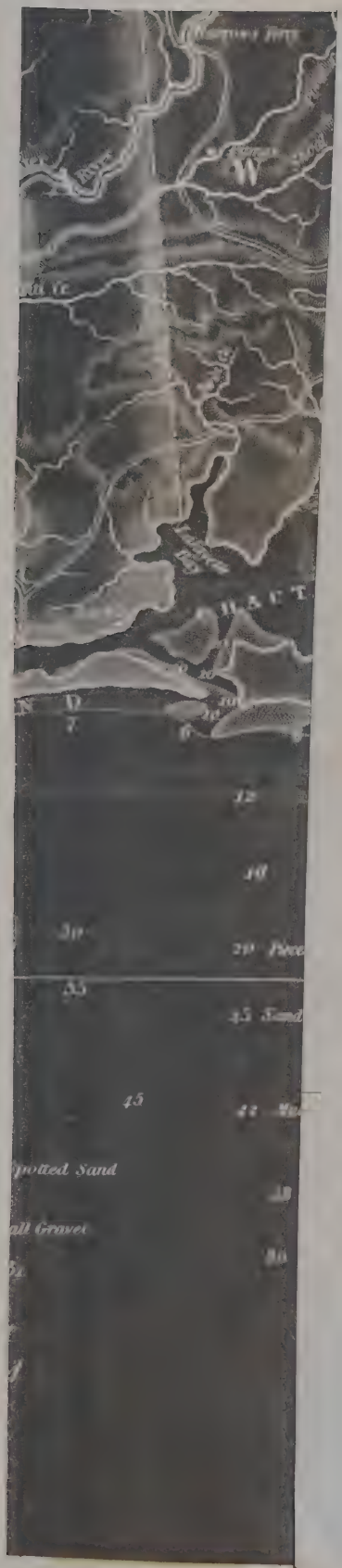
[28] Id.

[29] The Bay regarded as St. Andrews was in early days divided into four parts known as North, East, Wapaluxy, and St. Andrews.

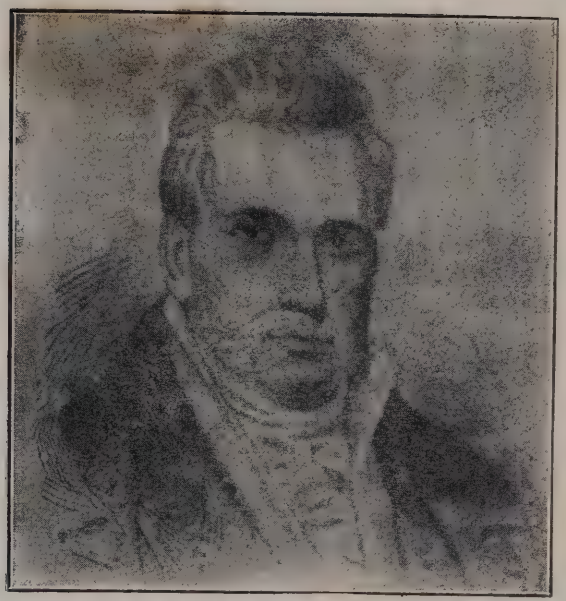


Photostated copy of a section of John Lee William's Map of West Florida, 1827, from his book West Florida

bluff overlooking the Bay and offering a good view of the pass into the Gulf. There was a fine spring on the rear of the lot. A grove of live oaks and magnolias covered the site.

John Clark was a colorful character, well known outside of his own state. He was the oldest son of Elijah Clark, who fought Florida Indians that made attacks upon Georgia frontier settlements. He was born in North Carolina, February 28, 1766, but soon was taken to Wilkes County, Georgia. His public career began at the age of fourteen, when he left school in Wake County, North Carolina, to join a company recruited to go out scouting against the Tories. John was made a lieutenant at sixteen and later a captain of the militia. He fought under the command of his father at the siege of Augusta and the Battle of Jacks Creek in 1787. Because of his distinguished Revolutionary career the state legislature elected him to the position of Brigadier General and later Major General of the State Militia. Toward the end of the War of 1812, Governor Early appointed him to take charge of the coast defenses and the southern boundary of Georgia.

After his army career, John Clark became a prominent political figure in Georgia. In 1816, he was chosen a presidential elector. He became the leader of one faction of the Democratic-Republican party. Clark was elected Governor of Georgia in 1819 and reelected in 1821. After four years, he was again a candidate for the governorship. He was defeated by G. M. Troup. He remained active in politics until 1827, when at the age of sixty-three he retired and moved to St. Andrews Bay.



John Clark, an early governor of Georgia and one of the first settlers in Old Town (St. Andrews)
(Picture made from an oil painting in Atlanta, Georgia)

Julia Hentz Keyes, early poetess
Daughter of Caroline Lee Hentz
Wife of John W. Keyes (Picture photo-stated from one in a collection of her poems)

Dr. John W. Keyes, early pioneer here, son-in-law of Caroline Lee Hentz (Picture through the courtesy of his great grandson, Bob Hunter, FSU, Tallahassee)

The home Mr. Clark erected near the shore of the Bay was a one story, hewn pine log building sixty feet in length, with an extension on the north used as a kitchen. The main part of the house had two large fireplaces, one at each end. West talked with old residents, white and Negro, who had visited at Governor Clark's house. They mentioned the children who were at home and the trees that the governor planted there. West tells about one of these trees, a fig, which was planted at the corner of the kitchen in 1827, and which was still growing in West's lifetime. He also mentions the mint in the garden as dating back to the Governor's days here.

Mr. Clark also operated a plantation south of Moccasin Creek in the Econfina settlement. Through the influence of his friend, Andrew Jackson, he was made caretaker of government timber in this section. According to the reminiscences of an early settler, W. A. Gainer, Mr. Clark discharged his duties faithfully. He stopped the cutting of pine which was being manufactured into lumber at Colvin's mill. At that time, no land in this section had been surveyed and none was being sold.

The nearest postoffice at this time was Webbville, about sixty miles away. There were warehouses at Bay Head, on Cedar Creek, and on the river in Holmes Valley. The Clarks, however, did most of their buying in Pensacola or New Orleans when they made trips to these places in their yacht.

The Clarks had no neighbors for many miles until 1830, when

Captain Loftin built his house about a mile east along the beach from the Governor's place. The Clement and Exum survey made in 1831 and 1832 recorded just two houses on this beach. The survey also noted a road leading from the Clark residence to and across Bayou George, and northerly through the Econfina settlement to Webbville and on into Georgia. This road is marked "road to Governor Clark's."

In the fall of 1832, Governor Clark contracted yellow fever while on a trip to New Orleans on his yacht. He brought the disease home with him and died from it on October 12, 1832. His wife died on October 26 from the same disease. These two cases, and that of a man on East Bay who had contracted the disease at St. Joseph were the only cases of yellow fever known on St. Andrews Bay.

The Clarks were buried about 300 feet east of their home on a lot used for burial purposes. The Clark monument and a slab showing where the grandchildren were buried could be seen as late as 1922 at the rear of Mrs. Mary Moore's residence in Old Town.[30] The body of John and presumably those of his wife and grandchildren together with the monuments marking their graves were moved to Georgia evidently after 1922 because West fails to mention them in his book published at that time.

An old timer gives the story of the removal as follows:

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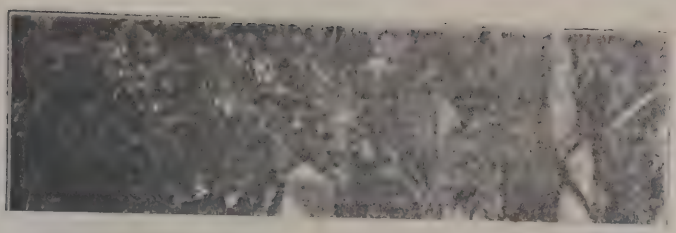
[30] See picture on next page.



Monument erected in Oldtown (St. Andrews) in 1832 over the grave of John Clark, early governor of Georgia and one of the first settlers in this area
(Photostated from Panama City Pilot, April 30, 1908)

Governor Clark's Monument.

The inscriptions on the monument are as follows:

North side,

JOHN CLARK
Born February 28th, 1766
Died October 12th, 1832.

As an officer he was vigilant and brave,
As a statesman, energetic and faithful.

South side,

NANCY CLARK
Born May 1st, 1774
Died October 26th, 1832

The wife, mother and christian in all

Not from the cold dictates of duty:
But the warm affection
of a pure and virtuous mind.

East side.

Here repose the remains
of
late governor of Georgia
and
NANCY CLARK
his wife.

West side,

This monument
was erected by
his surviving children
Ann W. Campbell
and Wiley Clark.

> Mr. J. R. Asbell had charge of digging up the grave of Governor John Clark. I don't remember what year it was, but Emanuel Pope, a Negro, and possibly another man or two did the digging. Emanuel Pope said God would sure have a hard time getting that man's body together on Judgement Day because part of it was here in Florida and part in Georgia.
>
> All that was found in the grave were rusty streaks where the nails from the coffin had rusted and a ten cent piece with a hole in it, probably had been on a string around a child's neck as there was a child's and woman's grave--possibly the Governor's wife and child--near by.[31]

In an old law book the heirs of John W. Clark are listed as Ann W. Campbell, Wylie P. Clark, and John R. W. Clark, who had died in May, 1835, leaving no children.[32] West mentions another daughter named Mary and says that according to the records of the Daughters of the American Revolution there was a daughter named Nancy Williams Clark. West does not mention the son, John R. W., nor does the law book mention any heirs other than the one daughter and the two sons.

The Clark House was one of those destroyed in December, 1863, by shell from a Federal gunboat. Even though all the houses and many trees were destroyed, no damage was done to the monument.[33]

The Loftin family was the next to settle in Old St. Andrews, moving from their home on North Bay in 1830. William Loftin was a prominent character in the early days of St. Andrews Bay. He had been a surveyor and planter in North Carolina and had served in the War of

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[31]As related November, 1949, by George W. Surber, age 78, who was working for Mr. Asbell at the time.

[32]Florida Reports, Volume V, p. 563.

[33]West, op. cit., pp. 23-32.

1812. His descendants have said that he came to the Bay soon after that war. At one time Mr. Loftin, Representative J. M. White, and Henry Rivere made an attempt to establish a city on East Bay, West of Parker, naming it Austerlitz. While engaged in this venture the Loftins moved from St. Andrews to a site near Parker. Mr. Loftin was in charge of the custom house there and was given the right to operate a ferry between Ferry and Military Points where the old military road to St. Joe crossed East Bay. This road had been built by Andrew Jackson. Mrs. Eliza Porter Mashburn, who lived in St. Andrews many years before her death in 1918, said that her mother was the daughter of William Loftin. Mrs. Mashburn said she was born in Port St. Joe in 1840. She was well known around the Bay as a registered mid-wife. Old settlers say she was as good as any doctor, and in fact, often acted in that capacity. The St. Andrews Buoy of May 18, 1905 carries her advertisement. Another daughter of Loftin married Peter Parker, Sr., also an early resident of this section.[34] Mr. Loftin died in 1845. His was one of the earliest burials in the Parker cemetery.[35]

There seems to have been a great deal of rivalry between the people who hoped to establish a city on St. Andrews Bay and the city of St. Joseph. This is evidenced in an account given by Peter W.

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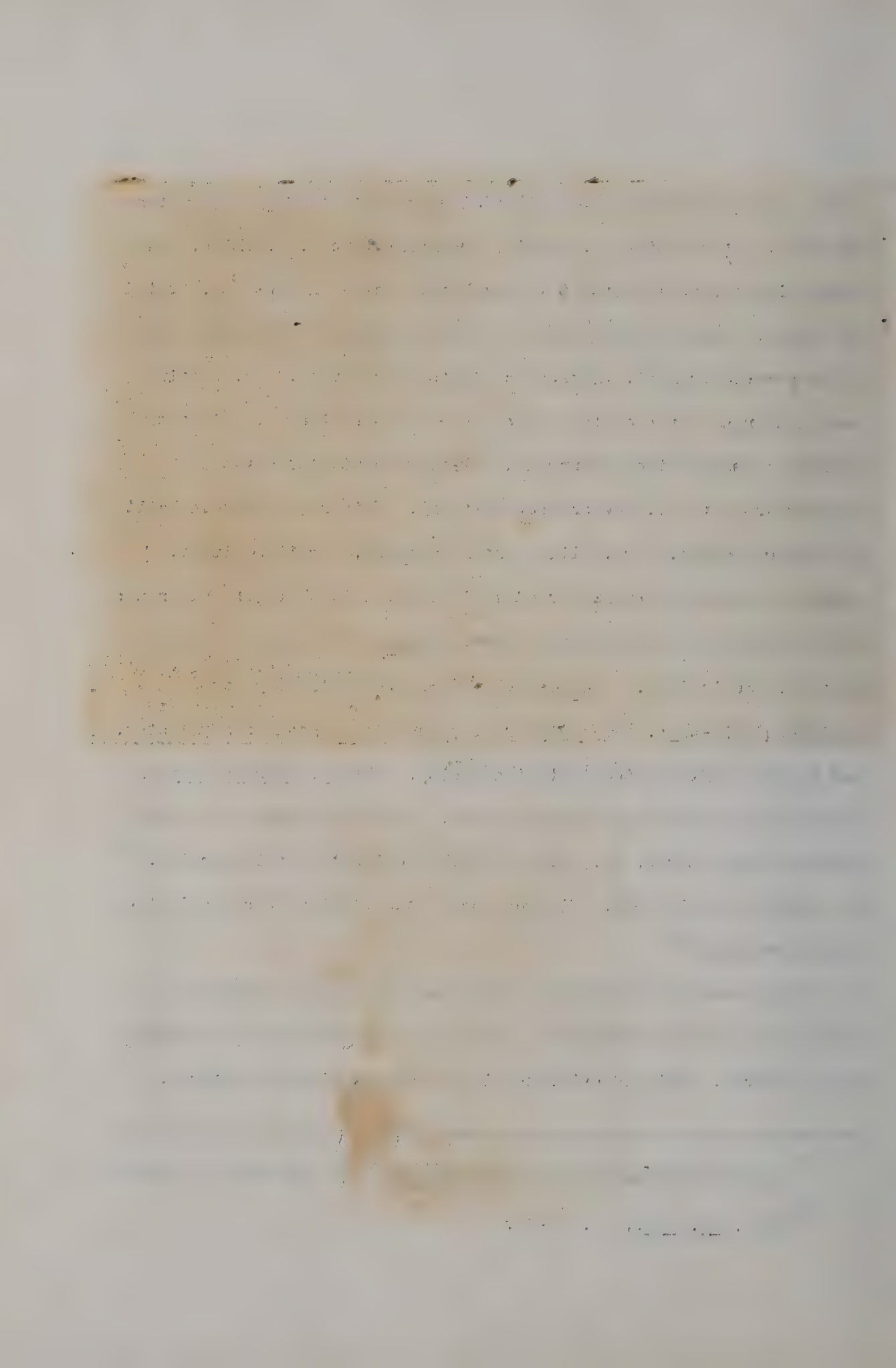
[34] Again mentioned in the "Stories of the Old Settlers" in Part II.

[35] West, op. cit., pp. 32-33.



Jackson's Crossing, St. Andrews Bay, near Peter Parker's place on East Bay (News-Herald plates)

Jackson's Trail, Alligator Bayou, North Bay

Gautier, Jr., editor of the St. Joseph Times, of a trip he made to St. Andrews Bay in September, 1839. He speaks of the "old settlement near the pass, now deserted and decaying," and the new city of Austerlitz as "being divided into four municipalites, the whole city at present consisting of one dwelling house, and appurtenances in the suburbs." The promotion of Austerlitz was broken up when the outside capitalists who were expected to invest in it decided to invest in St. Joseph instead.[36]

According to the first census made in Florida in 1830, Washington County, in which St. Andrews was located, had only 987 population. In fact, the whole of West Florida, which included Washington, Jackson, Walton, and Escambia Counties, had only 8,610.

Many planters from Jackson County visited St. Andrews in the early 1830's. They came for the purpose of taking and salting down fish to use on their plantations.

A charter to construct a canal was granted an organization to be called St. Andrews and Chipola Canal Company by the territorial legislature. This was approved by the Governor February 10, 1832, but nothing seems to have come of it.

The first steps toward forming a company to build a town on St. Andrews Bay on land forming a part of what is now called Old Town was made by people in Jackson County in 1838. A charter was granted

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[36] Ibid., p. 33.

for this purpose by an act of legislature dated March 9, 1843.[37] Directors and trustees of the St. Andrews Bay Land Company were Jessie Coe, Richard H. Long, Benjamin Wynn, William Booth, William Nichols, and Walter J. Robinson.

James Watson erected a sawmill on Watson Bayou in 1836 and bought up a large amount of land for timber in this area.[38] This is the earliest record the writer has found of a mill built in this section.

Evidently Peter W. Gautier, Sr., a Methodist minister and father of Peter W. Gautier, Jr., editor of the St. Joseph's Times, lived in St. Andrews at one time. Just where Mr. Gautier's home was located seems uncertain.

Old St. Andrews was first settled by people from the inland sections who wanted summer homes on the Bay. These homes were built principally along the bluff near the Clark place. During the summer months these homes were occupied, but the rest of the year the town was deserted except for a few fishermen who made their homes here. Among these summer residents were the families of Simmons J. Baker, Captain Wynne, Billy Wynne, Felix G. Long, David Blackshear, Jesse Coe, Marmaduke N. Dickson, and others. The Tavern, as the Clark house was called at the time, was occupied by Major Armstead and

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[37] See Appendix.

[38] West, op. cit., p. 36. According to record in land office at Gainesville, Watson bought section six, township four south, range fourteen west, except the fractional west half of the southwest quarter.

his family. Major Armstead kept the hotel in 1841 and 42.[39]

One of the most colorful characters to live on the Bay was a man by the name of David K. Blood. Dr. J. W. Keyes, an early resident, told of Captain Blood in his reminiscences.[40] People who were here before the Civil War told West that Captain Blood's house was located on what is now named Beach Drive between the site of the old Clark house and Caroline Bayou, now called Baker Bayou. The old time darkies, according to West, were greatly impressed by Captain Blood's many guns, boats, instruments, and tools and somewhat in awe of the man himself. Captain Blood always praised St. Andrews Bay.[41]

Dr. J. W. Keyes and his family occupied the Clark house at one time. Dr. Keyes' wife was before her marriage Julia L. Hentz, daughter of Caroline Lee Hentz, a writer of some repute in the middle 1800's. Preceding and during the Civil War period Mrs. Keyes was a well-known writer of poetry.

Although she made her home in Marianna, Florida, Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz spent much of her time, especially the summers, at her daughter's home here. Mrs. Hentz was the daughter of General John Whiting, an officer in the Revolutionary War. In 1824, she married Nicholas Marcellus Hentz, who came to this country in 1816 from

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[39]From the reminiscences of Dr. J. W. Keyes published in an early Wewahitchka paper.

[40]Story found in "Stories of the Old Settlers," Part II.

[41]West, op. cit., pp. 37-39.

Caroline Lee Hentz, early novelist
From a painting by her husband, Nicholas Hentz (Picture taken by her great, great grandson, Bob Hunter, FSU, Tallahassee)

Lake named for Caroline Lee Hentz who lived near it with her daughter, Julia Keyes

Versailles, France. They both held positions in schools and colleges in several states, coming to Marianna in 1851, because of Professor Hentz's failing health.

Mrs. Hentz was a very popular novelist of the day and many of her books were partially or entirely written at the residence of her daughter in St. Andrews. Those probably written here were Marcus Warland, or The Long Moss Spring, The Lost Daughter, Robert Graham, and Ernest Linwood.

Mrs. Hentz died in Marianna in February, 1856. That she was very popular in the St. Andrews section is evidenced by the fact that in her honor the Coast Survey officers named the bayou at the east end of Old Town Caroline Bayou, now commonly known as Baker Bayou.

Members of the Keyes family and others left this country soon after the close of the Civil War and lived in Brazil. They were among those who objected to the outcome of the war. Later Dr. Keyes returned, and he and his wife were both buried at Wewahitchka.[42]

The first chart of St. Andrews Bay issued by the government in 1855[43] shows St. Andrews as extending along the beach some three-fourths of a mile on the south shore. This map shows thirty-two buildings in the city--the same number reported burned in the

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[42] Ibid., pp. 39-42.

[43] Preliminary chart of St. Andrews Bay, Florida from a Trigonometrical Survey under the direction of A. D. Bache, Superintendent of the Survey of the Coast of the United States. Triangulation of F. H. Gerdes, assistant; topography by G. D. Wise, assistant; Hydrography by the Party, under command of O. H. Barryman, U. S. N. Asst.

A portion of the coast and Geodetic Survey Map of 1855 showing 32 buildings in the city of St. Andrews (West's St. Andrews, Florida)

bombardment by Federal gunboats in December, 1863. Very few of these were occupied in the winter. Silas Stearns, an authority of the time, says in his article in the Geographical Review of Fisheries of the Gulf of Mexico that between the years 1850 and 1860, St. Andrews was a lively, active place containing at least 1200 or 1500 people.[44]

Another very early resident of this section was a free Negro, Joseph F. Masslieno, a Spanish subject who made his home on Red Fish Point. He is supposed to have reached the age of 110 or 111 years when he died. He lived on the Bay as early as the time Governor Clark lived here and has told that he was present and helped at the burial of Governor Clark. His son, "Hawk" Masslieno who was born in 1840 and died in 1947, was also a very colorful character in these parts for over a hundred years. Masslieno Bayou in the heart of Panama City was named for these pioneer residents.[45]

The reminiscences of John B. Henderson, who made his first trip to St. Andrews in 1860, gives us some of the early residents of the section at that time. Jonathon Purcell was in charge of the hotel, no doubt the old Clark house, and there was a store run by a man

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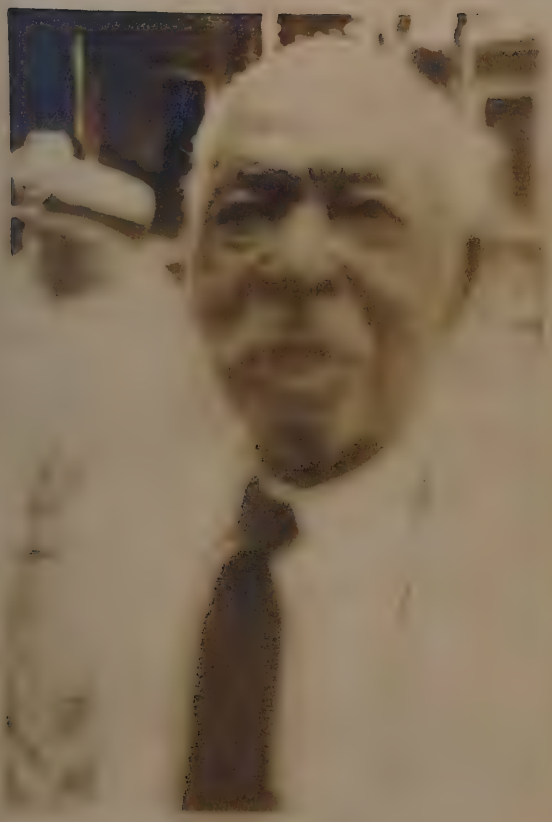
[44]Stearns, "St. Andrews Bay Fisheries," Geographical Review of the Fisheries of the Gulf of Mexico: Western Florida, Government Reports, pp. 564-566.

[45]The name Masslieno has been spelled several ways. The grandson, Norman J. Masslieno, Panama City, says that Masslieno is the correct spelling according to records in St. Augustine. This is the spelling on the Carnegie medal awarded to Norman Masslieno, August 12, 1930 for saving the life of W. George Logue of Panama City. Cf. West, op. cit., p. 29 and note also picture postcard of "Massalina" Bayou.



Narcisso "Hawk" Masslieno, age 108 at the time of his death in 1948. Pictures made at Pioneer Picnic by Judge Ira A. Hutchison

Norman J. Masslieno, son of "Hawk" Masslieno and grandson of Joe Masslieno, showing to Mrs. Ira A. Hutchison, Panama City, the Carnegie Medal awarded to him for saving W. George Logue, Panama City, from drowning

Masslieno Bayou with a crude wooden footbridge that spanned it in early days (News-Herald plates)

The same bayou as it looks today (Bayou named for the pioneer Masslieno family.)

named Fleischman, with John Chandler as clerk. He remembered William Porter, Peter Parker, Hawk Stephens, Fed Dennis, and others already mentioned.[46]

Captain Anderson, who came to the North Bay in 1855, remembered a Dr. William Pierce, who lived there at that time with six or eight slaves. On Bayou George lived a family by the name of Witherspoon and one by the name of Moore on Cedar Creek. Other pioneer names in the North Bay area were: Long, Ellison, on Mill Bayou; Seth Osborne, Widow Crawford, and John Stephens on Betty Bayou; William Padgett, John Scott, Stephen W. Anderson on Fannin Bayou; Creamer and Kent on Bayou George; and William Brooks on Cedar Creek. He also mentioned many of the same names recalled by Henderson.[47]

Summary

The name of St. Andrews Bay dates back to the early 1700's as maps of that period prove. The first known settlement on the Bay was that of Wells, an English town established on the west shore of the Bay during the English occupation of Florida. Long before this, however, the Spanish had visited this area and a few of them had made their homes here. Although little is known definitely about them, Indians had also occupied the section, as is evidenced by the many

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[46] Panama City Pilot, June 20, 1907.

[47] Ibid., November 28, 1907.

mounds, pottery, and arrow heads found throughout the area.

When Florida passed into the hands of the United States in 1819, an attempt was made to establish a town on the Bay. The name La Fayetteville was given to the settlement, which soon passed out of existence. The first successful town on the Bay was that of St. Andrews, which was probably started in the early 1800's. Some of the earliest settlers here were John Clark, William Loftin, Peter Parker, Hawk Stephens, James Watson, Peter W. Gautier, Sr., S. J. Baker, Joseph Masslieno, a free Negro, and the Gainer family. Many of these first settlers were summer residents from inland towns of Florida, Alabama, and Georgia.

CHAPTER II

ST. ANDREWS DURING THE PERIOD OF THE CIVIL WAR

The coming of the Civil War created little excitement among the fishermen living on the Bay; indeed, they paid very little attention to it. They did not own slaves and were not particularly interested in the affairs of the Nation.

Although the settlement was unimportant, the Bay with its secluded deep water bayous made a good base for profitable blockade running. Cotton was shipped out, and necessary supplies for the Confederacy were brought in by return trip. The manufacture of salt at many locations on St. Andrews Bay was of some importance to the South and gave to the Bay much more significance than it had had prior to the war.

Activities of the Civil War

Very early in the war, probably late in 1861, the entrance to the harbor was blockaded by Federal ships. They made their headquarters in the Bay back of Hurricane Island. In addition to blockade duties, the Federals were engaged in destroying the numerous and valuable salt works. Men who lived in the vicinity at the time have said that during the peak of the salt making on the Bay as many as four thousand wagons hauled the salt to the interior.[1]

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[1] West, St. Andrews, Florida, p. 57.

Site of Civil War salt works on West Bay Point
At left, a view of the salt flats; at right, the boy holds fragments of salt kettles in front of one of the old salt wells

That saltmaking was of importance to the Confederacy may be inferred from the fact that Florida law exempted from conscription and military service those engaged in this work. As would be expected, this exemption caused many eager to escape service in the army to come to the Bay. This increase in population was a drain upon the food supplies of the country as it took a lot of supplies to support the workers. With respect to this situation, Davis, in his Civil War, quotes Governor Milton as saying:

> Many able bodied men from adjoining states and this state have repaired to the Florida sea coast, and under pretense of making salt, have been holding intercourse with the enemy, others have been lazy loungers. I know ten men associated in salt making on the coast for the past six weeks. They have not made a bushel.[2]

In 1862, the legislature granted other states the privilege of making salt on Florida's coast. The price of salt had increased and early in the war was sold for one dollar per pound. Alabama especially depended upon salt from St. Andrews Bay.

Companies were organized from salt makers and they were armed. The extent of the salt works was testified to by Lieutenant Hart of the Albatross, who said, as he approached the entrance to the Bay at night, "The sky was lit up to the east and west away inland for a long distance." This was caused by the reflection from the fires of the saltworkers along the Bay.[3]

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[2]Davis, Civil War and Reconstruction, p. 213.

[3]West, op. cit., p. 59. Cf. report of John E. Hart in Appendix.

West lists the boats engaged in the blockade as: 1862, the bark Pursuit, steamer Albatross, schooner Wanderer, and brig Bohio; in 1863 and later, the bark Restless, sidewheel steamer Bloomer, bark Roebuck, and sloop Caroline.[4] F. W. Hoskins, a pioneer resident, in a newspaper in 1932, listed the blockading vessels as follows:

Pursuit--bark, 603 tons--March 12 to April 26, 1862.

Beauregard--schooner, 101 tons--April 28 to May 14, 1862.

Samuel Rotan--schooner, 507 tons--May 14 to August 15, 1862.

Sagamore--screw steamer, 507 tons--August 15 to October 15, 1862.

Wanderer--schooner, 300 tons--October 15 to December 15, 1862.

Stars and Stripes--screw steamer, 407 tons--December 15, 1862 to February 1, 1863.

Roebuck--bark, 455 tons--February 1 to October 15, 1863.

Restless--bark, 386 tons--October 15, 1863 to November 15, 1864.

Midget--bark, 386 tons--November 15, 1864 to February 1, 1865.

Jas. L. Davis--bark, 461 tons--February 1 to February 15, 1865.

Midnight--bark, 386 tons--February 15 to June 1, 1865.[5]

One of the first captures of the fleet was that of the steamer Florida, which was taking cotton out of the Bay and bringing in supplies.[6]

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[4] Id.

[5] Panama City Pilot, April 12, 1932.

[6] The report of this capture from the Naval War records and official Records of the Rebellion may be found in the Appendix.

Since Pensacola and Apalachicola were held by the Federals in 1862, the Bay offered the best place for blockade running on the Gulf Coast. In his Civil War and Reconstruction in Florida, Davis quotes from an article by a "loyalist" published in the New York Herald, September 12, 1862, as follows:

"St. Andrew's Bay and St. George's Sound (on which was Apalachicola Bay) on the west coast, and Mosquito Inlet on the east were the most important points."[7]

All activities of the war period, however, were overshadowed by the salt making for the Confederacy. Three companies of Confederate soldiers were kept in the Bay section to protect the salt workers. When the proposal was made that these troops should be moved, both Governor Milton of Florida and John Gill Shorter, Governor of Alabama, strongly objected.[8]

With all these raids, the Federals never completely checked the salt making on the Bay. Early residents say that no sooner were the Federals out of sight than the Confederates were back setting up their kettles and making salt again. Until only recently, remains of the kettles, vats, wells, and sheds could be seen on the salt flats around the Bay. The writer visited the site of the salt works on West Bay

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[7]Davis, op. cit., p. 198.

[8]West, op. cit., pp. 66-67. Also Davis, op. cit., p. 161. Some of the Federal reports covering the destruction of the salt works on St. Andrews Bay may be found in the Appendix.

Point on July 31, 1949. Nothing remains there now, but a few pieces of the boilers used for boiling the salt water. The old wells are marked by clumps of rushes growing higher than the rest. This particular location covers about eight miles--all the way to Warrens Bayou.

The activity against the salt making industry was the most disastrous blow to the Confederacy in Florida. The value doubtless ran into millions of dollars and the salt which was needed so very greatly was lost.[9]

The only event that approaches that of a battle between the Federals and the Confederates occurred in St. Andrews (Old Town) on March 20, 1863. Captain Sherrell of the United States bark Roebuck had received word that a vessel was loading with cotton up St. Andrews Bay and sent out a launch to reconnoiter. While the Roebuck was skirting the shore off Old Town, it was decided that a landing would be made, presumably to get water from the spring located on the old Clark property. Acting Master Folger, leaving two seamen in charge of the boat, landed with six landsmen and three seamen and went along the beach and across the lot between the houses toward the spring.

The night before Captain Robinson of the Confederate forces had arrived at Old Town with his company--a lieutenant, a sergeant, and twenty men--and had gone into camp. When Captain Robinson discovered

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[9]Cf. official reports in Appendix. Also Davis, op. cit., pp. 207-208.

that the force from the boat was about to land, he formed his men back of the large two-story log structure that had been the home of Governor Clark. Folger and his men, unaware of their danger, proceeded toward the spring. Then, not seventy-five yards from them, Captain Robinson's force took them by surprise.

Although outnumbered, they refused Captain Robinson's order to surrender. Robinson then ordered his men to open fire. The little party attempted to retreat, but two-thirds of them were either seriously or mortally wounded. One seaman, Ralph B. Snow, had dropped dead on the edge of the bluff and another seaman, Thomas King, died a little way out in the water. Of the ten men forming the party, these two were killed on the spot, three were fatally wounded, and three seriously injured. No one escaped completely unharmed.

Realizing that their comrades had been ambushed, the two seamen in charge of the boat started working it in close to the shore. They opened fire with their muskets on Captain Robinson and his men. The fight was twenty against two, and the two seamen realizing it was best for themselves and their wounded companions decided to surrender. Firing ceased and Captain Robinson gave the men permission to pick up their dead and wounded. In order to do this the boat had to be moved back and forth along the shore. Finally, after working the boat out of range of the guns of the Confederates, the crew hoisted their sail and, to the chagrin of those on shore, were soon out of range and sailed on to the pass.

Robinson, having no boat, could not follow; therefore, he had to content himself with the few trophies left by the Federals--their flag, four minnie muskets, three cartridge boxes, three bayonets, one pair of oars, cast off clothing, and the body of Seaman Snow. The body was buried on the bluff where he fell.

The Federals reached the Roebuck about two o'clock in the afternoon and reported the disaster. The three men fatally injured died on board and were buried on Hurricane Island. They were later moved to the National Cemetery at Pensacola.[10]

Although no mention is made of him in the official reports, the writer has heard her father mention an old timer, "Fed" Dennis, who he said was one of the two men left in charge of the Federal boat. Judge Ira A. Hutchison says the same thing. "Fed" Dennis and others on the Bay did fight on the Federal side--and some of them on the Confederate, also.

On December 10 or 11, 1863, Acting Master Browne in command of the U. S. bark Restless took up a position in front of the Clark house at Old Town about three hundred feet from shore. In a short time many of the houses were on fire from the redhot balls and shelling. Soon every building in the place was destroyed. "Hawk" Masslieno, then about twenty-one years old, witnessed the destruction

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[10] St. Andrews Buoy, newspaper story by G. M. West and repeated in his book St. Andrews, Florida, pp. 77-81. The Official Report of the United States and Confederate Officers of the fight at Old Town may be found in the Appendix.

of St. Andrews. He and his father, Joseph Masslieno, who took care of some of the houses of summer residents, went there to see if they could save anything; but the firing was too much for them, and they went back in the woods.[11] According to Browne's report,[12] thirty-two houses were destroyed, which is the number shown on the map made by the Coast and Geodetic Survey party in 1855.[13]

After the town was destroyed, little activity went on in this section except the salt making which continued even after the war ended. No attempt was made to rebuild the town, and few people remained in this section. Walter R. Gainer told Mr. West that he worked a crew making salt on the flat on the north shore of West Bay in 1865. This he sold to Jackson County planters.

News of the end of the war was slow in reaching this section. It was received with little joy or sorrow. The few people in this part of the state were deserters from both armies, criminals, and runaway slaves.[14]

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[11]West, op. cit., p. 81.

[12]The name Browne is sometimes spelled without the "e" in official records.

[13]West, op. cit., pp. 88 and 110. Cf. Appendix and map on p. 36.

[14]Ibid., p. 94. West is quoting Governor Milton.

After the Civil War

Since most of the home owners in Old Town had been residents of Marianna and had lost their property in both places, it was a long time before they became interested in rebuilding on St. Andrews Bay. Reconstruction kept them occupied for the next few years.

On June 7, 1865, West Florida, together with the rest of the state, was placed in the department of Florida, headquarters Tallahassee, by order of the Federal Army. This part of West Florida, however, received no attention throughout reconstruction days. General Howell Cobb had called this region "desert country" with no inhabitants.[15]

A few fishermen did live on the Bay, but since there was little trade in fish at that time, no business development took place. Among the fishermen living here then were James Witherspoon, Peter Parker, and Joe Masslieno. The fish they caught were salted and sold to inland planters who came for them with teams.

A meeting was held at Marianna in February, 1867, by a group of business men. The purpose of the meeting was to discuss the building of a railroad from Quincy to Apalachicola River and one north from St. Andrews Bay to Georgia. This was planned with the idea of giving an outlet to the water for the inland cotton growers. Evidently, this is the first actual planning for the building of a railroad to St. Andrews.

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[15] Id.

The first house here after the war was erected on a lot in Old Town by J. S. Baker. It was built in 1867 on the site of the old Baker home of the pre-war period. Others soon followed suit. Most of these houses were built by former residents of Old Town.[16]

Rebuilding was slow, however, and there were not enough people in the section to keep up "the privileges attendant upon civil government" and "little call for either officers or offices."[17] According to the 1860 census there were 2,154 inhabitants in Washington County; the population shown by the census of 1870 was 2,302--a gain of only 148 in ten years. Most of these lived in the inland part of the county, and not on the Bay.

Buena Vista Point was entered by Richard H. Long in 1846. It was sold for taxes and a deed issued to Thomas Hannah on October 7, 1875. This property was sold to L. M. Ware and A. Ludwig in 1880. Captain Ware and Mr. Ludwig came here on Captain Ware's 20-foot sloop, the Hope, from Maryland in 1878. Captain Ware later bought out Ludwig's interest and platted the section now known as Ware's Point.[18]

An old timer[19] remembered two Englishmen by the name of Cahoon

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[16] Ibid., pp. 94-95.

[17] Ibid., p. 95.

[18] Ibid., p. 97.

[19] Interview with Jack McKeithan, age 86 years, August 9, 1949. Now deceased.

who came to this country "prospecting." They came first to New Orleans, but finally located in the St. Andrews Bay section on Cedar Creek. There they built a store and bought a two masted schooner which ran from New Orleans to Cedar Creek. The pioneer remembered this to have been in 1876 or 1877. He said he knew the Cahoons well. He visited with the elder Cahoon's family and drank grape wine with them. He said the Cahoons built up a "powerful" business. All of West Florida, Alabama, and Georgia traded there. He had seen from seventy-five to eighty buggies there at one time. The nearest railroad was Pensacola and Eufaula. The Cahoons ran their business until about 1884. In 1880, the Louisville and Nashville Company built a railroad to River Junction. Before the Cahoons built their store, Marianna was the only trading post in the section. The store carried everything that could be carried--medicine and drygoods. After the railroad was built, other places built up and the Cahoon business went down. The Cahoons also got into trouble with the government because they were aliens and therefore running the schooner illegally. Because of this difficulty, they turned the boat over to Captain L. M. Ware, making him Captain and owner. During this time he married the daughter of Tom Gwaltney, built a house and post office, and made Mrs. Ware postmistress. Captain Ware also built a store, the Ware Mercantile Company, on Ware's Point and built up a big business there.

Since some time passed after the war before county governments began to function, little attention was paid to taxation. Even when

such government did start, only a few paid taxes levied on the St. Andrews City property, and it was sold for taxes on April 7, 1873 to James L. Barker.[20]

Summary

During the Civil War, the Bay with its secluded deep water bayous made a good base for profitable blockade running. Early in the war, therefore, the entrance to the harbor was blockaded by Federal ships with headquarters in the Bay behind Hurricane Island. In addition to these duties, the Federals were engaged in the destruction of the salt works which were of great importance to the Confederacy.

The only skirmish approaching a battle on the Bay was fought at St. Andrews (Old Town) March 20, 1863. A small Federal party was surprised by Confederate troops and was forced to surrender. In retaliation for this "bushwhacking," the Federals took up a position in front of the old Clark house in Old Town and shelled the settlement, completely destroying the thirty-two houses there. The Confederates continued to make salt on the Bay and the Federals to destroy it until the war ended.

On June 7, 1865, West Florida was placed in the department of Florida, headquarters Tallahassee, by order of the Federal army. This part of West Florida received very little attention throughout

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[20]West, op. cit., p. 97.

reconstruction days. Rebuilding was slow and only a few fishermen continued to live here. By 1867, however, one house had been rebuilt and others soon followed.

County governments did not function for some time; therefore, taxation went unnoticed. When such government was started, so few paid the taxes levied on St. Andrews City property that it was sold for taxes April 7, 1873.

CHAPTER III

DEVELOPMENT OF THE ST. ANDREWS AREA

As regions develop and new place names come into prominence, the oldest names and places sometimes slip into obscurity, and their significance is forgotten. Place names in the St. Andrews Bay area have various associations for settlers old and new. For example, there are those who still feel that what is now Panama City should bear the name St. Andrews. Those who know nothing of the early history, however, are unaware of the reasons underlying this sentiment. In this chapter the writer has attempted to give some of the oldest settlements on the Bay their rightful place in history.

St. Andrews

The first exploitation of this section was made during the years 1885 through 1888 by the St. Andrews Bay Railroad and Land Company, better known as the "Cincinnati Company." According to an old timer who came to this country at that time, the land commenced at Bayou George and extended to East Bay. He says that the lots sold at twenty-five cents apiece, but were put on record for one dollar and a quarter. J. H. Brown, who lived, died, and was buried here, was one of the agents for the company. He was a nephew of John Brown of slavery days.[1] It was commonly stated that the plot of this company

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[1]Interview with George W. Surber, pioneer, August 5, 1949.

covered about seven square miles. The company made its advertising and terms most attractive, and it is said that 350,000 people invested in the purchase of one or two lots. The lots were small, twenty-eight by eighty-two feet. One lot was given away if a dollar was mailed for the recording of the deed. An adjoining lot could be bought for two dollars, and most people took the additional lot. City lots brought higher prices, but the greatest profit was made on these small outside lots. The company is said to have netted several hundred thousand dollars on them.

This advertising brought many Northern people to the section. When they found that their lots were of little or no value and that the proposed railway had collapsed, many of them took up homesteads about the Bay.[2] The descriptions of the lots were finally ignored, and they were assessed as quarter and half sections.[3]

Ira A. Hutchison tells something of this period in a newspaper article. He says the first land boom came about 1888. The St. Andrews Bay Land and Mining Company sold lots in St. Andrews, the section now Panama City, and all swamp lands in the vicinity. Lots were sold far and wide to persons who never saw their property.

A letter written in the Pensacola Commercial, entitled "A Pen

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[2]The writer's father came to this section at this time. Her mother, who was already here then, is a native of West Florida.

[3]West, St. Andrews, Florida, pp. 97-102.

Picture of the 'City by the Sea'—a Letter Written by a Lady to Her Father in Indiana" and dated December 28, 1887 gives this picture of St. Andrews at that time:

> ...one block past Roble's store is Park House, a boarding house of 10 good sized rooms. We rent one room in the house for $3.00 per month and cook, eat, sleep, and entertain callers in the one room....There is no chimney and the pipe is put out at the side. Oh, how it does smoke at times! ...a family of 8 are in a tent across the street. Two blocks further up this street (Isabella by name) are three other small houses. Mr. Humbert on the street parallel to this has a neat little grocery store, next to the bay and a good sized, quite nice looking house on the next lot. Then back from the bay, all around here, there are several houses, and shanties built quite thickly through the timber.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> On toward the sawmill are a number of new houses, and a grocery store kept by a Mr. Andrews. Up toward the post office are some houses quite like northern ones, and back from the bay at this point there is a large settlement of houses and shanties. The Bay View House, The Saint Andrews Hotel [later the Oaks] and the Magnolia House are the hotels.[4]

A correspondent signing himself "Central" wrote of the progress of St. Andrews in the Commercial of November 22, 1887:

> One year ago there was one store in which everybody did their trading (Ware's Store); today there are eight stores and they are all doing a good business....What are needed now are more sawmills and a railroad. The streets here are to be lighted with large kerosene oil lamps. There will be 12 lamps in the west end.[5]

The same correspondent in the December 13, 1887 issue says, "The town is literally dotted with white tents of peoples forced to camp out."[6]

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[4] Panama City Pilot, November 17, 1927. Article by F. W. Hoskins.

[5] Ibid., August 11, 1927.

[6] Id.

The Old Oaks Hotel, St. Andrews, one of the earliest hotels here (Picture belonging to Mrs. Emma Ford, St. Andrews)

Modern cottages built on the site occupied by the Oaks Hotel

Street running in front of Oaks Cottages

LAKE HUNTINGTON, WITH MARSH FOREGROUND.

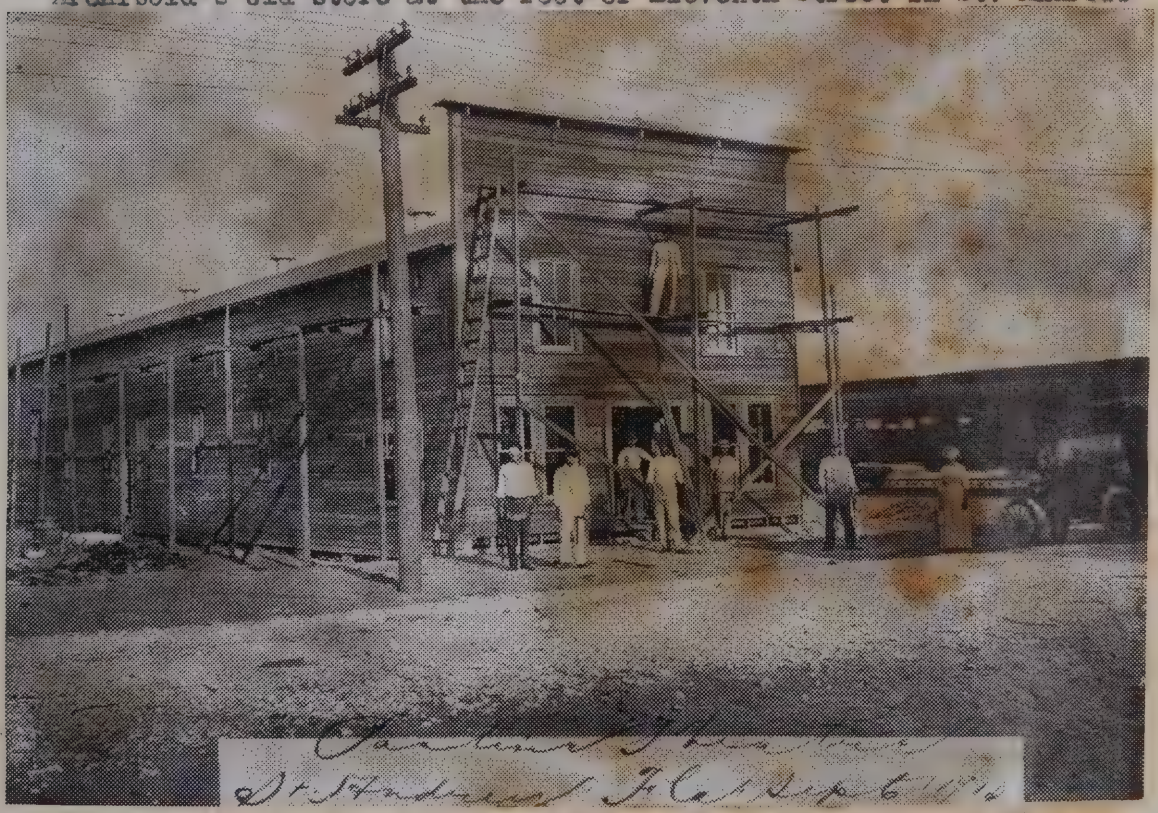
Lake Huntington as it was in the old days
(From souvenir picture book belonging to Mrs. Ethel Joyner)

The same lake as it looks today

Wharf in West End, St. Andrews, Florida, in the early days
(Picture through the courtesy of Mrs. Ethel Joyner, St. Andrews)

Photostated copy from picture in Florida's Finest Harbor
published by the Board of Trade of St. Andrews, 1914

Archibold's old store at the foot of Eleventh Street in St. Andrews



The Pastime Theatre, St. Andrews, where patrons saw movies and touring road shows in 1915 (Both pictures from plates belonging to News-Herald)

COMMERCE AVE., LOOKING WEST, ST. ANDREWS. FLA.

Photostated from Florida's Finest Harbor
Published 1914 by Board of Trade, St. Andrews

The same avenue in 1950

Early homes in St. Andrews from a souvenir picture booklet belonging to Mrs. Ethel Joyner, St. Andrews

BEACH DRIVE—PANAMA CITY AND ST. ANDREW

Some of the homes in St. Andrews in the latter 1800's and early 1900's from a souvenir picture booklet owned by Mrs. Ethel Joyner, St. Andrews

[illegible] of Mr Forrester. Residence of Captain Alexander

More early homes in St. Andrews from booklet belonging to Mrs. Ethel Joyner, St. Andrews

Interior of Mrs. O. H. Kester's Milliner Shop, St. Andrews (Picture through the courtesy of O. H. Kester, St. Andrews)

LOVERS' WALK.

A section of the old board walk, St. Andrews, which was built along the shores of the bay (picture from a souvenir booklet belonging to Mrs. Ethel Joyner of St. Andrews)

St. Andrews from the air

The main business section of St. Andrews

Southport

The Jacksons and Gays were among the first to establish homesteads on North Bay. The chief settlement was on the north side of the Bay on what is now known as Fannins Bayou. The Fannins had squatted on this Bayou before the Civil War. The Andersons, Youngbloods, Creamers, Spicers, and Kysers formed the backbone of the fishing industry. The Andersons had come from North Carolina in 1838, the same time the Gwaltneys and McKeithans had come. Tom Anderson bought the Fannins' claim. When he died, Steve Anderson built a store there. The place was called Anderson, but later the name was changed to Southport when it was bought by the Sale-Davis mill.[7] Augustus G. Hutchison, Judge Ira Hutchison's father, lived on North Bay at this time. The Hutchison home site was on the north side of Robinson Bayou, where the Panama City airport is now built. The nearest neighbor was Hawk Stephens, who lived on Robinson Bayou, where the south line of the airport is located.

Turpentine operators came to the Southport area on the north arm of the Bay about 1902. The names Vickers and McKenzie were added to the list of families. Later, Vickers sold a large tract of this homestead to Thomas D. Sale but continued to operate a turpentine still at Vicksburg three miles north of Southport. Mr. Sale built a sawmill at Southport and organized the Southport Lumber Company,

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[7]Interview with Jack McKeithan, August 9, 1949.

CEDAR CREEK

Early scenes on Cedar Creek and Econfina Creek, St. Andrews Bay Section (Pictures from booklet belonging to Mrs. Ethel Joyner, St. Andrews)

ECONFINA HILLS — KLINE ESTATE

helped bring the Birmingham, Columbus, and St. Andrews Bay Railroad south as far as Chipley, and brought the first train into what is now Bay County.[8]

Lynn Haven

Across the bay from Southport lies the little city of Lynn Haven. It was named for William H. Lynn. Mr. and Mrs. Emory Truesdell, sales managers for the St. Andrews Bay Development Company, urged people to buy at least two building lots. As a special inducement, a five acre tract of land outside the city limits was given with each lot. Avenues, running north and south, were named for states; streets, running east and west, were numbered first to nineteenth. Each one of the 466 blocks contained at least sixteen lots. The purpose in developing Lynn Haven was to provide a place of retreat for retired Federal soldiers.

The Adamson and Van Horn families moved to the bay front from Millville and lived in tents between what is now Ohio and New York Avenues on the same spot mentioned in the first newspaper as the probable location of a modern hotel. This was often the scene of social gatherings before the building of the hotel. Today this is private property, but old timers refer to it as the "Old Hotel Grounds."

The first house was built in March, 1911. It was a store

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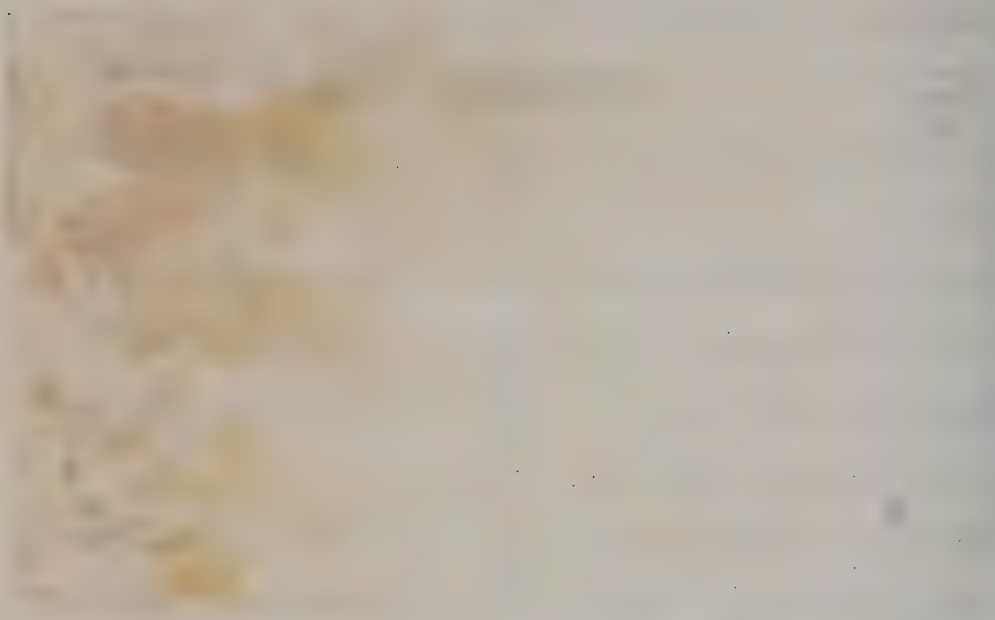
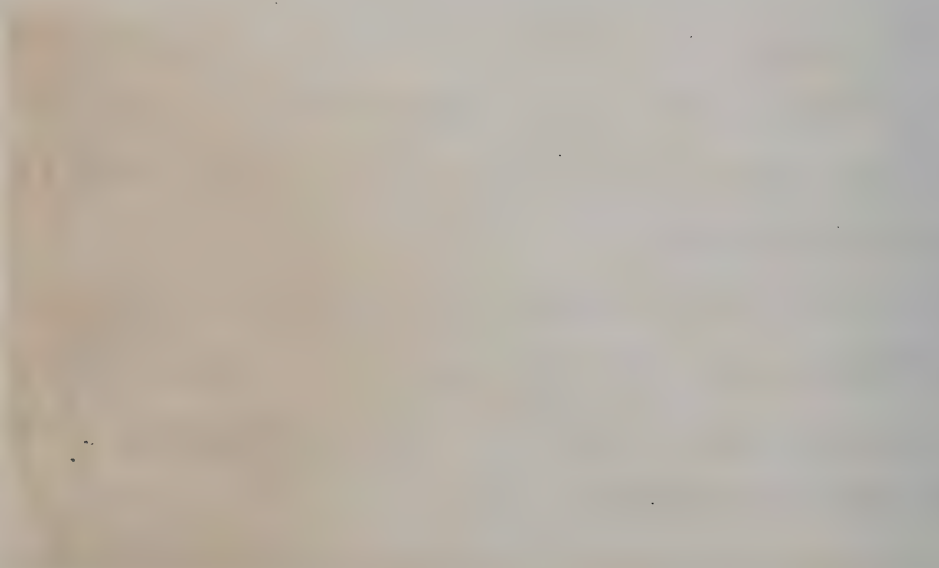
[8] Panama City News-Herald, November 15, 1946. Article on an interview with Judge Ira A. Hutchison by Toni Veverka.

Ohio Avenue, Lynn Haven, with courthouse in foreground

Main Street, Lynn Haven, Florida





building located on what is now Ohio Avenue, one block from where the City Hall now is, and it was owned by L. H. Russell of Catskill, New York. The first wedding was that of John McLaughlin to Mrs. Mary Crawford.

Bay County fairs began in 1913 under the management of the Women's Welfare League of Lynn Haven. The proceeds of the first fair went toward the building of a school in Lynn Haven and the second to the building of Bay County High School.

The Company gave a half block of land to the Stanton Post of the Grand Army of the Republic. A hall was built and a monument erected there to the World War I dead. In 1920, the park became the property of the city, and the hall went to the county school board.

The Company gave religious organizations two lots each for the site of a church. The Baptist, Catholic, Christian, Methodist, and Presbyterian churches were built. All are standing except the Catholic, which burned.

Lynn Haven was incorporated as a city June 10, 1913. In 1920, electricity was made available. A sewerage system, paved streets, and sidewalks were introduced into the business section, and water system into a more extended area.[9]

Cutler, in the following excerpt, summarizes the early development of Lynn Haven:

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[9]Panama City News-Herald, November 15, 1946. Interview with Mrs. Ernestine Cooley.

Bay County's first courthouse located over the water, picture made soon after legislature created Bay County in 1913 (News-Herald plates)

The Bay County Courthouse today

Before 1911, Lynn Haven was a crude lumber and turpentine camp on the north arm of St. Andrews Bay, but that year was laid out as a town by what was known as the St. Andrews Bay Development Company. Bayous, fresh streams entering the bay here, became a favorite resort for boatmen, fishermen, and tourists and the place developed along these lines. Incorporated in 1913, Lynn Haven has the commission form of government. It has a permanent population of 1,000 doubled in the winter. There are churches, a good graded school, electric light system, cement sidewalks in the business center, and several miles of hard surfaced streets. Lynn Haven has a chamber of commerce and a newspaper--the Lynn Haven Citizen--established in 1917.[10]

Panama City

When St. Andrews was the principal city on the Bay, Panama City was only a trading post known as "Harrison." Traffic was mainly by water.[11]

In 1906, Colonel Robert L. McKenzie and some business associates came to Harrison to establish the Gulf Coast Development Company. W. J. Jackson was president of the company, G. M. West, the secretary and treasurer, and A. B. Steele, an Atlanta railroad man who received a fourth share to run the railroad into Panama City. The place was then called Harrison for President Benjamin Harrison, who during the Florida Boom of 1886, gave the town its first post office. At the time the development company was organized, both the boom and post office were gone. Only the Widow Wright and her son, Bill, remained. They operated

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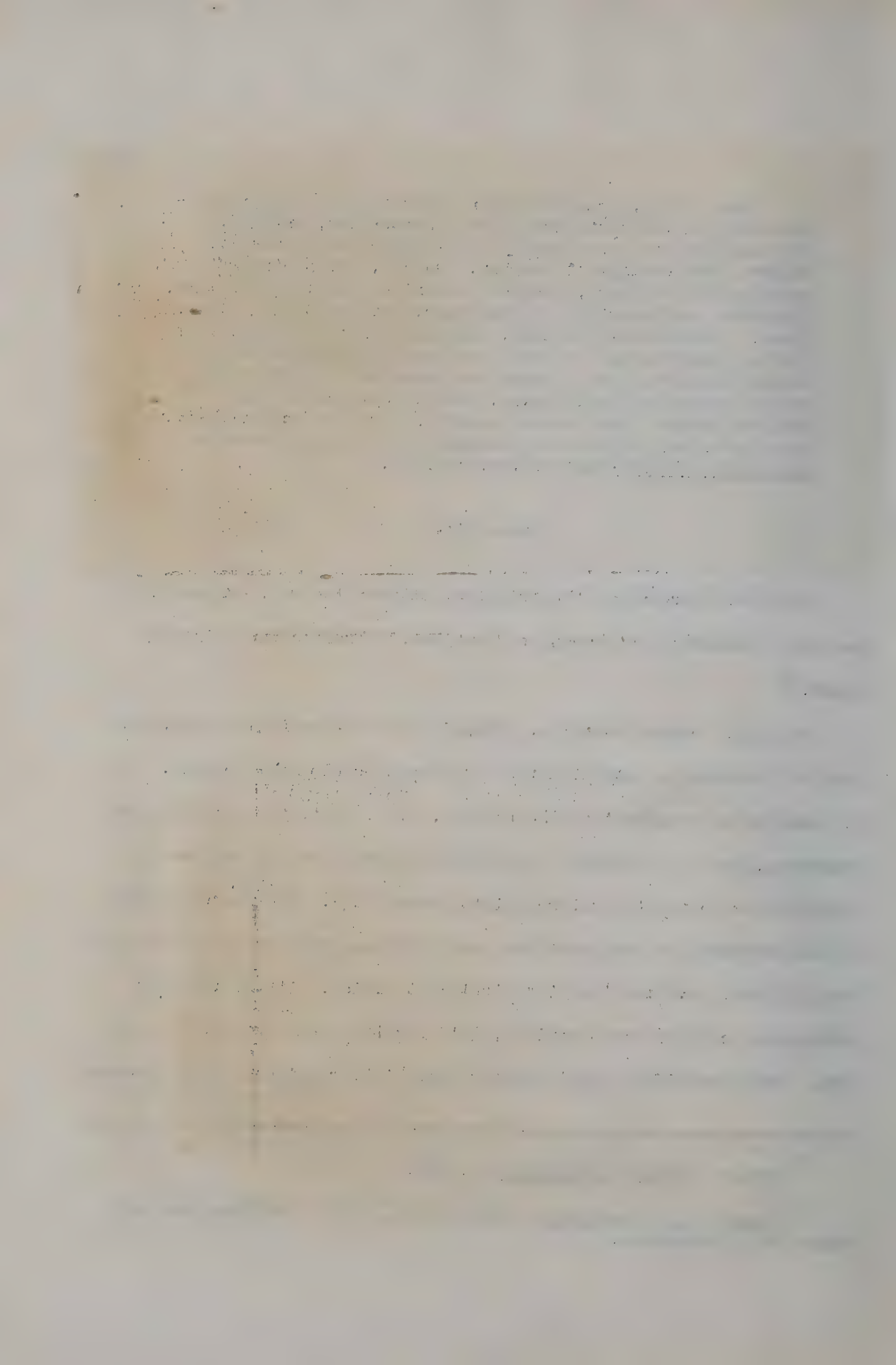
[10] Cutler, History of Florida, p. 581.

[11] Panama City News-Herald, November 15, 1946. Reminiscences of Judge Ira A. Hutchison.



The Pines Hotel, facing on St. Andrews Bay, a popular spot for early day vacationers until destroyed by fire

Panama City Chamber of Commerce in 1915 attending the opening ceremonies at East Point Canal
(Both pictures from plates furnished by News-Herald)

Grocery and dry goods store belonging to H. W. Johnson when Panama Citians waded in mud or ploughed through dusty, dirt streets according to the weather.

The city park in the early days
(Both pictures from plates belonging to News-Herald)

Loading cotton in Panama City for shipment to various ports of the United States and England

Every automobile in Panama City at the time shown in this picture on Harrison Avenue. (Note the horse and wagon in the background.) Pictures from plates belonging to News-Herald

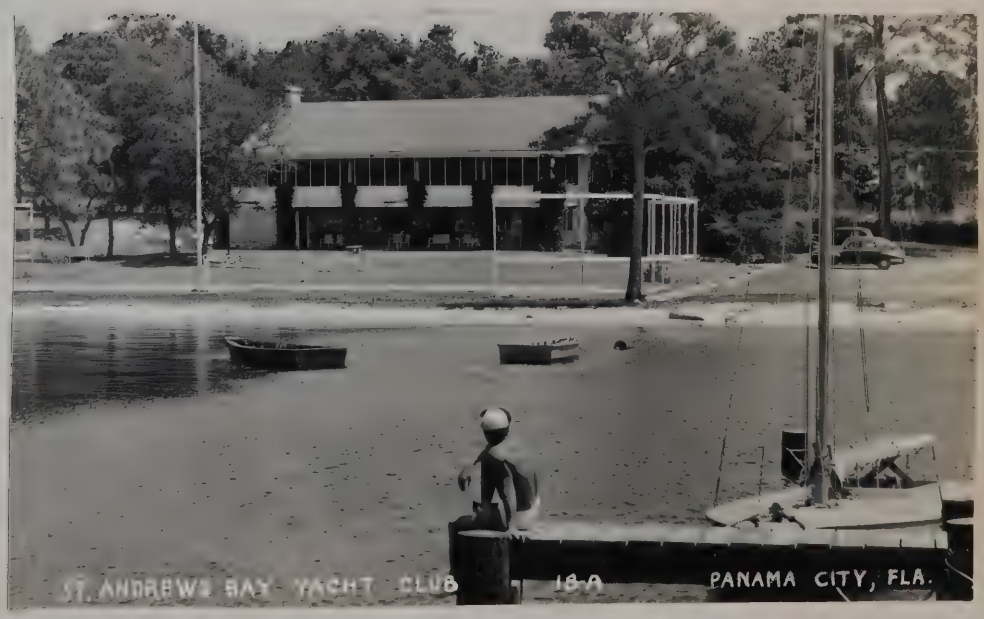
Air view of Panama City, Florida

Business section, Panama City, Florida

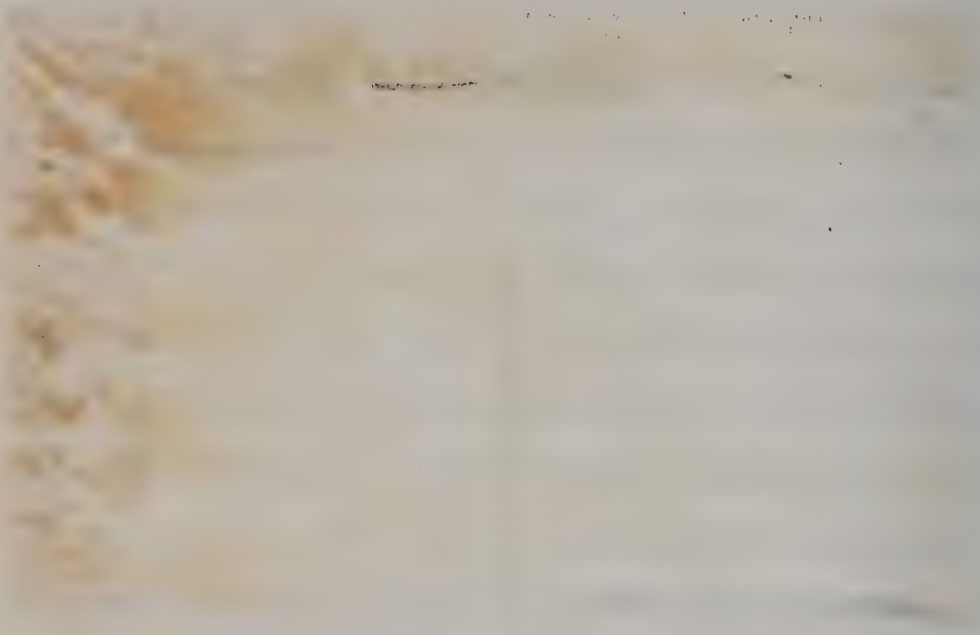
Panama City's newest hospital

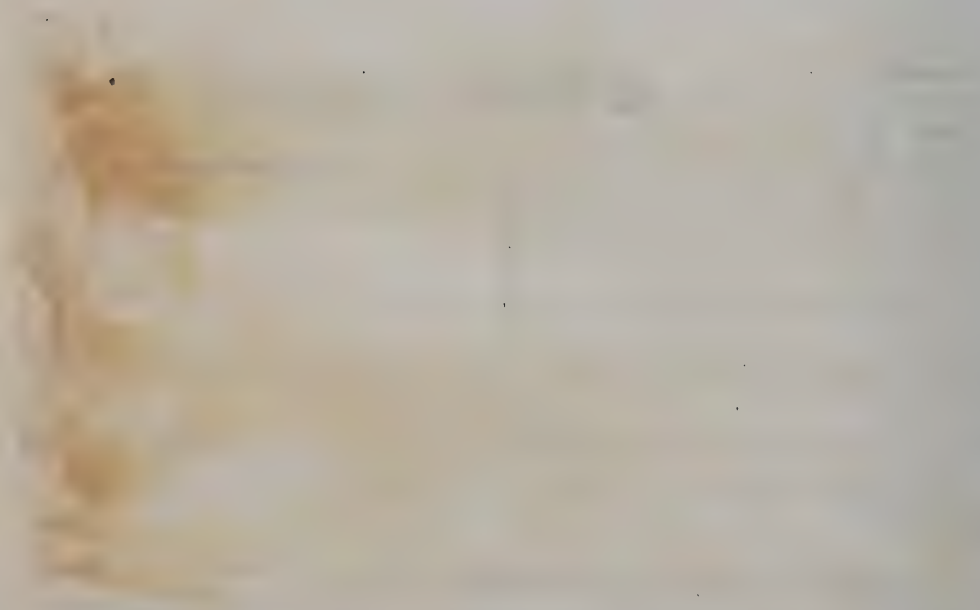
Civic Center built for U.S.O. during World War II

Forest Service Plant, Panama City, Florida



The Yacht Club, Panama City, Florida





a hotel for draymen who journeyed down the coast to pick up loads of oysters and for fishermen from the village of St. Andrews.[12]

Just before his death in 1950, Jack McKeithan, then eighty-six years old, said that he remembered when Panama City was just an oak hummock full of deer and turkey and "worlds of fish." "You could see them bubbling in the Bay like lightning," said Mr. McKeithan.[13] At first, Harrison was just a thirty-eight acre homestead on which was built a log house, later a hotel. A family by the name of Jenks seems to have operated this hotel in the early days.

According to Colonel McKenzie, when he came here there was not much to the place except the Bay, the sand, the pines, and the undying faith of four men in its future. "We just had faith; that's all."[14] Colonel McKenzie tells how the place was named Panama City:

> We were in Steel's office in Atlanta one day, drawing up the papers for the railroad and so on. One of the lawyers asked us what the name of this proposed city of ours was to be. We hadn't even picked a name. Well, in those days Teddy Roosevelt was building the Panama Canal. Steel said, "I want this to be Atlanta's outlet to the Panama Canal." So that suggested the name.[15]

It was incorporated as a city in 1908, and in 1909 the citizens held the first election. There were thirty-four qualified voters,

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[12] Ibid., October 22, 1943. Interview with Colonel Robt. L. McKenzie.

[13] Interview with Jack McKeithan, August 9, 1949.

[14] Panama City News-Herald, October 22, 1943. Interview with Colonel McKenzie.

[15] Id.

Watson Bayou, Millville, after the 1927 hurricane

The St. Andrews Fish Company with a barque and the dredge Caucus lying along side and a three masted schooner unloading ballast in the foreground (Both pictures from plates belonging to News-Herald)

thirty-three of whom voted for Col. McKenzie for mayor, the Colonel not voting for himself. In 1911, he was reelected.

The principal enemy of the city was the German-American Lumber Company, one of the principal stockholders of which was Kaiser Wilhelm. This company conducted large operations throughout the county, one of which was a railroad fifty or sixty miles long. To build a railroad, the city had to cross two miles of land owned by the German-American Lumber Company, and it would not permit the city to cross. It happened that the city owned land that the lumber company's track crossed. Upon investigation it was found that the company did not have a charter line. Colonel McKenzie says, "We told them if we couldn't cross their land, they couldn't cross ours."[16]

One night a group of citizens got together and began tearing up the lumber company's tracks. An engine came along, and the engineer was told by Colonel McKenzie that he had better get off that property as they were tearing up the track behind him. As a result of this altercation, a long legal battle followed. The outcome was that the German-American Lumber Company had to pay all of the men five dollars each for the night's work of tearing up the track.[17]

When the United States entered the World War I in the spring of 1917, it immediately seized all German owned property in this country,

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[16] Id.

[17] Id.

including the saw mill on St. Andrews Bay. When the Alien Property Custodian's representative went down to take possession, he discovered, built into the foundation of the mill and concealed by a false floor, a gun emplacement upon which it would have been a simple matter to mount a long range rifled canon that would command the single narrow entrance to the harbor. The authors of So This Is Florida say that this is a matter of official record at Washington. It seems to be evident that the Germans recognized the strategic value of St. Andrews Bay, if for no other purpose than as a port of refuge for German craft which might be pursued in the Gulf of Mexico waters by an enemy warship.[18]

The above story is disputed by a pioneer settler who says he did mason work throughout the whole mill for twenty or twenty-five years. He says there positively was no such emplacement in the mill. The foundation of the mill is still there and anyone can see for himself says this old timer.[19] The location of the mill was on Watson Bayou in what became known as Millville.

In the following excerpt Cutler summarizes briefly the founding of Panama City:

> Between St. Andrews and Millville was a place called Park Resort, afterward renamed Harrison. In 1906, G. M. West bought the five hundred acres including Harrison.

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[18] Stockbridge and Perry, So This Is Florida, pp. 247-248.

[19] Interview with George W. Surber, April 8, 1950.

Two early views of the Beach Drive between St. Andrews and Panama City (Above picture from plate belonging to News-Herald. Picture below from souvenir picture book belonging to Mrs. Ethel Joyner of St. Andrews)

BEACH DRIVE BETWEEN ST. ANDREW AND PANAMA CITY

> When the railroad was built there in 1908, at the suggestion of its president A. B. Steele, the new town was called Panama City. Incorporated in February, 1909, Panama City became the seat of Bay County when it was formed in 1913. ...By general consent, Mr. West is considered the father and founder of Panama City.[20]

In 1925, part of St. Andrews was annexed to Panama City by an act of the Legislature. Later the same year both St. Andrews and Millville were incorporated as a part of "Greater Panama City." All information gained by the writer from citizens of St. Andrews at the time points to some "crooked work pulled" all the way along the line from county officials up to those of the state. Some old timers even say the governor was involved. A petition protesting the annexation was drawn up and signed by all the residents of St. Andrews at that time.[21] No attention, apparently, was paid to the desires of the citizens of St. Andrews and the "raw deal" they received still rankles in the minds of the oldest citizens. Even those who favored the consolidation protested the naming, saying that the name of St. Andrews should have been adopted. It is true that St. Andrews attempted to incorporate Panama City as part of St. Andrews in 1907. However, they left this decision to the vote of the people, and it never took place.

Other Settlements

In 1920, Bay County had a population of 11,407, 74.4 per cent of

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[20]Cutler, op. cit., p. 580.

[21]The writer has seen the original petition and has included a copy in the Appendix.

whom were native white, 24.2 per cent Negro, and 1.4 per cent foreign. Panama City had a population of 1,722; St. Andrews, 1,310; Millville, 1,887; and Lynn Haven, 874. Bay County had a population of 43,188 in 1945. At that time, Panama City's population including St. Andrews and Millville was 23,914; Lynn Haven, 1,693; and Springfield, a new town which grew up after the Southern Kraft paper mill was built, 607.[22]

In 1906, Millville was the scene of the operations of a sawmill owned by the German-American Lumber Company. The company owned 75,000 acres of land and employed 1,500 people. It also furnished electric power for the whole community. During World War I, this mill was taken over and run by the Federal Government, as has been pointed out previously. Following the war it was bought from the Government for one and a quarter million dollars by the St. Andrews Bay Lumber Company.[23]

Besides the places already mentioned, there are many smaller towns and settlements around the Bay. The history of these, for the most part, has been insignificant, although many people prominent in the early days lived in them. They are as follows: Bay Harbor, now a part of Panama City and the site of the papermill; Cook; Wetappo; Bellisle, Farmdale, San Blas, and Cromanton now included in Tyndall

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[22]The Seventh Census of the State of Florida, 1945.

[23]Fain, "Reconversion in Panama City," Monthly Review, December 31, 1945, p. 133.

Main Street in Millville in the early 1900's, now a busy thoroughfare (News-Herald plates)

The same street today

Field, United States Military Reservation; Majette; Bay Head, the location of Bay Head Dairies; Youngstown; Fountain; Econfina; Merrial; Murfee; West Bay, near which the Seminole Plantations were located; Pine Log; Allanton; Callaway; Sunny Side; Gay; Highland City, now Highland Park; Airport; Panama City Beach; and Sweetwater. The origin of these names is fairly obvious. Most of them were named for the founders. Some, however, are Indian names.

Postal Service

West states that the first post office in St. Andrews was located between Old Town and the Panama City line, now about the middle of the Beach Drive.[24] Post office records in Washington show that James B. B. Clarke was the first post master, the date of his appointment being January 15, 1857. On January 14, 1859, A. B. Pearson was appointed to succeed Clarke. The same year, June 21, the son of the first postmaster, T. B. Clarke, was made postmaster. Again postmasters were changed that year, when William T. Porter was appointed to the position, November 9. Whether or not there was an established post office in St. Andrews during the Civil War is uncertain. Records show that the next postmaster was William E. Forslew, May 3, 1866. It is not known how long he held the position or who succeeded him.

In the early 1880's several post offices were established about

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[24] West, op. cit., p. 56.

the Bay. An old resident, Jack McKeithan, told the writer that a man by the name of Tom Anderson came to the Bay from North Carolina and bought out Fannin's claim in the section now known as Southport. Later, Steve Anderson built a store there and got a post office, the mail being carried from St. Andrews by boat. The place was called "Anderson" then. During about the same period, Captain Lambert Ware built his "Pioneer Store" and established a post office in St. Andrews. A post office in St. Andrews is mentioned in a letter published in the Pensacola Commercial. The letter is dated December 28, 1887.[25] McKeithan also speaks of the establishment of a post office by McAllister on Bear Creek in the middle of the 1880's which was named Maxwell. McKeithan, just a young man, was made assistant. He said, "I was as green as a gourd."[26] The first post office at Harrison, now Panama City, was given to the town by President Benjamin Harrison in 1886.

For further information of early post offices, the newspapers are the best source. The St. Andrews Messenger, Nov. 27, 1889, gives the postmistress in St. Andrews as being Mrs. Mason. Mails were carried to places about the Bay by boats such as the sloop Common, which carried mail from St. Andrews to the head of East Bay. The official directory of St. Andrews published in the September 27, 1894 issue

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[25] Panama City Pilot, November 17, 1927. Article by F. W. Hoskins on letter in Pensacola Commercial, January 5, 1888.

[26] Interview with Jack McKeithan, August 9, 1949.

and the directory of the September 28, 1893 issue of the Buoy gives the postmaster of that time as G. B. Thompson. East, west, and north mail came in by way of Chipley every day except Sunday at 12:30 o'clock and left every day except Sunday at 10 o'clock. East Bay mail for Harrison, Cromanton, Parker, Farmdale, and Wetappo left St. Andrews, going east, every morning at 6 o'clock and arrived, from the west, every afternoon at 3 o'clock. Captain Edward Hand's cat-rig Glyde carried the East Bay Mail, leaving St. Andrews Monday, Wednesday, and Friday mornings and arriving at Wetappo the same evenings. The same issue of the Buoy gives other postmasters of the area as follows: Harrison, Mrs. Ellison; Parker, Annie R. Parker; Pittsburg, N. W. Pitts. In the Buoy of October 29, 1903, the St. Andrews postmistress was Zadie H. Ware; Harrison, Mrs. M. R. Jenks; Millville, Henry Bovis; Parker, Martin G. Post; Allanton, Andrew Allan; Tompkins, Emery Tompkins; Bayhead, O. C. Tompkins; Cook, J. J. Fowler; Wetappo, Mrs. Dyer; West Bay, P. N. Hutchison.

In 1914, there were eighteen post offices on the shores of St. Andrews Bay that received mail once a day or oftener delivered by boats. Some of the post offices have since been discontinued and a few have been added. Today greater Panama City is said to be the only city in the United States to have three post offices--St. Andrews, Millville, and Panama City proper. The combined receipts for these post offices in 1948 were $150,102.98.[27]

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[27]Panama City at a Glance, Panama City Chamber of Commerce leaflet.

Panama City Post Office

Armory building, Panama City

Transportation

Earliest transportation in this area was principally by water. St. Andrews Bay was a natural harbor, first class. The first settlers went by boat to Pensacola, Mobile, or New Orleans for their supplies and were dependent, to a large extent, on their boats to "get about" the Bay. The few roads were nothing more than wagon trails through the woods. Some of these early roads are mentioned by West in his book.

The Legislature of 1838 had memorialized Congress for an appropriation of five thousand dollars for the purpose of

> ...opening and putting in repair the road laid out by James Watson and others from a point near the house of Peter W. Gautier, senior, on St. Andrews Bay, to its intersection with Compass road, thence with the road to Dry Creek near McQuaigge's mill, thence to the nearest and best route to Webbville in the county of Jackson.[28]

Williams speaks of the United States Road from Pensacola to St. Augustine as crossing the old natural bridge on the Econfina.[29] The old military road built by Jackson and his men came to the north shore of the Bay at Military Point, near Parker, and continued southward on the opposite side from Ferry Point. One old road led out to the northward from St. Andrews City.[30] Many fishermen traveled these

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[28]West, op. cit., p. 37. Memorial to Congress adopted by legislature.

[29]Preliminary Chart of St. Andrews Bay, Florida, first chart of the Bay issued by the Government, 1855. Cf. map p. 36.

[30]Williams, West Florida, p. 35.

HAULING PILINGS
for building one of wharves at
ST. ANDREWS, FLA.

Photostated copy of a picture in Florida's Finest Harbor, a publication authorized by the Board of Trade of St. Andrews in 1914

An early mode of transportation in this section
(Plate for picture from News-Herald)

roads and others "up the county" in ox carts loaded with barrels of salt fish to "peddle" to the towns and plantations on the interior. Other people went where they wanted to go simply by walking. The people coming to St. Andrews Bay in those days from neighboring states would come by mule and wagon, and would camp out along the way when night overtook them.

As early as 1832, steps had been taken to secure a charter to construct a canal, the organization calling itself the St. Andrews and Chipola Canal Company. The act was approved by the governor on February 1, 1832. On July 4, 1832, Congress passed a bill appropriating $3,000 for the survey for a canal, between St. Andrews and Choctawhatchee, and also for one connecting the Chattahoochee and the Apalachicola Rivers to East St. Andrews Bay. These were eventually realized, the latter in 1914 and the other later. Territorial Representative J. M. White had worked very hard in the early days to bring this about. These canals were a beginning of the Atlantic to Mississippi Inland Waterway, and the purpose was to provide a deep water harbor for the commerce of the rivers.

In the early days, many ferries were operated in this section. In the 1800's William Loftin was granted by the legislature the right to operate a ferry between Ferry and Military Points, where the old military road to St. Joe crossed East Bay. An advertisement in the Messenger, April 17, 1889, says the East Bay Ferry, operated by Woodford and Davis, would deliver lumber or heavy freight to any part

of the Bay. In the latter 1800's a large fast motorboat was built by T. F. Tiller and J. B. Blackwell and operated as a ferry from Southport to Lynn Haven, St. Andrews, and Harrison.[31] From the earliest days there were many boats on the Bay. In 1887 a company formed a steamship line (Fuller Line) from New Orleans, by Mobile, to Tampa, touching in between at Pensacola and St. Andrews. The boat that was put into operation was the Cumberland. Judging from an old letter dated October 5, 1887, it seems the line was received with great enthusiasm in St. Andrews.

> At St. Andrews Bay, when the vessel hove in sight, the mills began tooting their whistles, everybody that could get a horn began blowing his instrument, and the whole population turned out and went down to the wharf to welcome the strangers. As the vessel approached the shore, the people set up a grand hurrah, the mills and horns began again their tooting and the woods resounded with the clamor made in honor of the occasion.[32]

Another well known steamer in this area was the staunch side wheeler, the Gov. Jno. A. Dix, of the Gulf Steamship Company.[33] An old settler says that when she blew, everybody went to town to see her.[34] The last steamer to carry on the old tradition here was the Tarpon, which was owned by the Pensacola, St. Andrews, and Gulf Steamship Company. Her Captain was W. G. Barrow. She ran from Mobile to

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[31] Panama City News-Herald, November 15, 1946. Interview with Judge Ira A. Hutchison.

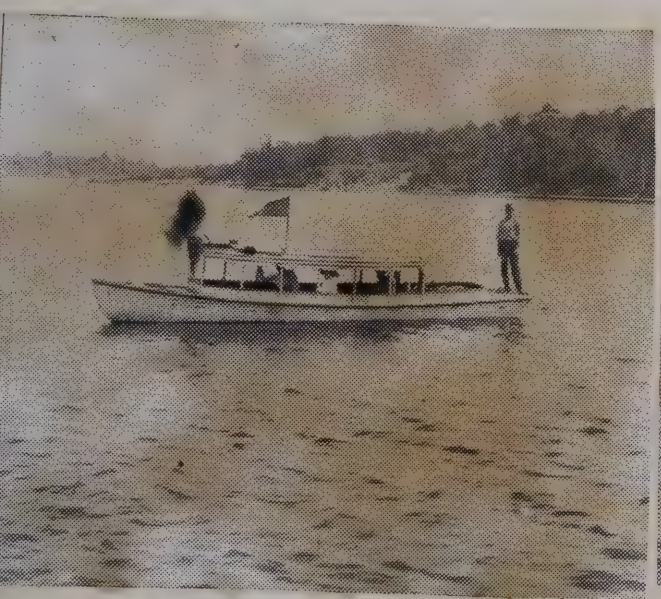
[32] Panama City Pilot, July 14, 1927. Letter from Pensacola Commercial in October 5, 1887.

[33] St. Andrews Buoy, September 27, 1894.

[34] Interview with Mrs. George W. Surber, April 7, 1950.

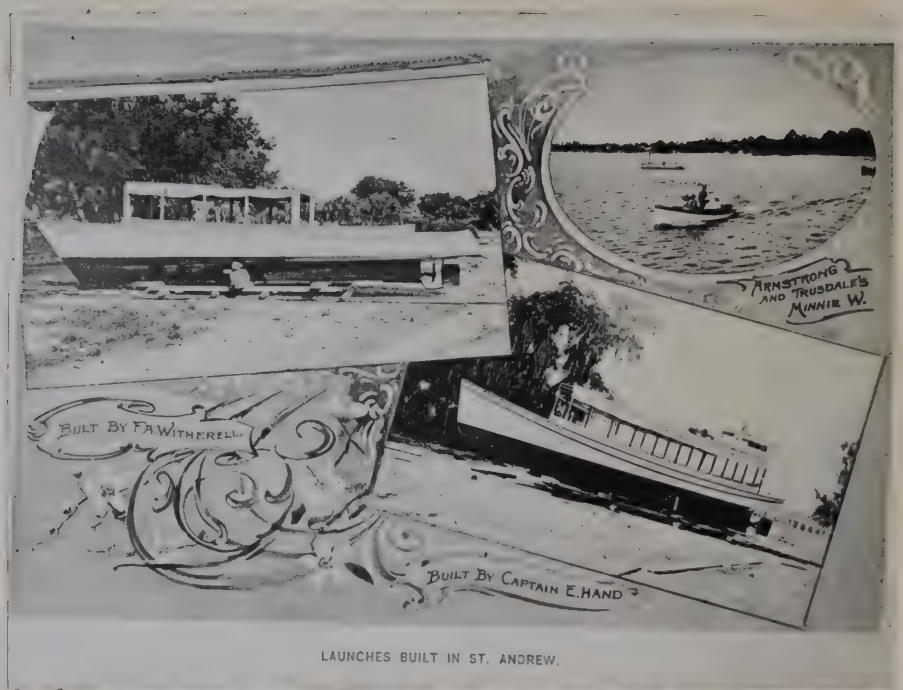
STEAMER "TARPON" AT ST. ANDREW.

The Tarpon, a regular visitor to the bay in early days (Picture from souvenir booklet belonging to Mrs. Ethel Joyner of St. Andrews)



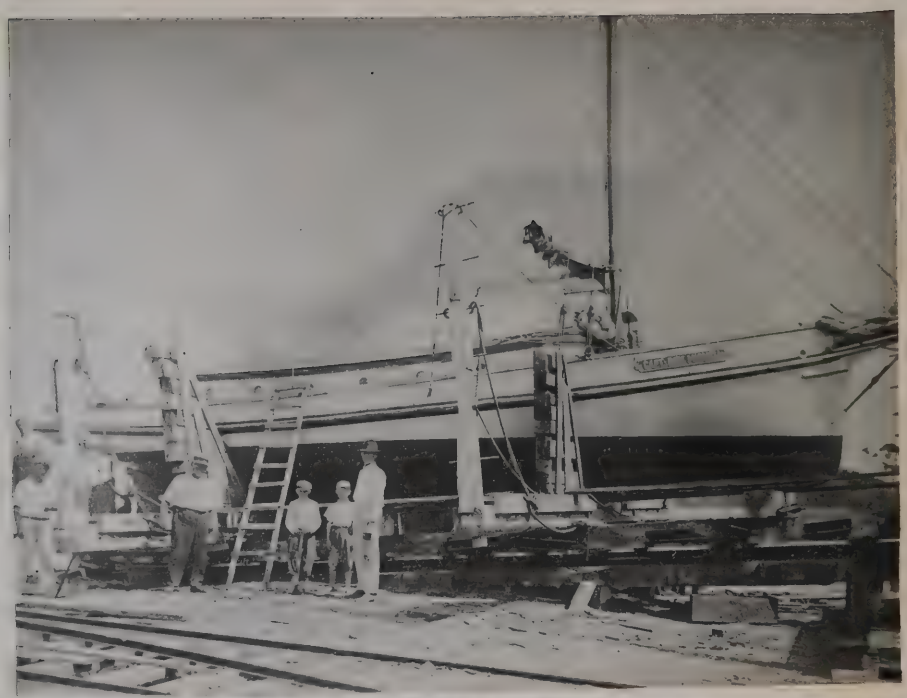
Many of these early day pleasure boats plied the waters of St. Andrews Bay. (Picture from News-Herald plates)

Sailboat built in 1906 by W. D. Parker (Picture from News-Herald plates)



LAUNCHES BUILT IN ST. ANDREW.

Some of the boats built in St. Andrews in the early days Pictures from a souvenir booklet made by E. W. Masker, an early photographer here (Booklet belonging to Mrs. Ethel Joyner of St. Andrews)



Another example of boatbuilding on St. Andrews Bay in early days (Picture through the courtesy of Mrs. Lucy Bee Lightfoot, St. Andrews)

A boating party in early days (Picture through the courtesy of Mrs. Ethel Joyner, St. Andrews)

Pensacola, St. Andrews, Millville, Apalachicola, and Carrabelle. The rate from Pensacola to St. Andrews and Millville was five dollars, including meals and berth. There were other steamers such as the St. Andrews, Alpha, Swan, Manteo, but they were not so widely known as those mentioned above.

Wade Hampton Stephens, the son of Hawk Stephens, an old resident, in the 1890's owned a Norwegian lateen-rigged sailboat, the Peggy. This was the principal craft used for pleasure parties in the area. Judge Hutchison says, "We boys used to know every boat on the Bay just by the way she was rigged. As far as we could see a sail, we could name the craft."

Another schooner, the Shoo Fly, operated in North Bay by Ken Barnett, was a well known fishing craft. "Barnett was a well known character in this section. Incidentally, he was the fiddler for all the dances in those days. He could fiddle, too," Judge Hutchison said.[35]

The first motorboat ferry built was the Petrel, operated in 1911. The second was the Echo. Other popular crafts on the Bay have been the schooners Alexander Cook, Nettie, and Jessie P. running in the Pensacola-St. Andrews trade in 1887; Pearl, 1889; Viola, 1890; Crawford, 1894; the sloops Common and Chariot, 1890; the packet schooners Hemmstead and Cleopatra, 1905; and the naptha launch

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[35] Panama City News-Herald, November 15, 1946. Interview with Judge Ira A. Hutchison.

Laura, 1905. In 1914, there were upwards of 400 motor boats in operation on St. Andrews Bay.[36]

Hauling was done in the early days by drays on land and ferries on water. A correspondent signing himself "Central" in the Pensacola Commercial, December 13, 1887 says, "One year ago one mule and a two wheel dray did all the hauling that was done in St. Andrews; now there are six spans of mules and twelve spans of horses which are kept constantly at work."[37] The November 27, 1889 issue of the Messenger lists John Lutz in the city directory of St. Andrews as taking care of the local express and drayage. The St. Andrews Buoy of September 28, 1893 carries the advertisement for Surber's Express. The advertisement says that all kinds of hauling was done, also the cutting and delivering of wood and fence posts. The East Bay Ferry carried lumber and freight around the Bay as did the East Bay packet, Common.[38]

In order to develop the section and provide a market for the area, there was a need for a railroad. When eastern capital abandoned the Austerlitz project on East Bay in favor of St. Joseph, the latter was able to secure in 1837 one of the first railroads in the United States.[39] Probably the first planning of railway building to St.

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[36] St. Andrews Bay, pamphlet, Board of Trade, p. 9.

[37] Panama City Pilot, August 11, 1927.

[38] St. Andrews Messenger, April 17, 1889.

[39] West, op. cit., p. 37.

The first train into St. Andrews - The whole school shown witnessing the event (Ice plant in the background.)
Picture belonging to Mrs. Ethel Joyner, St. Andrews

The first passenger train to St. Andrews Bay, 1908
(From plates belonging to News-Herald)

Andrews was that which took place at Marianna in February, 1867. This project was to include the building of a railway from Quincy to the Apalachicola River and another north from St. Andrews Bay into Georgia.[40] That the railroad had been a "burning" issue for many years is evidenced in an item in the Commercial of November 8, 1887.

> The railroad boom is a thing of the past. The latest craze was to cut a canal from the head of East Bay to the Chattahoochee River. That, too, has gone the way of the railroad.[41]

In 1889, the nearest railroad station was located at Chipley on the Pensacola and Atlanta Railroad.[42] Although the newspapers during the years tried to keep alive the interest in the railroad, it was not until June, 1908, that the first railroad finally reached St. Andrews. It was the Atlanta and St. Andrews Railroad.[43]

The following excerpt from a booklet, St. Andrews Bay, published in 1914 by the Board of Trade of St. Andrews, tells how to reach St. Andrews Bay at that time:

> St. Andrews Bay can be reached by rail by two railroads. One, the Birmingham, Columbus and St. Andrews R. R., connects with the Louisville & Nashville Railroad at Chipley, Fla., and runs to Southport, Fla., which point is about one mile from Lynn Haven....and St. Andrews, like Lynn Haven, Southport, Panama City, Millville and other points on St. Andrews Bay, may be reached quickly by regular boats which meet all trains. The Bay can also be reached by the

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[40] Ibid., p. 95.

[41] Panama City Pilot, July 28, 1927.

[42] St. Andrews Messenger, November 27, 1889.

[43] Panama City Pilot, September 8, 1927.

The old wooden bridge that spanned the bay at Lynn Haven for many years (News-Herald plates)

The modern concrete and steel structure that has replaced the wooden bridge at Lynn Haven

Bridge across bay between St. Andrews and the Beaches

These boats take tourists deep sea fishing in the Gulf.

> Atlanta and St. Andrews Bay Railroad, which connects with the Central of Georgia and the Atlantic Coast Line at Dothan, Ala., and with the Louisville and Nashville at Cottondale, Fla....Railroad is now [Oct. 1914] being built and rail and ties are ready to be laid....to St. Andrews. ...about January 1, 1915 boats for other points on the Bay will meet trains at St. Andrews.[44]

Today the same railroad still operates into Panama City. In addition to the railroad, there are three bus lines and ocean going steamships operating out of Panama City. The city is also a certified stop for National Airlines. A charter flight service is operated by Reaver Air Service. The two bridges built across the Bay in 1927, one across East Bay and the other crossing West Bay, and one across North Bay at Lynn Haven, have greatly helped the county in its transportation and travel.

Summary

The first exploitation of the St. Andrews Bay section was made in the latter 1800's by the St. Andrews Bay Railroad and Land Company, commonly known as the "Cincinnati Company." This land boom brought many northern people to St. Andrews and other locations on the Bay.

In early days, Millville was a lumber town located on the east arm of the Bay. In 1906, it was the scene of the operation of a sawmill owned by the German-American Lumber Company and later by the St. Andrews Bay Lumber Company.

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[44] St. Andrews Bay, pamphlet, Board of Trade, pp. 1-2.

Panama City began as a trading post called first Park Resort and later Harrison. In 1906, Colonel Robert L. McKenzie and business associates came to Harrison to establish the Gulf Coast Development Company. While drawing up papers for the railroad, McKenzie named the place Panama City because he wanted it to be Atlanta's outlet to the Panama Canal, which was being built at that time. The place was incorporated as a city in 1908. In 1925, St. Andrews, Millville, and Panama City were incorporated as "Greater Panama City."

Other settlements around the Bay were Bay Harbor, Southport, Cook, Wetappo, Bellisle, Farmdale, San Blas, Cromanton, Majette, Bay Head, Youngstown, Fountain, Econfina, Merrial, Murfee, West Bay, Pine Log, Allanton, Callaway, Sunnyside, Gay, Highland City, Airport, Panama City Beach, and Sweetwater. Many of these places have only a few families living in them today and some of them no longer exist.

The earliest post office was established in St. Andrews in 1857. In these early times, the mails were carried by boat and sometimes on horseback. By 1914, there were eighteen post offices on the shores of St. Andrews Bay receiving mail one or more times a day. Some of these early post offices have been discontinued and others have been added.

Early transportation in this area was principally by water. The few roads in existence were nothing more than wagon trails through the woods. The first planning for the building of a railroad to St. Andrews took place in 1867. In 1889, the nearest railroad station

was located at Chipley, and it was not until June, 1908, that the first railroad, the Atlanta and St. Andrews, reached St. Andrews. Today, in addition to the railroad, there are three bus lines and ocean going steamships operating out of Panama City. Three bridges crossing the Bay have greatly helped the country in solving its transportation problems.

CHAPTER IV

INDUSTRIES

In this chapter, the occupations of the early settlers and the industries of the region are discussed briefly. At the risk of being repetitious, the writer has attempted to give as full an account of the industries as the material has made possible. It has seemed advisable at times to include items reported previously.

Occupations of Spanish and English

During Spanish occupation of Florida, the few Spaniards living here eked out a living by fishing, hunting, and cultivating gardens.[1] When England "took over" in 1763, the British carried on a trade in furswith the Indians.[2] The English government at that time offered a bounty for production of indigo and naval stores. The yearly income of one man's work in growing indigo was one hundred seventy-five dollars. The labor was usually done by slaves. Trading posts in Pensacola sent out goods by pack train to trade with the Indians. The products of this section at that time were: pine timber, lumber, resin, turpentine, pitch, cedar, indigo, salt, beef, hides, cattle, tallow, bear's oil, salt fish, staves, shingles, honey, beeswax, myrtle wax, dried venison, deer hides, and furs.[3] John Lee Williams

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[1] West, St. Andrews, Florida, p. 8.

[2] Ibid., p. 13.

[3] Ibid., p. 14.

lists the products exported from West Florida in 1824 as being cotton, live oak, cedar, pine plank, oak staves, deer skins, hides, and bricks.

Farming

He listed the first vegetable crops as being sweet potatoes, turnips, corn, peas, and melons.[4] Other crops at that time were rice, sugar, Irish potatoes, pumpkins, cucumbers, squashes, carrots, cabbage, beets, parsnips, onions, egg plants, tomatoes, figs, oranges, pomegranates, also recommended by Mr. Darley for hedges, quince, apple trees, pears, persimmons, plums, grapes, some rye, wheat, and barley. Sweet tobacco of Cuba was first introduced into Europe from West Florida in 1560. While the British had possession of Florida, tobacco was a considerable article of exportation.[5] In 1825, Williams says cabbage was seldom seen, collards poor and scarce, and celery unknown. The soils were very adaptable to vegetable growing "even barren sands produced the finest crops by manuring it with seaweed."[6] The soils and methods for their improvement were described by Williams as follows:

> The only mode of improving our lands has been the penning of cattle on them; this improves the sandy lands by rendering them more compact, as well as manuring them.

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[4] Pensacola Gazette, December 18, 1824.

[5] Williams, West Florida, p. 62 (ff).

[6] Pensacola Gazette, August 20, 1825.

> Our gardens are sometimes manured imperfectly. Great improvements might be made, by mixing sand, and thereby rendering it more retentive of moisture. Burning renders the clay still more fruitful....Extensive banks of shell are also found everywhere near the coast; for clay soils nothing is better. Peat beds are also frequent; this, when trodden or fermented in piles of compost, forms an excellent manure.[7]

Cattle, sheep, and other live stock were raised here quite early, too. No barns or stables were provided for the cattle. They were permitted to run in the woods half of the year and penned in the spring. The calves were kept until the fly season was over, then marked and turned out to range in the woods with the others till the next spring. Hogs and poultry were raised with equal ease.[8]

An article entitled "City of St. Andrews" published in the Messenger, November 22, 1889, gives the description of the soils of the St. Andrews Bay section:

> Soil diversified. There is the shell hammock, the black loam, the clay subsoil, the black sandy loam and the white or light sandy. Any or all of these can be and are made productive---but the novice had better be guided by those who know exactly how to treat each and every condition.

This same article lists the products of the Bay as follows: of first importance, thousands of acres of the finest pine forests, second in importance, the oyster deposits and fishing, third, the fruit--pear, peach, grape, fig, pomegranate, Japanese persimmon, apricot, fourth--cereals, rice, corn, oats, beans, peas, sorghum, and fifth, vegetables and garden products. In the Buoy, September 28, 1893, I. J. Hughes,

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[7]Williams, West Florida, p. 69.

[8]Pensacola Gazette, December 18, 1824.

a jeweler, wrote among his impressions after a residence of ten months, "the soil is light sandy, but with proper cultivation will produce many kinds of fruits and edibles....cotton and corn can do well on rich land, while cassava, chufas (nut grass) do well on light soil."

People have continued to do some farming, but after Bay County was created in 1913 from Washington and Calhoun counties, the best agricultural region remained in Washington. The outstanding experiment in agriculture on a large scale in recent years (1920's) was that of the Seminole Plantations located near West Bay. This seemed very successful for many years but finally was abandoned. Today the rural sections do grow most of the same crops raised in early days, and practically all families can have a vegetable garden.

Fishing

The first record of vessels fishing in this area is found in James Grant Forbes' Sketches, Historical and Topographical, of the Floridas, published in New York, 1821. He mentions a member of Gauld's survey who met four Spanish schooners in the summer of 1771 fishing off the coast here. These Spanish said that they made about two thousand dollars a trip--they cured the fish and carried them to Havanna for Lent. Other Spanish fishermen in this section caught and sold fish, oysters, and turtles at St. Joseph.[9]

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[9]Forbes, Sketches, Historical and Topographical, of the Floridas, p. 118.

An issue of the St. Joseph Times in 1840 carried the following advertisement:

> Oysters---Oysters---Oysters. Families supplied with St. Andrews Bay Oysters in or out of shell at all hours. Pickled oysters constantly on hand and sent to any part of the county by addressing a note to the subscribers. Byigton and Brother, Railroad Cottage, Dec. 22nd. 1840.

That St. Andrews Bay oysters were widely known and esteemed is evidenced by the fact that markets in New Orleans carried signs, "St. Andrews Bay Oysters for Sale Here."[10]

After the Civil War, wagons came to this section from Alabama and Georgia for loads of salt fish and oysters in the shell to take back and peddle out. West says that he has seen as many as forty teams in St. Andrews at one time while just as many or more would be doing the same thing in other places on the Bay. Fine oysters came from Buena Vista Point and Big Oyster Bar. Oysters measuring over twelve inches were taken from the latter. They sold here then at ten cents a quart, solid meats, or one dollar per thousand in the shell. Pensacola was one of the principal markets for oysters from here. Because of the heavy drain on the beds and the effect of storms, the bay oysters are no longer sold commercially, although some are still found and used locally.[11] The oysters are obtained with tongs or rakes. The writer has been "oystering" in St. Andrews Bay many times.

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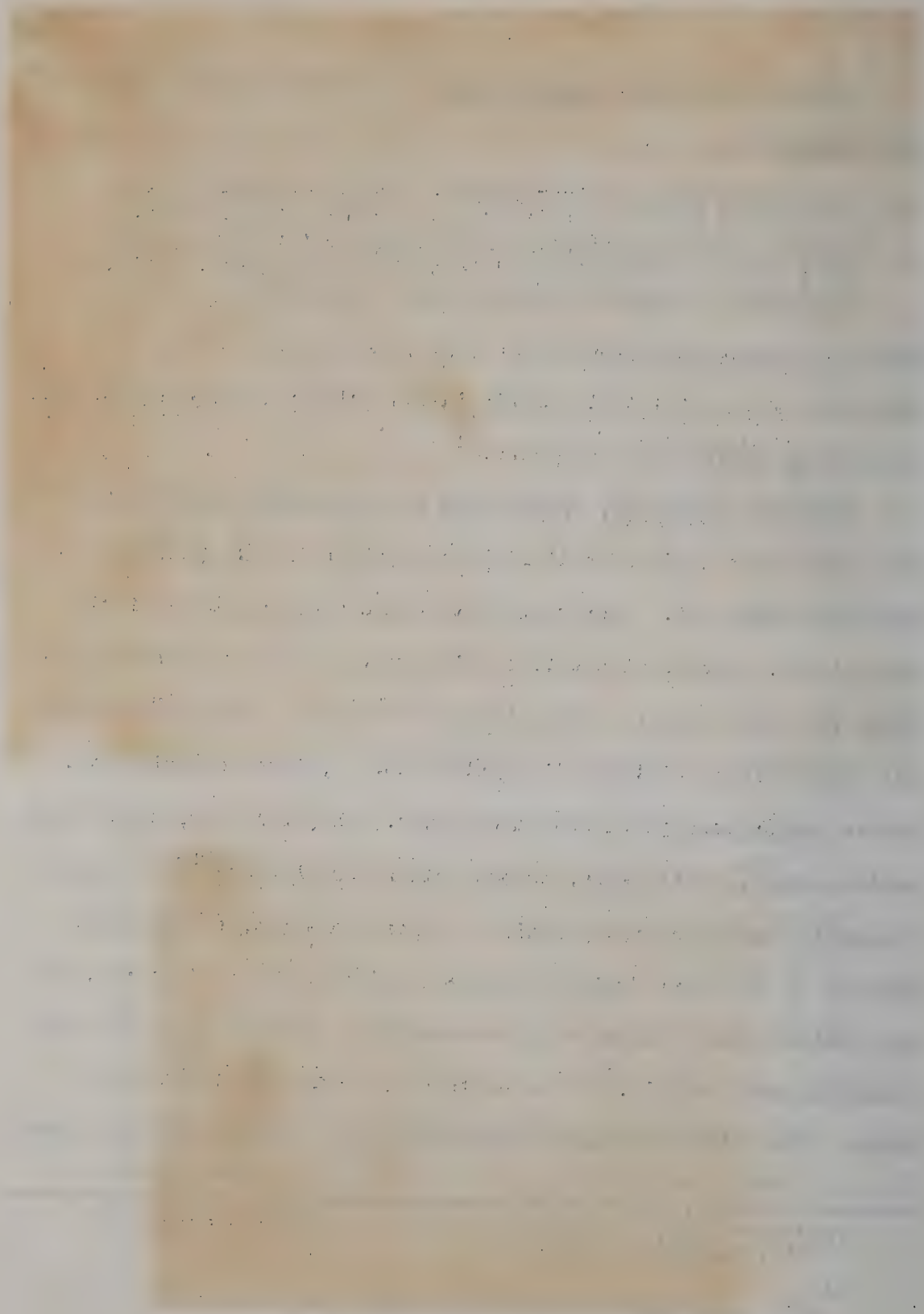
[10] West, op. cit., p. 49.

[11] Id.



Among the fish most commonly caught here in large quantities by the fishermen are mackerel and mullet. Until the coming of the railroad, these were dressed, salted, and sold as salt fish. Silas Stearns gives a very good picture of the fisheries here in the early days (1850-1860) in his article in the Geographical Review of the Fisheries of the Gulf of Mexico: Western Florida:

> There, as in nearly every seaport town, fish formed the chief article of diet. As the place grew more thrifty and continued to grow in size, the demand for fish increased in proportion....The fishing then, as now, was done entirely with the drag-seines, which were from 50 to 75 fathoms in length, and from 6 to 12 feet deep, having a bag in the middle, at which point the seine attained its greatest depth....In winter two or three barrels were considered a fair day's catch; in spring about twice that amount, and in fall as many as the boat could carry in one or two journeys---perhaps 25 or 30 barrels.
>
> The greater part of these fish were salted; for this purpose such fish as Spanish mackerel, jurel, pompano, trout, redfish, sheepshead, bluefish, and mullet were selected. The majority of other varieties were given away or fed to the hogs....When dry salted, the fish were allowed to remain for two or three days in that condition, after which they were taken out and packed away nicely in barrels and half barrels with plenty of pickle. Each barrel would hold certainly 200 pounds, and the fish were guaranteed to remain sweet and good for at least one year. The barrels were made and provided by a cooper who lives near the bay....[12]

Stearns goes on to say that the interior was the main market for the fish. Some carried their own fish to market, loading the barrels on ox carts and taking them "up the country" to peddle from house to house. Others let the buyers come to them. The former method was more profitable because the buyers would not pay as much if they sent

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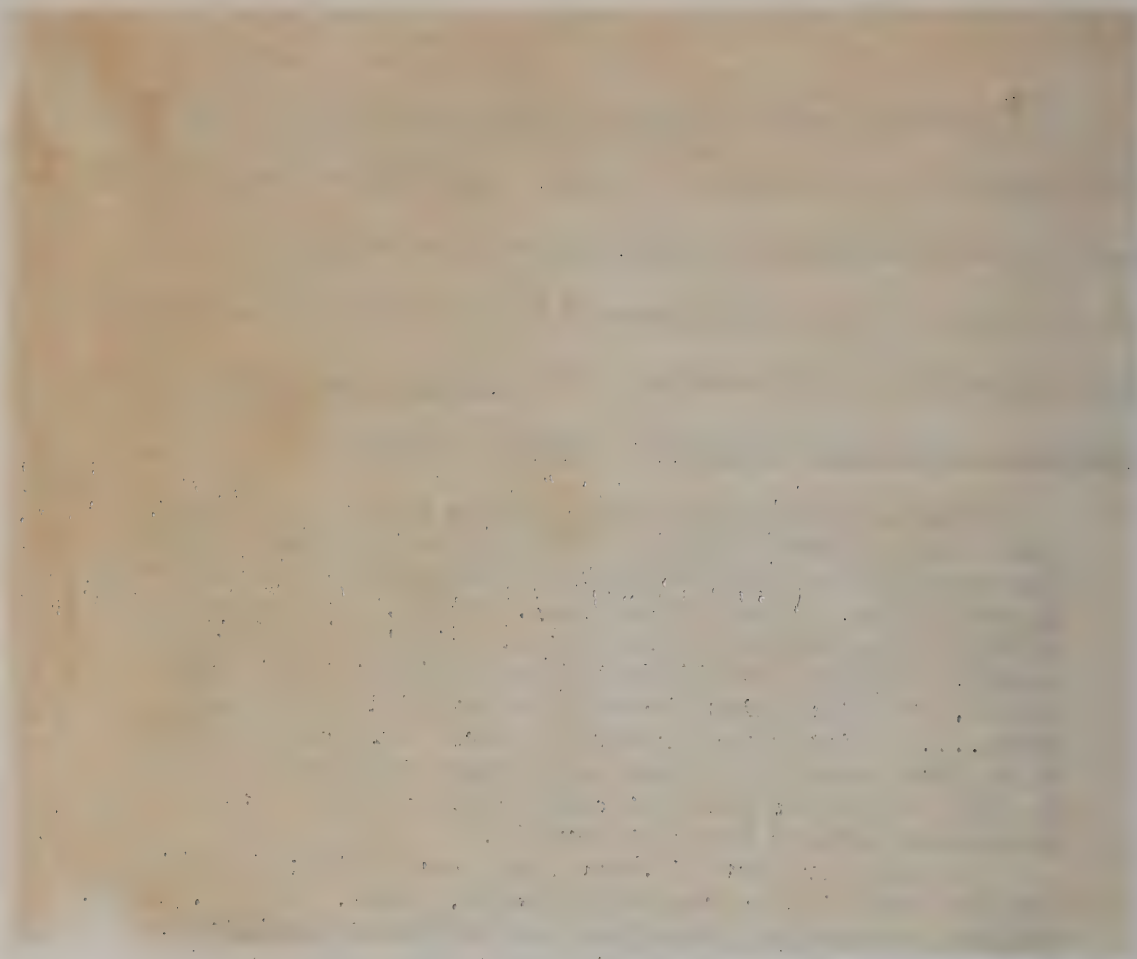
[12]Stearns, "St. Andrews Bay Fisheries," Geographical Review, pp. 564-566.



The first carload of fish leaves Panama City by freight. Fishing was (and is) an important industry here. (News-Herald, April 30, 1950)

A wharf scene showing the old ice plant and the Bay Fisheries Building in the background (Pictures from Panama City News-Herald, April 30, 1950)

for the fish. Sometimes it was necessary to go as far as Columbus, Georgia, before selling the fish if other wagons had preceded the peddler. As has been pointed out previously, the best customers were the planters who bought the fish to feed the slaves.

The pay the fishermen received for the fish was divided as follows:

> The seine and boat drew one share, the captain two, and each of the crew one. Some men from Alabama not accustomed to fishing, but owners of a fishing outfit, would often hire by the month a captain and crew to fish for them during the season. For such work there was no regular proportion paid, but the men who were hired usually managed to make more than they could have made had they been fishing on the ordinary plan.[13]

In 1879 there were two crews of this type and only five crews working on shares. It would be impossible to say just how many fish were taken by the fishermen from 1850 to 1860, but Stearns says that after careful investigation the amount of fish salted and sold at that time can be given as 21,000 barrels. Pompano sold at ten dollars a barrel, bringing in $26,250 for the 2,625 barrels. Mullet and other beach fish sold for eight dollars a barrel bringing in $147,000 for the 18,375 barrels. During the war all fishing in the Bay stopped. Some of the fishermen left the place. The people inland soon began calling on the people on the Bay for fish, exchanging syrup, corn, sweet potatoes, and other things for the fish. The new fishermen were formed from people who had come to the Bay after the war to

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[13]West, op. cit., pp. 564-566.

A fishing vessel returning with a nice catch a good many years ago

Commercial fishermen, of whom there were hundreds in early days here, shown returning to the dock with a good day's catch (Pictures from Panama City News-Herald, April 30, 1950)

Seine net in the foreground, shipyard in the background

Commercial fishing boats, St. Andrews, Florida

farm. These people were glad to supplement the scanty living they made from farming by two or three months of fishing in the spring and fall.

One old timer who fished here in the latter 1800's says that it was nothing unusual to make a strike of enough fish to split and salt fifty barrels.[14] The Messenger of November 27, 1889, lists the price of salt fish as pompano ten dollars per barrel, mackerel six dollars per barrel, and mullet four dollars and a half per barrel. The pioneer seemed rather skeptical about the prices listed by Stearns. He says the Messenger prices are the correct ones.

The old schooner Merrimac operated by Captain S. W. Anderson, father of Captain C. S. Anderson, was the largest craft on the Bay. It fished in south Florida waters and brought back hundreds of barrels of salt mullet, which were sold to wagon caravans waiting at the dock. These wagons hauled the fish into the interior of Alabama, making the trip over rough log trails.

With the development of snapper fishing in the Gulf, many fishing smacks catch thousands of pounds of these fish as well as scamp, grouper, and other large fish. The Bay Fisheries Company in St. Andrews in the week ending October 16, 1914, handled 56,000 pounds of fish. One smack, the Annie and Jennie, came in from a trip of twelve days with 27,100 pounds of red snapper. The cash value of this catch

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[14]Interview with Geo. Surber, August, 1949.

was $1,084, the captain's share being one hundred sixty-six dollars, the cook and mate one hundred dollars each, and each member of the crew seventy-one dollars and thirty cents.[15]

Today commercial fishing in the vicinity occupies about 1,100 people, who clear 9.5 million pounds of fish through Panama City annually. During World War II, the catch was only 6.7 million pounds, which, because of increased prices, brought around one million dollars.

Milling

As has been mentioned before in Chapter I, James Watson entered the section on what is now called Watsons Bayou in 1836. At that time, he was building a sawmill on the Bayou and bought up large tracts of land for the timber that was on it. This is possibly the first sawmill built in this section.[16] Dr. J. W. Keyes in his reminiscences said that the first steam mill here was erected by Robinson and Rogers on Lands Mill Bayou. The next company, which came from Barbour County, Alabama, located on Burnt Mill Creek. The power for this mill was furnished by an old side wheel steamboat. A gang mill established by Young and Woodfin on Long Mill Creek Bayou was destroyed during the Civil War.[17] Another early steam mill

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[15] St. Andrews Bay, Florida's Finest Harbor, Board of Trade, 1914, p. 27.

[16] West, op. cit., p. 36.

[17] Panama City Pilot, October 3, 1907. Interview with Dr. J. W. Keyes.

was that operated by Colvin on Anderson Bayou.[18]

In 1856, P. M. Callaway of Eufaula, Alabama, erected a large sawmill on Laughton Bayou near the present site of Callaway.[19] He purchased an old steamboat at Apalachicola, brought it to the mill site, and removed the engine and boilers to be used for power in the mill. The boat was used as a lodging place for the labor. In 1858 a storm destroyed most of the mill, houses, and the boat, and during the Civil War the boilers were cut up and used for kettles in the salt works. After the Civil War, Governor Milton of Marianna built another mill on this bayou. Other mills were built in the early days on streams leading into North Bay, but the lumber manufactured there was used almost entirely in the interior.[20] An old timer remembers a little mill built at Corn Landing on Cedar Creek that sawed a little timber, but did not amount to much. He says it was there before the Civil War.[21] In 1884, the Cahoons operated a water mill on Clear Creek. The first steam mill erected after the Civil War was built at Grassy Point in 1885. It had a capacity of eight to ten thousand feet per day. This lumber was sold in St. Andrews.[22]

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[18] Ibid. Interview with Captain A. J. Gay.

[19] Panama City Pilot, September 8, 1927.

[20] West, op. cit., p. 57.

[21] Interview with Jack McKeithan, August 9, 1949.

[22] Panama City Pilot, October 3, 1907.

An article in the Pensacola Commercial, November 8, 1887, mentions a sawmill in St. Andrews owned by Moates and bought from him by Mr. Sturrock.[23] A letter in another issue of the Commercial of the same year mentions a sawmill also in St. Andrews, probably the same mill.[24] As has been said before, the "crying need" of this period as evidenced in these letters was for more sawmills. People were living in tents because of the lack of building materials.

In the Buoy of September 27, 1894, there is an advertisement for the North Bay Lumber Company, C. Tompkins and Company, at Anderson, later Southport. They advertised rough and dressed lumber of all grades. The Buoy of June 4, 1908 carried a half-page advertisement for the Sale-Davis Company at Southport. The Sale-Davis Mill at Anderson began operations in 1906. The Company owned 57,000 acres of timber. This mill was very modern and would cut 100,000 feet per day. The Company operated a commissary, had an office building, sixty-eight dwelling houses and other buildings. The Panama City Mill Company which also began operations in 1906 was owned by the Thompson brothers who moved the mill here from Cypress, Florida. It was sold to G. W. Ward of De Funiak Springs and operated by his brother, J. J. Ward. The capacity of this mill was 15,000 feet per day. It burned November 21, 1907. Another lumber company of the same period called

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[23] Ibid., July 28, 1907.

[24] Ibid., November 17, 1927.

The German-American Lumber Company (from News-Herald plates)

The train operated by the German-American Lumber Company
(Picture belonging to Mrs. Ethel Joyner, St. Andrews)

itself the Allanton Lumber Company, was located at Allanton, and was operated by A. A. Allan and Sons. The capacity of the mill was 15,000 feet per day.[25]

In 1898, a mill was built at Millville on Watson Bayou by Bovis, Milligan, and Adams.[26] This marked the beginning of the town in that section. Other mills locating on Watson Bayou have been the German-American Lumber Company and the St. Andrews Bay Lumber Company, which burned in 1925 with a loss of about two hundred thousand dollars. The German-American Lumber Company burned to the ground December 19, 1906. Another mill was built in its place. It had two band saws, a gang edger, and two large edgers, a shingle and picket mill, and machinery to manufacture staves and heading. This mill operated fifty miles of railway and had an output of 90,000 feet per day.[27]

In 1914, a new sawmill, planing mill, dry kiln, and monor rail system for handling lumber with electrical power had been built in St. Andrews. This was called the West Bay Naval Stores and Lumber Company, commonly known as West Bay Mill. This, too, was destroyed by fire. Of the mills of this period built on St. Andrews Bay, at Millville, Mooretown, Southport, and St. Andrews, it is said there was a total output of about one hundred million feet per annum, or

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[25] Panama City Pilot, October 3, 1907.

[26] Id.

[27] Id. Interview with Captain A. J. Gay.

St. Andrews Bay Lumber Company in full operation after being expanded from the original size of the German-American Lumber Company (News-Herald, April 30, 1950)

The West Bay Naval Stores and Lumber Company, a thriving business in St. Andrews in the days when naval stores was a principal industry here (News-Herald plates)

200,000 tons of freight each year from lumber alone. This did not include the turpentine and resin taken from the timber before it was cut.[28]

Naval Stores

According to the chronology published in the Panama City Pilot, September 8, 1927, the first turpentine still on the Bay was set up at Gay, located near the east end of the present Lynn Haven Golf Links, in 1898. Dr. J. W. Keyes said naval stores were carried on here before he came in 1844. He went into the business himself in 1853. Captain A. J. Gay was the first to make and ship spirits of turpentine from the Bay. When his first product was ready for shipment, Captain L. M. Ware went with his sailboat and loaded nine barrels of spirits on board. He brought them to St. Andrews where they were shipped on the steamer Alpha to Carrabelle. Captain Gay's output was 365 barrels of spirits and 1,100 barrels of resin. The spirits sold at twenty-three cents per gallon and the resin for two dollars per barrel of 280 pounds. He paid one and a fourth cents for boxing, forty-five cents for chipping, and thirty-five cents per barrel for dipping. Other stills located in this region were: J. A. Donalson, Sandy Creek; J. R. Sanders, Cook; Myers Brothers, near Tompkins. All of these except Captain Gay worked convicts. The

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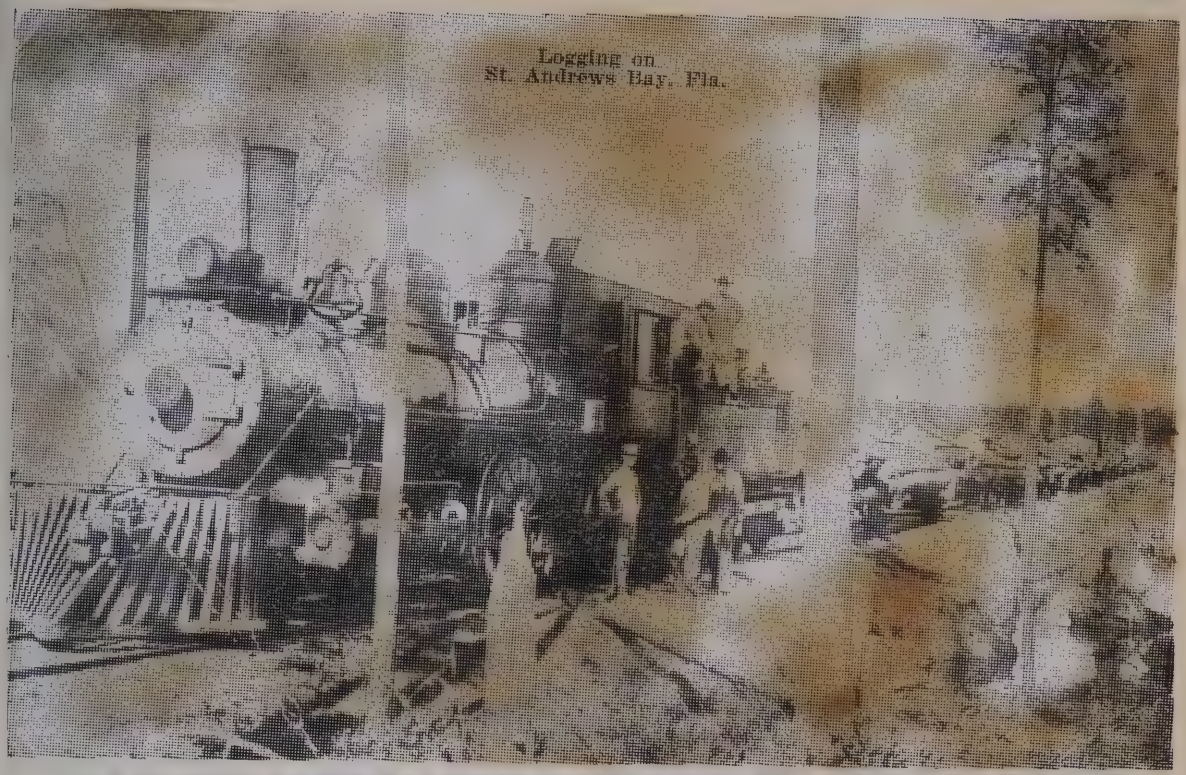
[28] St. Andrews Bay, Florida's Finest Harbor, Board of Trade pamphlet, p. 8.



A heavily loaded log train pulling into St. Andrews in the early days (Plate for picture furnished by News-Herald.)

A turpentine still in the flat woods of Bay County in the early 1900's (Plate for picture furnished by News-Herald.)

products from Anderson were transported to Pensacola by the schooner Lucy H; those brought to Millville by railway were transported by the steamer Tarpon; and those brought by teams were transported on the steamer Dewey. According to reports in 1907, there were nineteen stills in the county and these produced 11,250 barrels of spirits and 35,650 barrels of resin. The total value was $661,950.00.[29]

Judge Hutchison says that turpentine operators came to the Southport area in 1902. The Vickers operated a turpentine still at Vicksburg, three miles north of Southport. Later the Vickers sold a large tract of their homestead to Thomas D. Sale, but Vickers continued to operate the turpentine still.[30] There were important stills located at Youngstown, East Bay, and West Bay. Although at one time a leading industry, today turpentining is almost non-existent here.

The first paper mill in Florida was built at Bay Harbor in 1931 by Southern Kraft Corporation, a subsidiary of the International Paper Company. This is now one of the leading industries, employing 1,500 people. Southern Kraft produced in 1938, 600 tons a day of kraft paper of the type used in the manufacture of packing boxes and containers. The mill operates twenty-four hours a day, employing 1200 workers in four six-hour shifts, and distributing a weekly payroll of more than $35,000.[31] From 1931 until July, 1942, the paper mill was the sole

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[29] Panama City Pilot, October 3, 1907.

[30] Interview with Judge Ira A. Hutchison.

[31] Stockbridge and Perry, So This Is Florida, p. 248.

source of electric power to Panama City, selling its surplus to Gulf Power Company.

War Industries

During World War II, the J. A. Jones Construction Company built Wainwright Shipyard on the site of Dyers Point, in St. Andrews. This shipyard had on contract sixty-six liberty ships, twenty-eight aircraft cargo carriers, eight tank carriers, and six tankers. The shipyard occupied a twelve-acre area with 4,660 feet fronting on St. Andrews Bay. Construction began on April 7, 1942. Sixty-nine buildings with a total floor area of 615,273 square feet were put up. The ways, designed for end launching, were 451 feet long and seventy-seven feet wide above the water, 180 feet long and forty feet wide below the water. The largest number of employees at Wainwright during the four years of operation was 15,256 in June, 1943.[32]

Tyndall Field, the largest flexible gunnery school of the Army Air Force during World War II, also brought many people to this area. It occupies 25,000 acres on the eastern peninsula, one of the two arms that form land-locked St. Andrews Bay. At its peak performance in 1944, Tyndall Field had Army personnel and trainees consisting of 1,500 officers and from 10,000 to 12,000 enlisted men. By the end of the war 45,000 gunners had been trained here. The field employed 1,500 civilian workers in 1944. The field was planned as a permanent

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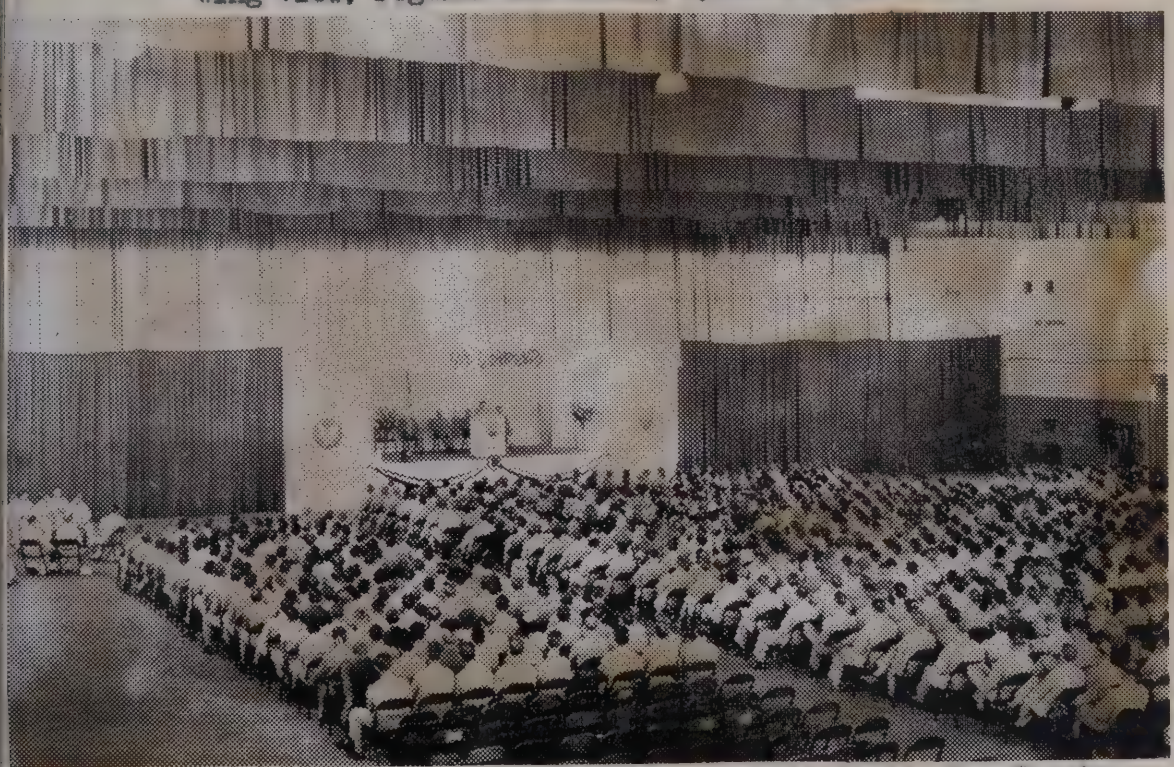
[32]Fain, "Reconversion in Panama City," Monthly Review, pp. 135, 136.

Dyers Point, St. Andrews, probable site of the old English town of Wells

Southern Kraft Corporation located on Watson Bayou, Millville section

Wing View, regular AFB event, Tyndall Field



ATS Tactical School Graduates, Tyndall Field, Bay County
(Both pictures from plates belonging to News-Herald)

installation with runways and aprons of concrete and hangars of steel. A permanent Coast Guard station and wartime naval base occupied the western peninsula.[33]

Tourist

From the early settlement of St. Andrews to the present day people have been attracted to this region as a summer resort. The first settlement was made by those from the interior who wanted a home on the Bay for the summer months. Sidney Lanier describes the attractiveness of this region in his book.

> Pleasant excursion parties are sometimes made up in the spring at Columbus for the purpose of descending the Chattahoochee and Appalachicola in a chartered steamer, fishing, hunting and exploring the strange Dead Lakes of Calhoun County, as well as the brighter waters of St. Josephs, St. Andrews, and other beautiful bays of this coast.[34]

In 1905, R. L. McKenzie and L. C. Gay purchased a tract of land at Lands End, near the pass, for the purpose of building a pavilion. They ran a launch, Monarch, in a regular series of excursions between St. Andrews and the pavilion.[35] Today many beaches have been developed on the Gulf for the tourists, the principal and oldest ones being Long Beach and Panama City Beach. Lynn Haven's bayous, fresh streams

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[33] Ibid., p. 136.

[34] Lanier, Florida: Its Scenery, Climate, and History, p. 149.

[35] St. Andrews Buoy, May 25, 1905.

Long Beach, Panama City, Florida today

The gulf beaches, Panama City, Florida today
(Both pictures from plates belonging to News-Herald)

entering the Bay became a favorite resort for tourists, and it has developed along these lines. From the earliest times people came to St. Andrews for recreation, to enjoy the refreshing breeze from the Gulf, surf bathing, sailing, rowing, and fishing. The Gulf Beaches in Bay County are some of the most beautiful the writer has ever seen. St. Andrews was also famed for its climate and attracted many people as a health resort.

Stockbridge and Perry describe the present tourist trade as follows:

> The year 'round climate of Panama City has made it for years a popular resort, both winter and summer, for visitors seeking restful seclusion and an opportunity to enjoy the facilities which St. Andrews Bay provides for boating and fishing. Particularly in summer, the Gulf beach, nine miles from the town, is an increasingly popular cooling off place for the people of inland Florida and Alabama. Nearly 50,000 motored to Panama City to spend the 4th. of July weekend of 1937 at the beach. The estimated number of summer visitors between April 15 and September 15 (1938) exceeds 150,000.[36]

Now approximately 3,000 beach houses are inhabited only during the resort season of four and a half months.[37]

Commerce

In 1827, Williams described the commerce in West Florida, thus:

> ...a moderate coasting trade is all that West Florida can yet boast. Foreign goods are principally imported from New York: provisions and groceries from New Orleans. Our exports consist of cotton, cedar logs, boards, staves,

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[36]Stockbridge and Perry, op. cit., p. 249.

[37]Fain, op. cit., p. 135.

deer skins, horns, beeswax, tallow, hides, peltry, and bricks.[38]

Today, largely as a result of the paper mill, Panama City has been brought into new importance as a seaport. It attracts manufacturers in other lines to take advantage of the shipping facilities of the port. The Atlanta and St. Andrews Railroad, running north to Dothan, Alabama, and connecting with the Atlantic Coast Line and the Louisville and Nashville, provides rail connections with all parts of the country, while the deep harbor is equipped with docks and piers which can accomodate seagoing craft of any tonnage. The product of the paper mill is shipped almost entirely by water, an ocean freighter being loaded almost every day. The bulk of the pulpwood consumed by the paper mill comes in by rail, but along the highways converging on Panama City may be seen motor trucks loaded with cordwood destined for the mill.

Panama City, because of its location on the Intracoastal Waterway, is an important terminal for petroleum products. Large oil companies--Gulf, Standard, Texas Company, American Oil, Pure Oil, Shell, City Service, and Sunny State--maintain storage tanks on St. Andrews Bay with a capacity of eighteen million gallons. One important community wartime project was the oil storage terminal at Lynn Haven. The Navy used these facilities for storage of diesel oil. The four piers at Lynn Haven were equipped with twelve pumps which

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[38]Williams, West Florida, p. 70.

could deliver from barges to the ten storage tanks 24,000 barrels of oil an hour. The tanks had a capacity of twenty million gallons. Twelve miles of sidetracking permitted the simultaneous loading of 120 railroad tank cars. The whole unit cost six million dollars.[39]

Panama City is becoming one of the most important oil distributing centers in the South. Several of the large oil companies have built storage tanks here, where supplies are delivered in tankers and from which they are easily distributed by rail and tank trucks.[40]

Manufacturing

Williams described manufacturing--or the lack of it--in West Florida, in 1827:

> As yet there are none in West Florida; if we except the domestic clothing, made by the planters for their own families. It is not probable that manufactures will ever be greatly extended in this country; as the staple articles of commerce will always employ the inhabitants more profitably; certainly that will be the case for many years to come.[41]

He goes on to suggest industries that might be developed in this area. These were fire bricks, lime (shell banks were very extensive), raffia, cigars, salt, and glass (all materials furnished in the neighborhood in perfection and abundance).[42] Some of these were

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[39]Fain, op. cit., p. 135.

[40]Stockbridge and Perry, op. cit., pp. 248, 249.

[41]Williams, West Florida, p. 69.

[42]Ibid., p. 70.

developed later on. Brick making, salt making, and cigar making were important industries at one time, but are now industries of the past.

Other Industries

Other novel occupations of the early settlers are worth noting. Mrs. Hawk Stephens, wife of one of the oldest residents, made articles from palmettoes--hats, fans, baskets, and other things. She would scald the palmetto buds, bleach them in the sun, and then strip, and braid them. Some were made of fancy braids and were very attractive. The hats sold for one dollar and one dollar and a half. Mrs. Knowles, another old timer, made hats of corn shucks. Mr. Rotzein was another pioneer who manufactured items from the palmetto which grows so plentifully here. He made brushes from the palmetto root and also made mattresses from palmetto leaves and moss. Another product of the palmetto was the berry which was used at that time for medicine. Some people made as much as three dollars a day picking these berries.

Digging and snaring gophers to ship to Pensacola, New Orleans, and Mobile was also engaged in. These sold for three dollars and a half a dozen or twenty-five cents apiece. Alligator hunters sold their catch at ten cents a foot. Trappers caught "'coons,""possums," fox, skunk, and other animals, the good"'coons"bringing fifty cents and the otter one dollar a foot.[43]

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[43]Interview with Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Surber.

There was one beauty parlor as early as 1889 run by Mrs. Maggie Salvany. She advertised hair dressing in all its branches and sold hair jewelry, wigs, flowers, and pictures.[44]

Today Panama City has the usual industries of a thriving city. Besides the manufacture of ice, soft drinks, boats, tents, awning and sails, bread and pastries, venetian blinds, furniture, cement products neon signs, and mattresses, there are one shirt factory, Alabama Textile Products Corporation, which employs 190 people, and two chemical companies--the Arizona Chemical Company and the Naval Chemical Company.[45]

Summary

While Florida was occupied by the Spanish, they made their living by fishing, hunting, and cultivating gardens. When West Florida passed into the hands of England, the British carried on fur trading with the Indians, growing indigo and engaging in lumbering and naval stores in addition to the occupations of the Spanish.

With the coming of the Americans, commercial fishing developed into one of the most important industries in this area. In Pre-Civil War days, salt mullet and mackerel formed the major part of the diet of the people of inland areas, especially that of the slaves. Today

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[44] St. Andrews Messenger, April 17, 1889.

[45] Panama City Industries, Chamber of Commerce leaflet.

fishing remains of great importance to this section, snapper, grouper, and scamp being the big fish most commonly caught in the Gulf.

Lumbering and naval stores have flourished around the Bay in the past, dating back as early as 1836. Today the pine forests are primarily used for pulpwood in the paper industry of Southern Kraft.

World War II brought the Wainwright Shipyard and Tyndall Field to the Bay. The shipyard, which built liberty ships, aircraft cargo and tank carriers, and tankers, was discontinued after the ending of the war. Tyndall Field has remained as a permanent installation. Panama City has also become an important oil distributing center in the South.

The past has seen many unusual occupations engaged in by the people. Among these can be listed the making of articles from palmettoes, corn shucks, pine straw, shells, and moss; the snaring of gophers—land terrapins; and the hunting of alligators.

CHAPTER V

EDUCATION, PUBLICATIONS, AND RELIGION

Even in the early days when St. Andrews was occupied principally by summer residents, education seems to have been of interest to the settlers. Later on, newspaper editorials show the great concern felt by many of the people over the lack of educational opportunities offered by the schools at that time. This part of the chapter will attempt to throw some light on the development of the schools on the Bay since the earliest records.

Education

Tradition tells us that the two-story house of Jesse Coe, the site of which is now occupied by a service station in the heart of the business section of St. Andrews, was used for the purpose of carrying on a "Female Academy."[1] The earliest record of a school established in the St. Andrews Bay region is that found in an advertisement of the Pensacola Gazette and West Florida Advertiser dated September 14, 1827. The name of the school was the Bonavista Academy; the location, St. Andrews Bay; the teacher, a Mr. Wachob, "a gentleman well known in the state of Georgia and highly esteemed for his literary attainments." The academy offered "all branches of an English education together

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[1] West, St. Andrews, Florida, p. 39.

with the Latin and Greek languages." Three different rates were offered. Those taking the course consisting of spelling, reading, writing, and arithmetic were charged four dollars and fifty cents for a quarter. The course made up of grammar, geography, logic, and natural philosophy cost six dollars per quarter. Mathematics and the languages could be had at the price of eight dollars per quarter. Prospective students were advised that board could be obtained "in a highly respectable family who have provided excellent accomodations at $100.00 per annum, including washing."

The advertisement extols the beauties, the safety from storms, the climate, and the healthfulness of the St. Andrews Bay section--"no marshes in neighborhood--springs of excellent water along the shore--no mosquitoes, sandflies, or other tormenting insects." It also lists the advantages of its location, "within one day's ride of the rich lands of the Chipola, not more than two or three day's sail to Mobile or Orleans," and the fish and oysters abounding in the Bay. The trustees are listed as P. W. Guntier, no doubt a mistake in spelling as other advertisements list him as Rev. Peter W. Gautier, Methodist minister, John Clark, Jacob Robinson, and Richard Long. This seems to have been the first announcement of the opening of the academy. The Gazette continued to carry articles about the academy at least until 1828, as an item appears in the February 8 issue of that year. The publication of the Florida Historical Society, April, 1925, lists the Bonavista Academy among the early academies established in

Florida before 1830. This publication says that the school soon died, giving as a reason the fact that it was too far from centers of population.[2]

The Pensacola Gazette of March 3, 1838, lists, among the acts passed by the Legislative Council, "the chartering and incorporating the Trustees of the St. Andrews College in West Florida, Act approved Feb'y 8, 1838." The trustees were listed as James Bright, N. H. Mitchell, Richard Fitzpatrick, Jesse Willis, Simmons J. Baker, James T. Pittman, Jesse Coe, and John Branch. The Act also provided for the location of the college, specifically stating that the location must be made on the Bay of St. Andrews.[3] There seems to be no record that this college was ever built. If it was, it did not last long.

Silas Stearns says of the education of the fishermen of this area in 1883, "Near the bay there is no school, but those who can afford to do so send their children to the county school at Marianna; few being able to do this, the majority grow up in painful ignorance."[4] Old timers living in small settlements say that the school terms in the 1880's and for some time thereafter lasted four months of the year and these four months came in the summer. These schools, of

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[2]Knauss, "Education in Florida, 1821-1829," Florida Historical Society Quarterly, III, 4, April, 1925, pp. 25-35.

[3]Cf. Appendix.

[4]Stearns, "St. Andrews Bay Fisheries," Geographical Review of the Fisheries of the Gulf of Mexico: West Florida, p. 566.

course, were one room, and transportation, when there was any at all, was by mule and wagon. The principal books used in those days were Webster's Blue-backed Speller and McGuffey's Reader. Some history, arithmetic, and writing were also taught. In spelling, the class "stood up" and had "turning down." Each syllable of a word must be spelled and pronounced and then added to what had gone before; for example: Constantinople--C-o-n, con, s-t-a-n, Constan, t-i, ti, Constanti, n-o, no, Constantino, p-l-e, p'l, Constantinople. These schools took the children where they were and taught them from there. There were no grades.

The teachers usually received a salary of twenty-five dollars per month, paid in county warrants. They boarded from place to place, staying a week at one place, another week some other place. One teacher got a regular boarding place for five dollars a month, including laundry, room, and board. Qualifications for teachers called for the passing of a teacher's examination. It is said that one young man failed to pass the examination because he could not spell "Florida." Sometimes the people would hire a member of the community to teach their children. One man was thus hired because he was a cripple.[5] An old settler said he was going to school at Thrasher Point when he was offered the job of keeping a store on Bear Creek for a Mr. McAllister for the fabulous sum of $25 and board for

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[5]Interview with Mrs. George W. Surber and Mrs. Sam Surber, Pretty Bayou, April, 1950.

the year. He says, "I didn't want to quit school but that was big money." He talked the matter over with Professor Charles, his teacher, and he was advised to take the job. Mrs. McAllister helped him with his "books"; so he got most of his education anyway.[6]

The first school at Anderson was a private one taught by W. A. Padgett. It was through the efforts of Captain Anderson that the first public school was built. This building also served as the church of the community.[7]

An early newspaper of 1889 carried an editorial deploring the educational system:

> We doubt if such miserable schools are to be found anywhere outside of Florida....When citizens of Florida are willing to pay as much to secure immigrants from the North as to educate their children, it shows they want immigrants mighty bad and don't care much for the children.[8]

It seems that one tenth of one per cent was paid for school purposes and the same amount was being paid for immigration purposes. Perhaps the editor, J. H. Hamilton, was so concerned about the schools because he was listed in the Messenger as the school supervisor. Professor L. L. Charles was county superintendent at this time (1889).

Another issue of the Messenger carries an article on reading the Bible in school. Questions submitted to the public for opinions were:

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[6]Interview with Jack McKeithan, Panama City, August, 1949.

[7]Panama City Pilot, November 28, 1907.

[8]St. Andrews Messenger, April 17, 1889.

Which are preferable, printed copies or copies written by the teacher, for instruction of pupils in penmanship? Should the Bible be read in public schools? Why? What is your opinion of the custom of giving prizes? Should vocal music be taught in our public schools?

The same issue of the paper carried a report of the grand jury on school assessments and amounts collected. The total state, school, and county assessment was $13,422.75. The amount collected was $6,157.37; the amount uncollected, $7,265.38.[9] A report by L. L. Charles, county superintendent, in the January 1, 1890 issue of the Messenger gives the total amount expended for public schools in Washington County[10] in the year ending September 30, 1881, as being $807, the number of schools 13, the total attendance 268 pupils. In the year ending September 30, 1884, the amount spent was $969, the average attendance 255, and the number of schools, 11. In September, 1889, there were 46 schools. In 1876, the county school tax assessment was $842.63 (rate of 5 mills). Finally, the year 1889 shows an assessment of $5,498.61 (rate of 4.5 mills) and 57 public schools in the county.

In the January 1, 1890 issue, Superintendent Charles makes this statement, "Let the third grade certificate pass out of existence. We can not afford any longer to surrender our children to incompetent teachers." An item in the December 31, 1890 Messenger shows great

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[9] Ibid., November 27, 1889.

[10] Bay County was created from a portion of Washington County in 1913.

concern over the fact that there was no teacher for the winter term of school. Another item in the May 6, 1891 issue illustrates the casualness with which some people regarded the school. This item, listed as news, gives the name of a boy who "quit school this week and joined his brother's seine crew at the pass." School was dismissed at Bear Creek in order that the teacher and pupils could engage in a bear hunt. The school supervisor in 1894 was R. F. Brackin.[11] Some of the early teachers were A. Wells, L. L. Pratt, and Leland Vickery.

The St. Andrews Buoy, September 27, 1894, carried an advertisement for the West Florida Columbian College (non-Sectarian Christian), which was under the direction of Josephus C. Lipes, President. According to the advertisement, the school was founded November 22, 1893. It offered to its students "instruction based upon the most approved and natural methods of teaching--The New Education." Students could enter at any time and choose studies suited to their abilities. A professional course was offered for teachers. One of the special advantages of the location "is freedom from the evil influences incident to a metropolitan city." Tuition for a term of ten weeks (payable in advance) was seven dollars for preparatory study and ten dollars for college study. Special rates were arranged for business, shorthand, music, and vocal culture.

The first school term in Panama City under direction of Miss

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[11] St. Andrews Buoy, September 27, 1894.

F. R. Payne was completed in 1907. Built by the Gulf Coast Development Company, the school building was constructed on modern methods with all lights to the back and left of the pupils, each desk equipped with an inkwell and receptacle for books. It was pronounced the equal of the best in the county. The term was held five months (February 7 to June 26, 1907), with an enrollment of thirty-three pupils, sixteen girls and seventeen boys.[12]

The report on schools of Washington County from July 1, 1906 to July 1, 1907, gives some very interesting facts. The salaries for white teachers totaled $12,396.95, for colored $2,845.37. The superintendent's salary was six hundred forty dollars. The highest salary paid out was one hundred dollars per month, the lowest, twenty-two and a half dollars. White male teachers drew higher salaries--forty-one dollars--than the female teachers--thirty-eight dollars. The colored male teacher received thirty-one dollars per month while the colored female teacher got only twenty-five dollars. The average length of school term was ninety-one days; the number of schools in operation was sixty-two white, twenty-two colored; the number of children enrolled was 2,466 white, 1,095 colored.[13]

In 1909, Miss Mattie Forester opened a private school with seven "scholars." A Female Academy was also established at Cromanton

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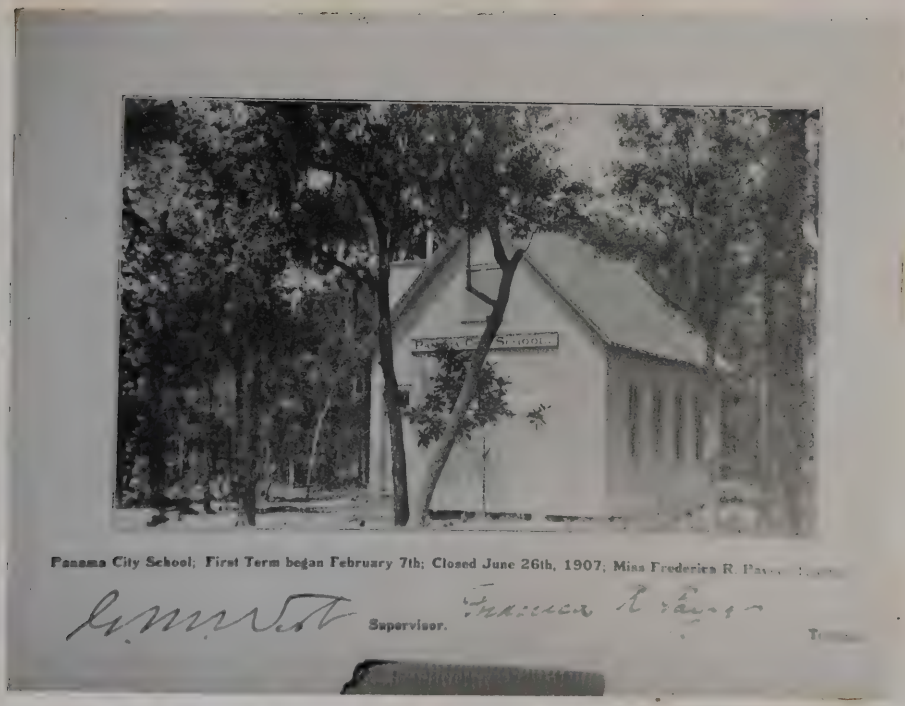
[12] Panama City Pilot, June 27, 1907. See picture on next page.

[13] Ibid., October 24, 1907.



The first school in Panama City
(Picture through the courtesy of Mrs. Emma Ford, St. Andrews)

The county high school today

preceding this period. Work on the "new" St. Andrews school house was progressing at this time (1909). "The belfry with its spire piercing the sky is imposing and sightly and the entire building is a structure of which St. Andrews may pardonably be proud."[14] This was St. Andrews' second school house, a wooden structure that burned about 1926. A new brick school house was completed in 1928.

There was also a business college located here in 1909. It was called the Gulf City Business College and under the direction of a Professor Anderson.[15] Miss E. Young as principal and Miss Ethel Baker, assistant, opened the 1905 winter term of the St. Andrews public school with an enrollment of fifty "scholars." This beginning was applauded as the best start in the history of St. Andrews and the best possible evidence of the healthy growth of the place.[16] Miss Annie Adkins opened the school in Cromanton the same year. In 1914, St. Andrews had "the best school building in the county, a graded school, with five teachers."[17]

The "grammar" schools in the early 1900's taught through the tenth grade. For years there was no high school. The Panama City School included from the first through the twelfth grades, but since no transportation was offered the children living in other parts of

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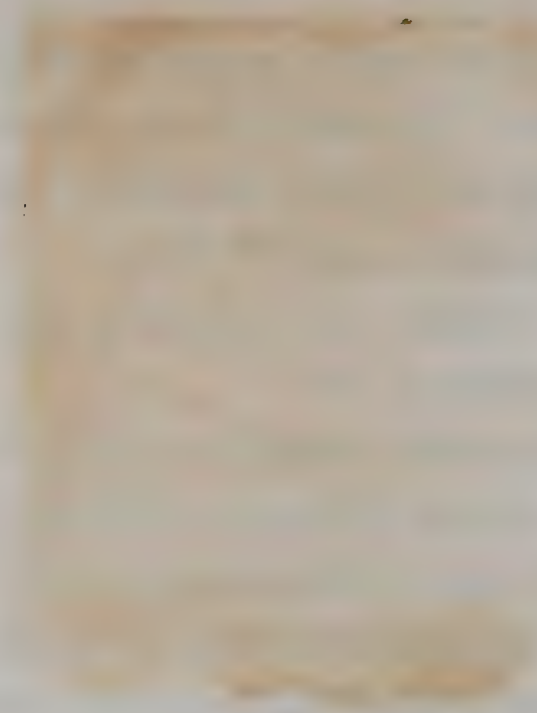
[14] St. Andrews Buoy, October 7, 1909.

[15] Id.

[16] Ibid., September 1, 1905.

[17] St. Andrews Bay, a booklet authorized by the Board of Trade of St. Andrews, p. 31.



A picture of the student body of one of the first schools in St. Andrews (Through the courtesy of Mrs. Ethel Joyner, St. Andrews)

One of the early bands in St. Andrews (Picture owned by O. H. Kester, St. Andrews)

One of the oldest school buildings, St. Andrews, Florida Destroyed by fire about 1925 (Picture belonging to Mrs. Lucy Bee Lightfoot, St. Andrews)

St. Andrews Elementary School today Occupying the same site as the old school above

the county, those who could not afford to board went no further than the tenth grade. In 1925, a high school for the county was assured. It was to cost $100,000. After the Bay County High School was built in 1927, school buses were provided for children from all over the county.

Bob Jones College opened its doors to students September 14, 1927.[18] It was an interdenominational school located at College Point near Lynn Haven. The tuition was $125 for nine months. The school remained active for several years but finally moved to a location in Cleveland, Tennessee.

The Seventh Census of the State of Florida 1945 gives the total number of white children of legal school age in Bay County as being 5,830 and the number attending school as 5,573. The total number of Negro children of legal school age is shown as being 1,145 and those attending school as 1,101. This gives a total of 6,674 attending school in Bay County in 1945.

Today Bay County still has just the one high school and many elementary schools. The St. Andrews section now has two elementary schools--the St. Andrews and the Drummond Park schools. The Millville section has one elementary school, and Panama City has two--Panama City and Cove schools. Outside of Panama City there are also several elementary schools, the most important of these being the Springfield,

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[18] Panama City Pilot, August 18, 1927.

St. Andrews Messenger.

"Fearless Foolish Opinion should lead you to Pronounce an Unkind Judgement."

VOL. III ST. ANDREWS, FLA., WEDNESDAY, NOV. 27, 1889. NO 47.

GENERAL DIRECTORY

United States—Officials—Senators, Hon. [illegible]; Hon. Wilkinson Call, Jacksonville.

Representative—1st District, H. H. Al Davidson County; 2nd District, Chas. Doughterty, Port Orange.

Land Office—Register, Alex. Lynch, Gainesville; Receiver, Volney J. Shipman, Gainesville.

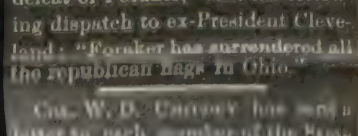
State—Officials—Governor, Francis Fleming; Attorney General, Wm. B. Lamar; Secretary of State, J. L. Crawford; Comptroller, W. D. Barnes, Tallahassee; Commissioner of Agriculture, L. B. Womtwell; Superintendent of Public Instruction, [illegible]; Treasurer, Tallahassee.

County—Official—Legislative—Senator—J. D. Pirrong, Wewahitchka; Representative—W. B. Gainer, Econfina.

Judicial and Executive—County Judge, Wm. R. Jones, Vernon; Clerk of the Court, County Clerk, Recorder of Deeds, W. B. Lassiter, Vernon; Sheriff, T. Y. Watts, Chipley; Treasurer, R. C. Horn, Chipley, Tax Collector, James Cravey, Vernon; Tax Assessor, B. B. Brown, Econfina; Superintendent of Schools, I. L. Charles, Chipley; Surveyor, James Paul, Vernon; Commissioners, Robert Hightower, E. S. Gaskin, Wm. Miller, T. H. Harmon and T. M. Ellis.

City of St. Andrews—Official—Justice of the Peace, E. P. Maxon; Notaries, G. B. Thompson, George Keyes, jr., S. N. Warren; School Supervisor, J. H. Hamilton; Tax Collector, James Cravey; Post Mistress, Mrs. Maxon.

Business and Mercantile—Physician, Dr. Frazier.
Barber, L. Franklin.
Blacksmith and Wagon maker, A. J. Triskett.
Carpenters and Builders, Wallace Armstrong and J. C. Bradford boat builders; Charles Armstrong, John Armstrong, Edward Sowles, Charles Ecker, Elias Ayars, J. C. Barrett, H. M. Mathes, W. W. Wilcox, E. P. Maxon.
Express and Drayage, John Lutz.
Hotels, Florida Exchange, Ecker House.
Jeweller, C. H. Hall.
Merchants—General, R. F. Brackin, L. M. Ware, T. C. Danford; Hardware, George S. Russell; Furniture, George P. Keyes, jr. Drugs and Pharmacy, W. W. Taylor. Oysters and Fish, H. C. Witherell, H. F. Smith, Geo. Robinson.
Printing, St. Andrews Messenger, newspaper and job.
Painting, J. T. Tryon, Wm. Stansbury.
Saw Mills, Willett & Sons; Salisbury Lumber Company.
Shoemaking, Henry Grader, Alfred K. Smith.
Religious—Methodist Church, W. M. Croman, pastor, services every second Sunday at 3 p. m. and 7:30 p. m.
Presbyterian, Rev. A. H. Post, pastor, services every Sunday at 11:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.
First Missionary Baptist Church, Rev. A. J. Beck, pastor, meets first Sunday of each month at Little's Hall.



With or Without

The Lord elected Harrison,
All glory to His name!
He may not know the democrats,
But they get there just the same.

While Ben relies on Providence
Opponents to defeat,
The Bourbons play a strong lone hand
And get there with both feet.

When eighteen ninety-two rolls round
What will our good Ben say?
The voters then will turn him down
Because they're built that way.
—Chicago Herald.

The prohibition vote in New Jersey shows a falling off of fifty per cent.

Benjamin Harrison is as dead politically as Julius Cæsar's war horse.—N. Y. World.

The Opelika Democrat asks: "Can you be a protectionist and a democrat?" No; the terms are as antagonistic as fire and water.

The children who care to enjoy it of those once held in bondage in the South are being educated by the sons of their former masters.

The net democratic gain of votes in the eight states which held elections on November 5th, is 163,400 over last year. This is a terrible rebuke to the present republican administration.

Hon. Allen G. Thurman, referring to the result in Ohio, and the defeat of Foraker, sent the following dispatch to ex-President Cleveland: "Foraker has surrendered all the republican flags in Ohio."

Gen. W. D. Gurney has sent a letter to each member of the State Executive Committee tendering his resignation. No more able man for leader of the Florida democracy [illegible] around in the state, and the unfortunate wrangle which has made it seem to Col. Chipley necessary to take this step, is very much to be deplored.

During the political campaign last year, Jim Blaine and other great leaders of the Republican party had a great deal to say about public [illegible] in the democrats universally for allowing such a preposterous thing to be done. Has anybody heard that these public funds have been restored to the treasury in Washington? On the contrary Secretary Windom says it is not his purpose to withdraw the $47,000,000 from the national banks. He says it cannot be done without serious inconvenience. This shows that Blaine, etc were either ignorant of the situation or the worst kind of political demagogues.

The roads between St. Andrews and Vernon are in a horrible condition the result of the flood the first of the month. All the [illegible] are either taken away or badly damaged, and the road badly washed out in very many places making it necessary to go around them. The appropriation of road tax has already been made for the coming year and is totally inade[illegible] to meet this [illegible] appears now as though the county would be compelled to go in debt, or go without roads.

An eminent writer says: "The road is that [illegible] or symbol by which you will best understand any one or more [illegible] have no rights or [illegible] the road is the creation of man, and the type of civilized society." This is no doubt true, but where does it put us fellows here in Washington county [illegible] now?

THE LAND CASES.

The Latest Move in the St. Andrews Land Suits.

As stated last week, the plaintiffs in the St. Andrews land cases dismissed the suits and paid up all the costs. This was a confession of weakness on their side, or, at least it will be so considered. They must have felt that their chances for winning were mighty dubious or they would not have called a halt and taken the back track to the starting point. But they have returned again to the attack, and Sheriff Watts was down last week with court subpœnas, which he served upon a number of our citizens, including substantially the same persons who were parties to the former suits. We give below a copy of the papers served:

The State of Florida:

To Thomas H[illegible], William Beasley, Charles H. Hall, H. [illegible] Winchill, C. H. Little, A. J. Beck, L. M. Ware, J. H. Brown, J. M. Andrews, Thomas Freeman, Louisa Cone field, G. W. [illegible], T. C. Danford, Caroline F. Halifax, Joseph Dean, F. A. Darwin, A. Cook, St. Andrews Bay Real Estate Company, a Corporation under the laws of Florida, E. P. Maxon, John Gillespie, Henry Loraine, Cora Daugherty, N. B. Hand, F. H. Hammond, Charles Forbes, John McIlrath, John Bickley, Alexander Alexander, Elias Ayres, R. F. Brackin, James Graham, James Garnett, G. W. Herrick, James B. Hollwood, John T. Johnson, J. J. Kester, P. M. Montes, W. N. Montes, Sarah J. Oliver, J. C. Robb, William Stevens, Clerk P. Slide, W. B. Humbert, J. R. Shoemaker, Sarah Ainsworth, J. B. Williams, Joseph Benson, J. J. Austin, J. E. Boren, Annie Thompson, J. R. Russell Pinoby Butler, John Bullard, Uriah Clapper, W. S. Turk, Greeting:

You, and each of you are hereby commanded, and strictly enjoined that, laying all other [illegible] aside, and [illegible] you be and appear before the Judge of our Circuit Court, for the County of Washington, on the second day of December, A. D. 1889, at the Clerk's office in the [illegible] Vernon [illegible] and [illegible] in our said Court [illegible] Sr., John F. Hughes [illegible] Wyon, Margaret Fr[illegible] William Tucker, her [illegible] further, and to receive what our said Court shall have considered in the behalf. And this you are not to omit under a penalty of five hundred dollars.

Witness, the Honorable [illegible] McClellan, Judge of our said Court, this 13th day of November, A. D. [illegible]

W. B. Lassiter,
Clerk Circuit Court.

[illegible] will take notice that they are to appear, answer or demur to the bill of complaint herein filed against them, on or before the second day of December, A. D. 1889, or the same may be taken as confessed against them.

[L. S.] W. B. Lassiter.
Clerk Circuit Court.

That it is necessary to bring action against all these parties in order to prove title to the tract of land in dispute, no one can believe. If the Watson heirs can prove that the s½ of 35, the w½ of sw¼ of 35-3-15 and the n½ of sec 2-3-15 belong to them it is all that is necessary. It looks very much like a put up job on the part of the lawyers, to make money out of it.

Not Our Quarrel.

The Messenger has seen fit to comment, from time to time, upon the notoriously unpleasant situation of affairs in the Presbyterian church of this city. This has been done in no partisan spirit, for the Messenger has no especial friends on either side to please, nor enemies to tease, and so far as the religious features of the case it there are any, are concerned, this paper has no interest whatever. We wish further to have it plainly understood, that the Messenger has no preference between the orthodox churches, [illegible] ers. Our religious views are such, that this church quarrel has rather amused us, though we disclaim having intentionally said anything which would tend to increase the strife. Thus it should not be difficult for all these church people to see that there is no reason why we should be prejudiced, for or against one side or the other in this matter.

We are led to make the above statement for the reason that it is said by the anti-Hoskins faction that we are championing the cause of Mr Hoskins and treating the other side unfairly. To this charge we plead "not guilty." We have made no effort to treat Mr Hoskins fairly, or his opponents unfairly but just represented the facts as they appeared to us. Apart from this church quarrel of which we know nothing and care less, Mr H. appears to be a gentleman of good character and ability and if he believes what he preaches he is a christain. And why in the name of common sense should he not be allowed to preach if he can get a congregation to listen? And why should the use of the church be refused when it is not otherwise occupied?

The Negroes's Heel in Rome.

Here's what the Canilla (Ga.,) Clarion has to say on the negro suffrage question. It speaks for itself, and coming from the stronghold of the negro in the South, has some weight:

If Mrs. Canfield could have been in Rome, Ga., on Tuesday and seen the negroes voting bar rooms on a people who do not want them, she needn't seek the hole in heaven through which to peep and see "the heels of the negroes on the necks of the whites." These Southern prohibition elections are doing more to open the eyes of the good people of the North to the situation which negro suffrage has brought about than all the speeches and writing of Southern men. Northern people are sick of negro [illegible] South in congress and in the electoral college. When the negroes in the South hasten such evils as the liquor traffic on Southern communities they [illegible] people sick of negro suffrage. [illegible] North and the South both act [illegible] negro votes then the negro will [illegible] much longer. The Anglo [illegible] wonderful heaver which he [illegible] to move a load.

Don't deceive yourself, [illegible] Clarion; the negro voter [illegible] to stay—if he had only [illegible] for prohibition, as he has [illegible] places, doubtless you [illegible] satisfied to recognize him [illegible] ple," a fact which the laws [illegible]ed, but the editor of the [illegible] ignores. It always makes [illegible] difference whose ox is [illegible]

The Australian Ballot.

Opelika Democrat: The result of the trial of the Australian ballot system in the recent election in Massachusetts must be very interesting reading to those members of the Alabama legislature who voted in committee the election bill presented at the last session. The remarkable gain of 20,000 votes by the democrats in that state over the vote of last year is significant. The greater part of this gain was made in the distinctively manufacturing districts. Heretofore it had been a common thing for voters to receive ballots either directly from the manufacturers or from some one of their superintendents; a refusal to cast them implied a discharge from employment. Under the new law this is abolished and the secrecy of the voter's action is preserved.

This may be, and doubtless are instances where the workings of the Australian system are not altogether perfect, but that it is a long step toward preserving the independence of the voter, who has heretofore been at the mercy of unprincipled employers, there can be no doubt. And it only remains to correct and improve upon the Australian system by wise legislation [illegible] of the several [illegible] all this shall become what [illegible]

Bush Will be a Stunner.

Philadelphia Record: President Harrison is much displeased with the conduct of his German fellow citizens in Ohio and Iowa. When his German fellow-citizens shall get another whack at him his displeasure will doubtless be deepened; for there is very little in common between the Harrisonian narrowness and the German looseness of thought on some of the issues now uppermost in the country.

The Christmas Number of Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly

Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly for December, just out, is the Christmas Number, and occupies the field in advance of all its contemporaries. It has a special illuminated cover, wreathed in holly leaves and berries. The table of contents is rich and seasonable, and the magazine is as full of pictures as a bowling of plums. An exquisite colored plate, entitled "Under the Mistletoe," forms an appropriate [illegible] Among the illustrated articles are: "How King Christmas has Conquered the Country;" "Wilkie Collins," a biographical sketch, "New York's Art Museum" by Ripley Hitchcock; a paper on the Centenary of the Catholic Church in the United States, just celebrated with splendid pomp at Baltimore; "Buffalo Hunting in Ceylon," by James Rice[illegible], a graphic description of General Kilpatrick's great raid near Atlanta, Ga., by Harold Cooper; "Saint Elmo and the Barnacle Baths," and "Orchids," by C. T. Simpson. There are half a dozen short stories, all go[illegible] a paper on the gifted young Russian, Maria Bashkirtseff, whose recently published diary is the sensation of the literary world, and poems by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Douglas Sladen, Carlotta Perry, the late F. S. Saltus, and others.

Waycross as a Metropolis.

The Rev. Dr. Watson Winn, rector of Grace church, Waycross, writes that after suffering 25 years from painful and disagreeable eruptions caused by poison oak, he was cured with one bottle of P. P. P., the world's greatest purifier.

Corns Removed Quickly

and surely by the use of Hood's East Indian Corn Paint.

[illegible] and luxuriant [illegible] Hood's East Indian Hair Paint, it [illegible]

New Store in the West End!

R. F. BRACKIN

Has just opened an entire NEW STOCK consisting of,

DRY GOODS GENT'S FURNISHING

QUEENSWARE.

SHOES HATS, NOTIONS ETC. ETC.

This stock was bought for spot cash in the eastern market. He has had over twenty years experience in this business and proposes to sell goods strictly for cash, and is making cash prices. No bad debts made off of good paying customers. We do not do any blowing but invite one and all to call and examine our stock, and see if cash does not

Buy Goods Cheap.

PARKER.

SITUATED ON EAST ST. ANDREWS BAY.

Persons desiring to locate on St. Andrews Bay will find it to their interest to call on P. PARKER before buying elsewhere.

Land High and Rolling. No Swamps or Ponds. Best of Harbors. Splendid Mill Site. Quarter mile to School House. Postoffice. A Store being a thriving business, and Headquarters for Fish Trade. Will offer Inducements for a Hotel. Titles direct from the

Besides the above we have hundreds of acres of the choicest lands along the bay; for sale or exchange.

For particulars address, W. P. PARKER & Son.

NOW IS YOUR CHANCE!

To Secure Your Choice of the Best [illegible] the [illegible]

HARRISON.

LOCATION IS EVERYTHING.

First come, first served.

A Good Wharf and a Large Store Already Completed and a Hotel Soon to be Opened.

A P. O. is already established, come now and grow up with the place.

Address:—G. W. JENNS,
3mtf *St. Andrews Bay Fla.*

GROCERIES.

DRY GOODS,

Stoves, Tinware,

GEO. RUSSELL,

Cor. Magnolia and Superior Streets,

WEST END.

A Full Line of Heavy and Shelf Hardware

At Reasonable Prices.

TRADE SOLICITED.

Tin Shop in Connection, with a first-class Tinner of half a century's experience

Peculiar

Many peculiar points make Hood's Sarsaparilla superior to all others in medicine. Peculiar in combination, proportion and preparation of ingredients. Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses the full curative value of the best known remedies of the vegetable kingdom. Peculiar in its [illegible] and economy, Hood's Sarsaparilla is the only medicine of which it can truly be said, One Hundred Doses One Dollar. Medicines in larger and smaller bottles require larger doses and cannot produce as good results as Hood's. Peculiar in its medicinal merit, Hood's Sarsaparilla accomplishes cures hitherto unknown, and has won for itself the title of "The greatest blood purifier ever discovered." Peculiar in its [illegible] name, [illegible] at home, [illegible] is now [illegible] sale of Hood's Sarsaparilla [illegible] sold in Lowell, where [illegible] it is more than of all other Blood purifiers. Peculiar in its phenomenal record of sales abroad, [illegible] no other preparation has [illegible] ever attained such popularity in so short a time, and retained its popularity and confidence among all classes of people so steadfastly.

Do not be induced to buy other preparations, but be sure to get the Peculiar Medicine,

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & Co., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

P. P. P.

(Prickly Ash, Poke Root, and Potassium)

CURES

SYPHILIS

SCROFULA

BLOOD POISON

RHEUMATISM

The Weekly Tallahassean

Local and Floweres,

[illegible] published at the Capital of the State, and [illegible] Florida [illegible] Weekly Journal of [illegible]

signed by a correspondent calling himself "Central," places the year of establishment fairly accurately as 1886:

> One year ago there was no printing office here; now there is one in operation (St. Andrews Messenger) and another in prospect.[20]

The paper took as its motto, "To believe is Dangerous, to be unbelieving is equally so; the Truth therefore should be Diligently sought after, Lest that a foolish Opinion should lead you to pronounce an unsound Judgement." Terms were cash in advance and rates of subscription were a dollar and a half for one year, seventy-five cents for six months, forty cents for three months, and five cents for a single copy. Local notices cost ten cents per line; business notices five cents per line; birth, marriage, and death notices were printed free. Some of the features of the paper included a general directory for the city of St. Andrews, advertisements of real estate, patent medicines and businesses, maritime news, news items from various parts of the county, one called "Humor of the Day," editorials, news and notes for women, the weather, stories, and articles.

The St. Andrews Buoy replaced the Messenger as "The only Newspaper Printed on St. Andrews Bay." William A. Emmons and E. J. Lynch were joint owners and publishers until Emmons bought Lynch's part of the paper. The earliest copy of this paper which the writer has been able to find is dated September 28, 1893, Volume III, Number 27. The

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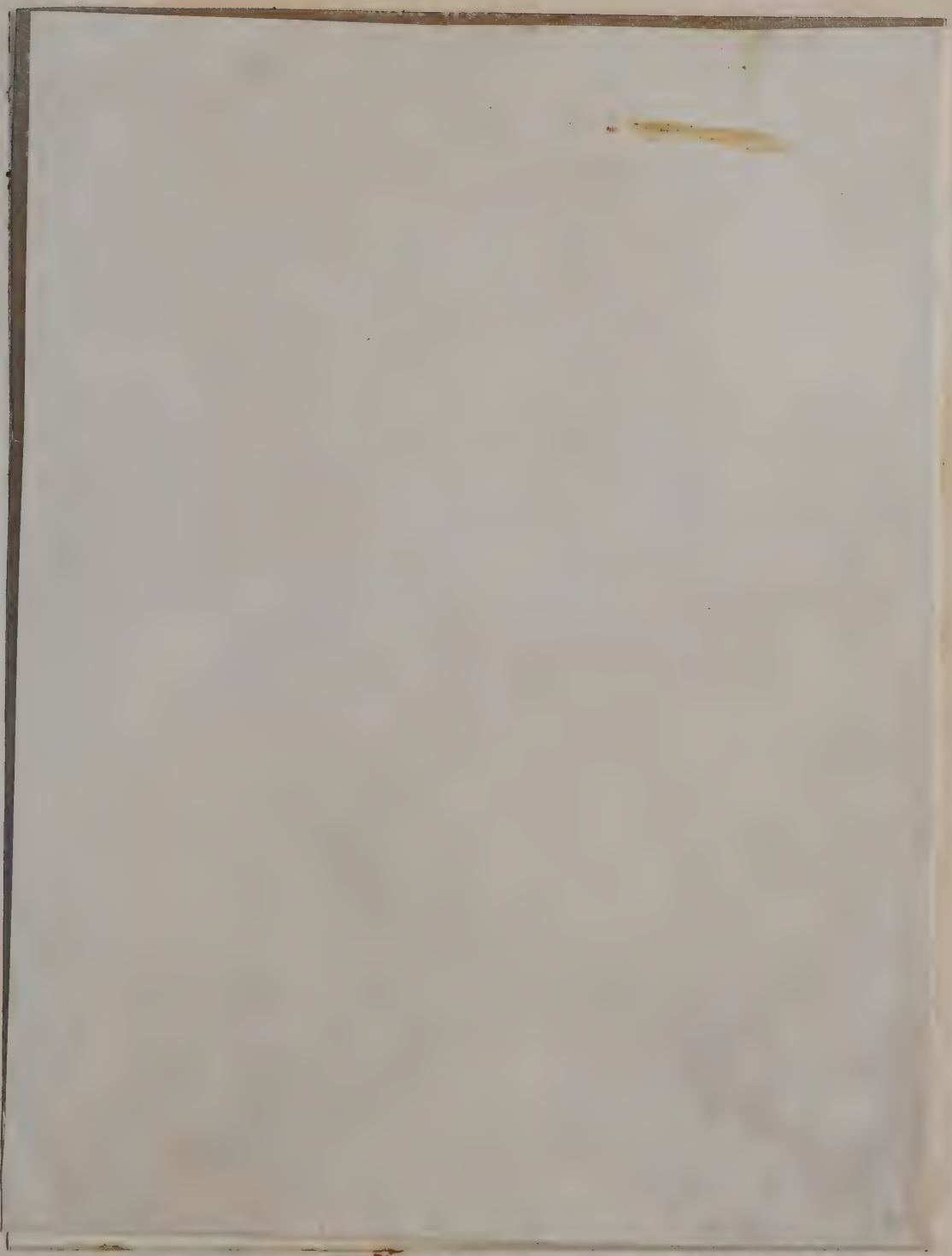
[20] Panama City Pilot, August 11, 1927. From a letter included in an article on early history of the Bay by F. W. Hoskins.

W. A. Emmons, editor of the second newspaper published on the bay, the St. Andrews Buoy (Picture through the courtesy of his widow, Mrs. Emma Ford, St. Andrews)

The old Buoy office, St. Andrews, Florida showing the old barber shop in the rear (From picture belonging to Mrs. Emma Ford, St. Andrews)



Photostated copy of the second newspaper published on the bay, St. Andrews Buoy (P. K. Yonge Library of Florida History, University of Florida, Gainesville)

St. Andrews Day!
First, Last, and all the Time!

St. Andrews Buoy.

The Only Newspaper [illegible] ST. ANDREWS BAY

VOL. III. ST. ANDREWS, FLA., SEPT 29, 1898. NO. 27.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

[illegible]

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

[illegible]

Physicians and Practitioners

[illegible]

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

T. H. DELL,

[illegible]

W. H. DANIEL,

[illegible]

T. J. HARRIS,
Watchmaker, Jeweler and Optician.
[illegible]

H. D. HOPKINS,
Notary Public,
and Deputy Circuit Clerk.
Office and belongings in the Rodney building, 2d door north of the old [illegible] on Lake street.

DR. J. J. KEITH,
Homœopathic Physician and Surgeon.
[illegible]
St. Andrews, Florida.

EDWIN A. EMMONS,
General Newspaper and Periodical
AGENCY.
[illegible]
Subscriptions Solicited.

THE MAILS.

[illegible]

[illegible] U. S. Land Office. Clerk U. S. Land Office.
[illegible]
W. PORTER.
DAVIS & PORTER,
Land Attorneys,
[illegible] Florida.
[illegible] in the U. S. Land Office.
[illegible] U. S. Land Office and the General Land Office at Washington, D. C., will receive prompt attention.
[illegible] by residents of land districts [illegible] States of Canada.
[illegible] changes of address should [illegible] promptly communicated.

SUBER'S EXPRESS
[illegible] to do all kinds of Hauling at the lowest living rates and give [illegible] satisfaction.

WIRE AND FENCE POSTS
[illegible] and delivered at reasonable rates
C. F. Suber.

One Another Tribute to Fourband.

[illegible] members of Co. [illegible] the Sun [illegible] the Sun [illegible] the Sun

paper was also a weekly published every Thursday. Subscriptions were one dollar a year in advance. Display advertisement rates were fifty cents per inch per month "position and extraordinary condition rates subject to special agreement."

This paper carried somewhat the same features as the earlier paper. It gave the week's weather, maritime news, the mail schedule, an official directory, a feature called "Local Drift," notes from various parts of the county, advertising, stories, and articles. In 1894 the paper seems to have adopted the slogans, "Washington County and West Florida Against the World" and "St. Andrews Bay First, Last, and all the Time!" The Messenger seems to have been more of a crusading paper than the Buoy, the editor taking a more definite stand on questions of the day.

The St. Andrews Journal, a weekly, was published in 1913, with Bee Brooks as editor. The subscription price was one dollar per year in advance. Cards of thanks, resolutions of respect, and obituaries were charged for at the rate of one cent a word if copy was furnished, one cent a word extra for writing. The paper carried editorials, letters from the public, social and local news items called "Wavelets," and various advertisements.

The Bay County Beacon-Tribune was a newspaper formed by the consolidation of two other county papers--the Bay County Beacon and the Lynn Haven Tribune. The president and editor of the paper was Alfred Tyler. This paper was published in the 1920's during the

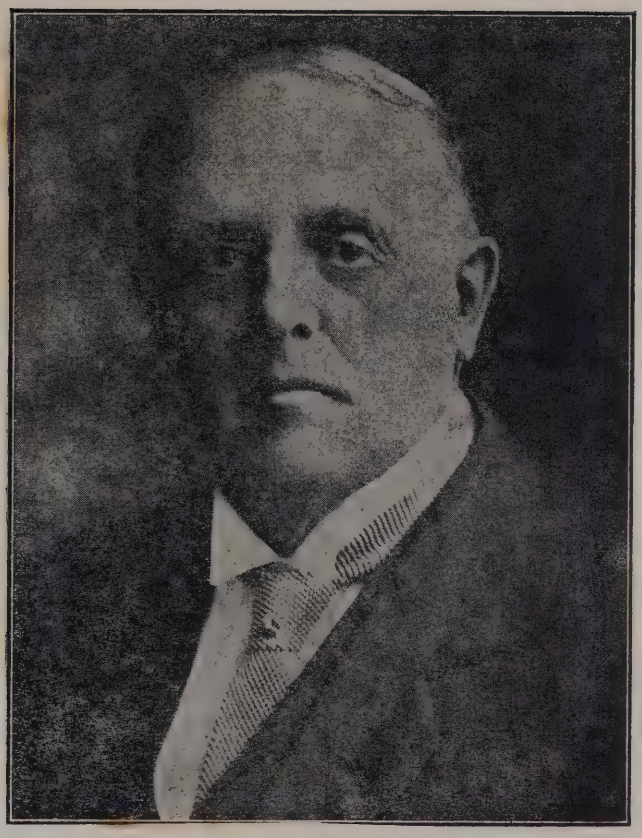
Florida land boom. It was sold in 1925 to Jefferson Thomas, who continued to print it for several years.

Another newspaper of this period was the Panama City Pilot, established in May, 1907, by G. M. West. This paper finally was bought by the John H. Perry Newspapers, who founded the News-Herald, still the voice of the county today. This newspaper built the radio station WDLP in Panama City.

The St. Andrews Bay News, edited by G. M. West, was active for many years in St. Andrews. It was published as early as 1916 and was still being published as late as 1932.

Other papers published in the county, but short lived, were the Panama City News, with only two issues printed; a weekly edited by John C. Winslett in April, 1927; and the Panama City Times, edited by Lynward Bussey and first issued January 12, 1938. The latter paper lasted two years and its purpose seems to have been a campaign for good government.

Lynn Haven published its own papers, the Lynn Haven Citizen and the Lynn Haven Free Press "On Beautiful St. Andrews Bay." Various labor papers, school papers, a paper published by the Wainwright Shipyard during World War II, and one published at Tyndall Field complete the Bay County papers so far as the writer has been able to determine. The churches of the county now publish a paper, Interdenominational Church News, edited by Mrs. Ralph K. Gore, giving the activities of the various churches.



George M. West, editor of Panama City Pilot
One of the founders of Panama City and author of the book, St. Andrews, Florida (Picture from plates belonging to his widow, Mrs. G. M. West, St. Andrews)

Other Newspapers

Newspapers published in neighboring counties, especially those of early days, have also carried news items concerning the St. Andrews Bay section and have exercised a great influence on this area. The most important of these were the Pensacola Gazette and West Florida Advertiser, the Commercial of Pensacola, the St. Joseph Times, and the early Wewahitchka papers.

Other Publications

At the time the St. Andrews Bay Railroad and Land Company--the Cincinnati Company--was developing the area, a book was written and published to aid in the advertising. It was entitled Strange Fancies, but the writer has been unable to find the name of the author. West describes the book as a "poor literary production, if it could be called literary."[21]

The only book the writer has found which is entirely devoted to the St. Andrews Bay section is St. Andrews, Florida written by G. M. West and published in 1922. Parts of this book had previously been published in his newspaper, Panama City Pilot. West wrote many other articles relating to the history of this part of the state. He came to this section in the latter 1800's and remained until his death, playing a prominent part in the development of St. Andrews and Panama City.

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[21]West, op. cit., p. 101.

Two prominent early writers already mentioned lived in St. Andrews and probably did compose some of their works here. These were Caroline Lee Hentz, the novelist, and her daughter Julia L. Hentz Keyes, the poet.[22]

There have been many souvenir picture booklets published on St. Andrews Bay. Two of these are entitled St. Andrews Bay-Florida and Picturesque St. Andrew; the photographing was done by E. W. Masker, a local photographer for many years in this section.

Another publication called Sunniland seems to have published many poems and other "literary" efforts of Bay County people. The writer has been unable to locate a copy of this magazine or paper and, therefore, is unable to say whether this was published locally or not. It may be assumed, however, that it was more likely a publication for the whole state. It was frequently referred to in local newspapers.

Many would-be poets and musicians have composed poems and songs about the region. Some of these are quoted here. Those selected reflect their authors' love of the place and often suggest in rather quaint style the human side of some particular historical event.

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[22]More information about these writers may be found in Chapter II and pictures on pp. 24 and 34.

Poems

Panama City[23]

Panama City is moving on,
She's moving in a trot.
You can hear the hammers ringing
On almost every lot.
Just kinder git to humming
And sing a working song.
Put your shoulder to the wheel
And move the town along.

By doing this all the towns
For miles around will see;
How Panama City is growing
And what she's going to be.
Not a city only just by name
But a city surely true.
So put your shoulder to the wheel,
Yes, every one of you.

Everyone just get to humping
Don't sit around and lurk.
It's everybody's business
To git right down to work.
Open up your pocket book
And loosen up the string,
And holler, holler, holler.
Let everybody sing.

St. Andrews Bay[24]

There's a little group of cities,
Towns, and villages today,
Side by side in sweet communion
Circling 'round St. Andrews Bay--
Each a booster of the other.
All apart, yet linked in one,
As they wait and watch and wonder
At what God and man have done.

---

[23] Panama City Pilot, July 16, 1914. Poem by "Bill."

[24] Ibid., August 4, 1927. Poem by Horace C. Carlisle.

When the silent calm of evening
Lulls the breezes all to sleep,
Pouring oil upon the waters
Of the erstwhile troubled deep,
There's a solace in the stillness
Of the quietude, so odd,
That it draws a weary mortal
Nearer, closer to his God.

Yet there is a sweeter feeling
That comes sifting through the air
When the breezes start to stirring
O'er the landscape everywhere,
Kissing dewdrops from the flowers,
Drying tears that came to stay,
Introducing earth to heaven,
Ah! This is St. Andrews Bay.

The Building of the Bridges over St. Andrews Bay[25]

How soon these quiet shores with life will teem!
Where now we hear the lap of waves on the beach,
Hammers will crash; here will the hiss of steam
Affright the birds; here will great engines screech
Amid the trees where late the wanderer came
On star-lit nights to camp beside this shore,
And where the happy angler sought his game.

Oh, crash and scream and labor mightily!
Let shore touch shore across this tranquil sea!

Where now the sea-grass a dark meadow grows
Pile-drivers will, tomorrow, churn and heave;
And far and deep, where the cool water flows,
Strong men will dive to labor and to leave,
Sunk deep in the mire, the concrete roots of trees;
Here giant barges bring strong spans of steel
To rise, at last, a roadway over seas.

Oh, dive and strive, build upward through the deep!
Let shore meet shore in long curved leap!

---

[25] Ibid., September 8, 1927. Poem by Ruth Martin.

In vision now we see them grow, two links
Within a looping chain to bind and hold
The East to West, the North to South--It sinks
Into the West again, a chain of gold
And gleaming steel that weaves o'er waters blue,
Through woodland, orange grove, and town; whereby
The traveler may find scenes fair and new--

Oh, crash and strive and labor without rest!
Bind shore to shore! Bind South to North and West!

Real Estate Bulletin[26]

Two honest men in the real estate line
Stood yapping of land, the breeze blowing fine.
"I'll tell you," said one, in outlandish way.
"I put through that deal, in cash got my pay.
I sold them my land, then sold them the bay,
And sold them the Gulf all in a day,
But I reserved all the turpentine rights,
The timber is mine for wealth and delights,
The beach I retained as owner supreme,
Likewise all the fish in gulf or in stream,
I stand alone in the real estate game,
Someday I'll be in the great hall of fame,
But listen, old top, just slip me a five,
And I'll give it back as I am alive."
"I'm sorry, old bean," his friend did reply,
"My dough is tied up," nor bat he an eye.
"I just bought that land you sold to those saps,
And I'm waiting now for new plats and maps.
And when I sell it, you're welcome, you know,
To just help yourself to half of the dough;
Of course, I may keep it for all of my heirs--"
"Oh shucks," said the first, "that alters affairs."

---

[26] Bay County Beacon-Tribune, August 7, 1925. Poem by Oliver C. Patten.

Cap Cooney's Rooster[27]

Cap Cooney and Vince Holsen,
They've got a scrapping bird;
The most tremenjus battling chick
Of which we've lately heard.

They took him up to Sangaree's
To fight the barber's game,
He, too, a warring cock of note,
And more than local fame.

The Captain threw his rooster in
The yard with Sang'ree's "hen",
And there the battle started,
Right now, at once, and then.

With low-thrust heads and tails in air
They plied both wing and spur,
And all their backers saw of them
Was one wild feathered blur.

And thus for near an hour or more
The battle raged full hard.
The weeds were flecked with bloody foam,
And feathers strewed the yard.

The Captain cussed and yelled and swore
Wild cuss-words of the sea;
The barber quoth, "Rave on, dear Cap!
Your cock my lunch will be."

But as he spoke, his rooster quit,
He'd had his fill of fray,
With Cooney's cock in hot pursuit,
And took himself away.

Then hooted Cooney at old "Shang;"
Said, "Friend, your bird is beat.
Go bring him back for mine to kill.
We'll feast upon his meat!"

---

[27] Ibid., February 1, 1917, by "P.B.W." The people mentioned lived in St. Andrews at the time. Cockfighting was very popular then.

Now Cooney's rooster lives in state
At a first-class cafe;
On cold boiled ham and fresh laid eggs
He dines three times a day.

And so, dear reader, if you have
A cock of fighting fame,
Just bring him down and try him out
With Cooney's battling game.

Twilight on St. Andrews Bay[28]

A red sun low in a golden west,
Long bright on the gliding swells.
White gulls soaring o'er the water's breast,
And the toll of the harbor bells.

Long reaches of gloom to the ocean's rim.
Weird light on the cabin panes.
Strange figures astir in the shadows dim,
And a light in the anchor chains.

Fast fades the glow from the glooming west
Deep shadow and evening star.
The gull sleeps well in her lonely nest,
And night creeps up from the bar.

St. Andrews Bay[29]

Its shores and sands in their brightness,
Are a riot of song and flower.
Its oaks, grim guards of her portals,
Sentinels of grandeur and power.

Its gateway fair and inviting
No handcraft of Chares can need;
In its bosom no danger is hiding,
No rage and no treachery to heed.

---

[28]Written by Charlie Anderson about 1906, Southport, Fla.

[29]Written about 1912 by A. M. Douglas. Contributed by Mrs. Ethel Joyner, St. Andrews, Fla.

When moon-lit a vision of glory,
Silver waters and sands of snow,
When the veil of Aurora is lifted,
Bathes in sunshine's rapt'rous glow.

Her waves e'er dancing and rippling
Tumble laughing with mimic strife.
Her groves e'en nodding and whispering
Tell of love-time and youth and life.

A message is in its beauty,
A lesson its shelter should be;
A token of love unceasing,
A life that is boundless and free.

'Tis the guerdon of His favor,
Reflection of a matchless sky,
'Tis the rainbow of His promise,
That Eternal Land on high.

Saint Andrews Bay[30]

Saint Andrews Bay, The Beautiful:
Where balmy breezes blow;
Where ever changing, restless tides
Doth gently ebb and gently flow,
The azure blue of heaven above
Reflected in thy pulsing breast;
The stars at night look down and see
Their faces glow as thou dost rest.

Saint Andrews Bay, The Beautiful;
The queen of all the southern seas,
Nor summer's heat nor winter's cold
But yields to thy life giving breeze.
A hundred leagues of snow white marg
Is kissed by thy soft flowing tide,
A hundred leagues of living green,
Plumed banners waive on every side.

---

[30] Florida's Finest Harbor, St. Andrews Bay, by H. D. Hughes. This publication was authorized by Board of Trade of St. Andrews, October 19th, 1914. Hughes wrote many poems about the Bay which his son expects to publish.

Saint Andrews Bay, The Beautiful,
With bayou broken, bending shore,
The more we see the more we love,
To better know, we'll love thee more.
Though storms may rage across the breast
Of thy great mother of the South,
They lose their strength, and foam and break
Where Nature guards thy open mouth.

Saint Andrews Bay, The Beautiful,
Where once the Red Man wooed his bride,
And built his lodge of pole and palm,
And sported in the limpid tide.
He reared his young, he stalked the deer,
He led the chase upon the bear,
Took toll of all the finny tribe,
In plenty lived with much to spare.

Saint Andrews Bay, The Beautiful;
The Red Man's warcraft ploughed thee through,
Or from thy depths with fiber seine
The mackerel, trout or mullet drew.
A thousand years thy bivalves fed
The Red Man's offspring on the beach;
His burial mounds still stand today;
Forgot his language and his speech.

Saint Andrews Bay, The Beautiful;
The Beautiful St. Andrews Bay.
The truth is always just as true,
And we may read it either way.
A Princess Royal of the line,
Not gross, but delicate and fair,
With lines of beauty all thine own,
That bend about thee everywhere.

Saint Andrews Bay, The Beautiful:
The land locked harbor from the main,
Unique she lies a refuge calm,
From storm and wind and hurricane.
Land locked alone of all she lies
A perfect paradise of peace,
Where Neptune never enters in,
And balmy breezes never cease.

Saint Andrews Bay, The Beautiful:
HOW beautiful is hard to say;
So lovely in the early dawn;
At noontide brighter than the day;
At sunset loveliest of all---
Except at night when moonbeams play,
And then we stand in awe, and say,
How Beautiful! How Beautiful!
How wonderfully Beautiful!!

Panama City's Dream[31]

There's a story told, though strange it may seem,
How Panama City had a wonderful dream.
She dreamed of St. Andrews as she lay on her bed,
And always was dreaming that we were all dead.
We weren't in coffins, or lyin' in state,
But were all alive and facing our fate.
We must scramble out, what e'er be the cost,
We must make an effort, though all may be lost.
So please believe it---I'm tellin' you straight,
I'm telling it now before it's too late---
We can't change our name, for St. Andrews is pretty,
We have beauty and grandeur more than Panama City.

---

[31]Poem written by Esther M. Johnson, taken from her scrapbook.

Religion

The earliest reference to religion in this part of the state is that made by John Lee Williams in an article published in the Pensacola Gazette, December 18, 1824. He said that the Roman Catholic religion predominated. It may be assumed that he referred to Pensacola in particular.

Records show that one of the first ministers here, if not the first, was Peter W. Gautier, Sr., a Methodist minister, previously referred to in the foregoing section on education who had served at St. Joseph at one time and was no doubt engaged in that calling here. One source says that he moved here from Georgia in the summer of 1827.[32]

As in many pioneer communities of the time, most marriages, funerals, and christenings, as well as the church services, were carried on by circuit riding ministers. The writer has not been able to learn the names of any of these hardy souls, but that there were such is more than probable.

Dr. Keyes, an early resident, mentions visiting at the "hospitable" White House in 1848, where there was a guest, Rev. Mr. Mercer, a Baptist minister from Georgia. This minister suffered greatly from asthma but was very enthusiastic as to the "curative qualities of St. Andrews air." Dr. Keyes went on to say, "I can testify that there was no

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[32]Knauss, op. cit., pp. 22-25.

lack of breath, for a more incessant talker I never met." There were no meeting houses in those days; and when there were services, they were held in private homes.[33]

Stearns, in his report on fisheries, says that the religious instruction of the people in 1883 was very much neglected because there were no regular services held near the Bay and none of the people there professed any religion.[34] The first church on North Bay was held under the mulberry trees. The mulberries, however, fell on the women's hats and stained them; therefore, church services were moved into the schoolhouse.[35]

One of the oldest churches in this section is the St. Andrews Presbyterian. In 1885 during the real estate boom that brought many people here from other states, several families arriving were Presbyterian. Among them was Rev. E. H. Post, who began at once to organize these people into a congregation. At 4:00 P.M. on September 13, 1886, the First Presbyterian Church of St. Andrews was organized at a meeting in the home of Hiram M. Mapes by a commission of East Florida Presbytery composed of the Reverend E. H. Post and the Reverend A. W. Sproull. Sixteen members were enrolled and Hiram Mapes and Michael Chadwick were elected and ordained as Elders and

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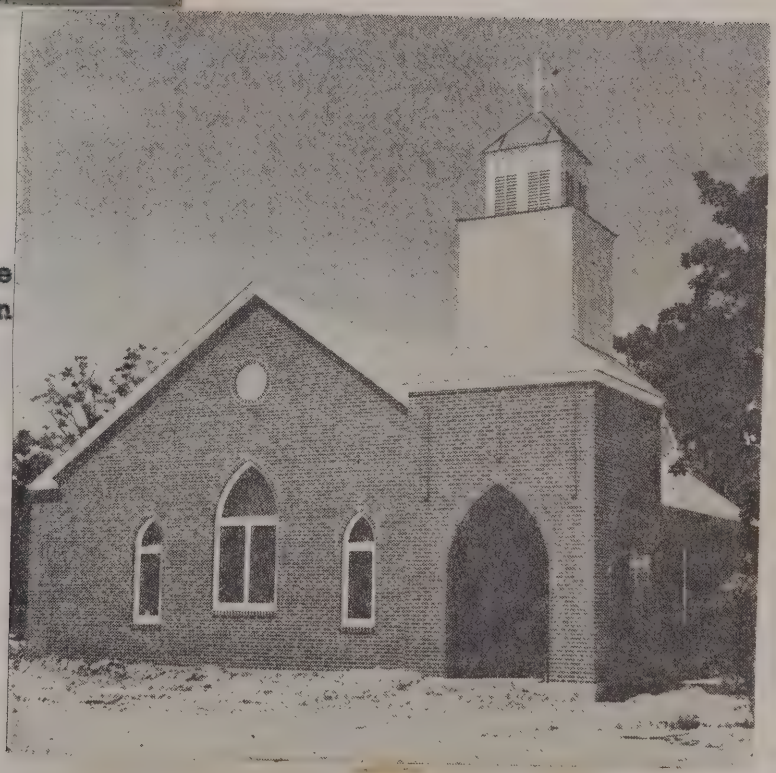
[33] West, op. cit., p. 53.

[34] Stearns, op. cit., p. 566.

[35] Panama City Pilot, November 28, 1907.

Old building of the First Presbyterian Church of St. Andrews, erected July 22, 1888



New building of the St. Andrews Presbyterian Church, 1949

The old building of the St. Andrews Baptist Church

The new building of the St. Andrews Baptist Church

the Reverend E. H. Post was elected pastor. The church building used until September 11, 1949, was completed July 22, 1888.[36]

The January 8, 1890 issue of the Messenger carried an article stating that the band boys of St. Andrews had donated forty dollars, the proceeds of their New Year's entertainment, to aid the Catholic society in building their little church. Francis E. Sheppard seems to have been the leader of this group. This building later burned, and there was no Catholic Church in St. Andrews until the 1940's, when the Church of St. John, the Evangelist, was built with the Reverend Father Joseph M. Baker as its pastor. There was an active Catholic church in Panama City during the years in which there was none in St. Andrews. This church, St. Dominic's Catholic, now is located at the corner of Eleventh Street and Harrison Avenue, with the Reverend Father Andrew McGovern, as pastor.

In the November 27, 1889 issue of the Messenger, the churches existing at that time and their pastors are listed in the City's General Directory. In addition to the Presbyterian already mentioned, these were the Methodist Church, with the Reverend W. M. Croman the pastor, services every second Sunday; and the First Missionary Baptist, with the Reverend A. J. Beck the pastor, every first Sunday at Little's Hall. The Buoy of September 27, 1894, lists, in addition to the churches already named, a Seventh Day Baptist Church and the

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[36] Interdenominational Church News, September 11, 1949. Article by Dr. R. D. Daffin, Jr.

Entrance to the new Methodist Church, Panama City, Florida

First Methodist Church, St. Andrews, Florida

Presbyterian Church, Lynn Haven, Florida

Baptist Church, Lynn Haven, Florida

Baptist Church, Panama City, Florida

Catholic Church, Panama City, Florida

Catholic Church. At this time, the Baptists, with the Reverend M. J. Webb as pastor, were holding their meetings in the Methodist church. A Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor had also been formed by this time. In 1914 there were five churches and six denominations in St. Andrews.[37]

Today there are about forty churches of all denominations serving the people of Panama City and the surrounding neighborhoods, including both the white and the colored.[38] These include among others the Methodist, Baptist, Seventh Day Adventist, Church of Christ, Christian Scientist, Episcopal, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, and the Church of God.

Summary

According to existing records, the Bonavista Academy was the earliest school established on St. Andrews Bay (1827). An act passed by the Legislative Council in 1838 authorized the chartering of the St. Andrews College, but if this college was ever built, there is no record of it.

As late as 1883, no school existed near the Bay. The people who could afford to do so sent their children to the county school at

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[37] St. Andrews Bay, booklet published by Board of Trade of St. Andrews, 1914, p. 31.

[38] Interdenominational Church News, October 2, 1949. Article by Rev. R. D. Daffin, Jr., D.D.

Marianna. Old residents say that the school terms in the early days lasted four months of the year and that these months were in summer. Teachers' salaries were low, and most of the teachers were poorly qualified.

Later schools established in this section were the West Florida Columbian College, 1893, the Gulf City Business College, 1909, and the Bob Jones College, 1927. The first two soon passed out of existence, and Bob Jones College moved to Tennessee. The county high school was built in 1927 and remains the only white senior high in the county.

In 1884 the average school attendance was 255, while in 1907 there were 3,561 children enrolled in the county. The census of 1945 gives a total of 6,975 children of legal school age and a total of 6,674 attending school. It should be noted, however, that Bay County was created in 1913 and is only a portion of the area for which the figures of 1907 stood.

The Bay has not produced many writers of note. The only significant books written concerning this section have been St. Andrews, Florida by G. M. West and West Florida by John Lee Williams. Caroline Lee Hentz, a popular novelist of the middle 1800's and her daughter, Julia Hentz Keyes, a poet of the same period, made their home on the Bay and doubtless did some of their writing here.

Important early newspapers on the Bay were the St. Andrews Messenger and the St. Andrews Buoy. Later papers include the St. Andrews Bay News, St. Andrews Bay Journal, Panama City Beacon-Tribune,

Lynn Haven Free Press, Panama City Pilot, and Panama City News-Herald. Neighboring county papers of Pensacola, St. Joseph, and Wewahitchka have published articles by people from the Bay.

St. Andrews Bay has inspired souvenir booklets, pamphlets, and books for advertising purposes. It has also caused its admirers to attempt to write poetry and song extolling its many attractions--none, however, has proved more than the expression of the current interest in a region.

The religious instruction of the people around the Bay seems to have been neglected in the early period. No regular services were held near the Bay, and few of the people professed any religion. One of the first ministers to come to the Bay was Peter W. Gautier, Sr., a Methodist from Georgia. The first church services appear to have been those held in the schoolhouses or homes and presided over by circuit riding ministers. Perhaps the oldest organized church on the Bay is the St. Andrews Presbyterian, established in the year 1886. Churches listed in a newspaper of that time included, in addition to the Presbyterian, the following churches: Methodist, Missionary Baptist, Seventh Day Baptist, and Catholic. Today there are about forty churches of all denominations serving the people of Panama City and surrounding neighborhoods.

CHAPTER VI

CONCERNING SOME ASPECTS OF THE NATURAL ENVIRONMENT

In any coastal area, the capriciousness of the sea is far reaching in its effects upon the lives of its people. As a result of the storms, accidents and disasters occurred, some of which the writer includes in the first part of this chapter.

Storms

As was pointed out in Chapter I, the first record of a tropical hurricane on these shores is that occurring on the night of September 19, 1559. West tells of the DeLuna expedition's reaching what appears to be St. Andrews Bay and proceeding to make a landing. During the night, the Bay was visited by a hurricane lasting twenty-four hours. Seven ships, including a bark and a galleon, were destroyed. Lives and supplies were lost. The members of the expedition were so frightened that they said they saw devils in the air. One caravel was swept into a forest "more than an arquebus shot from shore."[1]

Other hurricanes of which there is no record have probably swept this part of the Gulf Coast. Changes in the barrier between the Bay and the Gulf have occurred in the history handed down by the inhabitants. It is said that at one time there was a common entrance to St. Joseph

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[1]West, St. Andrews, Florida, p. 4.

and St. Andrews Bay. This barrier purportedly extended continuously from St. Joe Point to Woods End.[2]

Storms which no doubt affected this area were that occurring September 14, 1841, which did a great deal of damage to St. Joseph, and that of October 4 and 5, 1842, which damaged government property at Cedar Keys. On September 8, 1844, a storm struck this section; it practically destroyed St. Joseph and was severely felt at St. Andrews. The storm of 1851 destroyed the lighthouse on Cape San Blas, and part of Hammock Island was swept away causing the name "Hurricane" to be given to the island. In West's book is an excerpt from a published letter written by Caroline Lee Hentz which gives some idea of the damage done when the storm went inland:

> After crossing the river, the ride through the pine woods is lonely and monotonous, only at long intervals interrupted by signs of human habitancy. At every step the ruins of the tremendous August gale are visible. Les Cadaures des arbres, as Chauteaubrand calls them---corpses of trees, gigantic pine trees, lie piled upon each other, like fallen heroes on a battle plain---and the road is constantly making zigzag freaks, to avoid desecrating these forest remains.
> . . . . . .
> Under the window by which we are seated, there is an orange tree nearly twenty feet in height. The topmost branches are all blighted and leafless; only the lower boughs retain their vitality. All the orange trees here are blasted in their bloom, and the cultivation of years destroyed.[3]

By far the most destructive of the recorded storms that struck

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[2] Ibid., p. 44.

[3] Ibid., p. 43.

the Bay section was that of August, 1856. At that time there were thirty or more houses on the bluff at Old Town. The high tide washed away the face of the bluff, eating back into it some distance. A smack lay at anchor near Hawks Point when the storm struck. The crew were asleep in their bunks and when they awoke the next morning they found that the vessel, with the masts in the trees, was on the beach at the live oaks west of the old Baker homestead. Those here at that time say that the storm lasted six days, the worst damage occurring the last day. The tide rose to a height of eleven feet. This gale probably opened West Pass, but it was closed again in 1861 and stayed that way until 1881.[4]

The east opening at Crooked Island was closed by the storm of August, 1864. Another occurring in August, 1886, lasted two days, doing most of its damage the second day. A letter published in the Pensacola Commercial of January 5, 1888, under the title "A Pen-Picture of the 'City by the Sea'--a Letter Written by a Lady to Her Father in Indiana" mentions a storm occurring in July of 1887:

> A storm in July blew down the church and several small houses and tore to pieces two or three tents in which people were living, and broke and destroyed small sail-boats, as well as the "St. Andrews" a little steamer ....[5]

The year 1894 brought another terrible gale which cut off the west

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[4]Ibid., pp. 44, 45. Stories of this storm told by descendants of people who experienced it may be found in Part II, "Stories of the Old Settlers," pp. 274-275.

[5]Panama City Pilot, November 17, 1927.

end of Crooked Island. A tragedy caused by this gale has been preserved in a song written and sung locally.[6] A hurricane in September 27, 1906, damaged the docks about the Bay, opened the pass in Spanish Shanty Cove, and made a cut through Hurricane Island. The wind swept the tide in North Bay nearly ten feet high in places. During all the storms, with the possible exception of that of 1856, little damage was done to property in this section.

Other storms have reached St. Andrews Bay with fair regularity during the hurricane season, which occurs during August, September, and October, but no damage other than that done to the docks and the blowing down of a few trees has been felt. Tides sometimes rise high and the wind is strong.

Accident and Disaster

In the latter 1890's, a Greek by the name of John Constantine was taking a load of oysters to Pensacola in the Amelia, a sloop built for a yacht. Some of his relatives went along to do their shopping. All the way to Pensacola, the Gulf kept getting rougher and rougher and the Amelia was carrying too much sail. When she was going into the pass, she "ran under" and sank. Of the eight on board, seven drowned. The sole survivor was Ben Moates, who still lives in St. Andrews. He

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[6] See Part II, "Folksongs," p. 439.

got on a hatch and drifted all day before he was picked up. He says he remembers seeing Constantine trying to get his wife to the mast which stuck out of the water.[7]

Another disaster occurred during the gale of 1894. Fishing crews from East Bay were camped on Sand Island when the hurricane hit. A high tide covered the island; waves twelve or fifteen feet high swept over it, washing the men out to sea. All sixteen were drowned.[8] The writer's father was on Crooked Island in the same gale. High sand dunes protected those camped there.

In the early 1900's, six men were taking the fishing smack, the Annie and Jennie, to the ways for repairs. Heavy seas were running and in going out of the pass, the smack hit the reef. The keel was "mashed" up through her. Four of the crew drowned; two escaped.[9]

The steamship Tarpon and her Captain were almost a tradition in this section, running from Mobile and Pensacola to St. Andrews and Apalachicola for about fifty years. Captain Barrow, quite a character himself, used to say, "God makes the weather. I make the trips." In September, 1937, while making the trip from Pensacola to Panama City, she ran into some rough weather. The Tarpon was an old ship, and the deck came loose from the iron hull and she sank. A number of

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[7]Interview with George W. Surber, December 30, 1949.

[8]Id.

[9]Id.

the Negro crew members, who were below, drowned. Captain Barrow, who was old and could not stand the exposure, also drowned. The rest of the crew were saved.[10]

Three or four crews were laying under the point at Lands End waiting for bait when some of the boys--Ralph Trousdale, Henry Munson, and John Johnson--decided they would go swimming. They swam to the edge of Green Reef and while they were out there a shark struck Henry Munson. It cut a gash eighteen inches long in his leg. The other two boys splashed water to scare off the shark and helped Munson in to shore. They put him in a hatchcloth and carried him across Sand Point. There he was put on board the Emma M, Moates' boat, and brought in to Dr. Kester. It took 127 stitches to sew him up, but he survived.[11] It is supposedly very unusual for a man who has been attacked by a shark to recover.

Animals and Plants

As is true in all frontier areas, the settlers on St. Andrews Bay depended to a large extent upon their domesticated animals for a livelihood. They used these animals both for food and for work. The wild animals of the Bay section were a source of food and often a menace. In the following section many of the animals and also the

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[10] Id.

[11] Id.

soils and natural vegetation of the area have been included because the writer feels they will be of interest to the reader.

Animals

The domesticated animals of the early days of this area were the horses, mules, oxen, cattle, goats, and hogs. The native horses were a small breed easy to support but not fit for harness. These were originally brought from Andalusia by the Spaniards. Mules were rarely raised here, being brought from Campeachy. They were used for draft and were long-lived. The cattle were a large breed and good breeders but not highly valued for dairy. There were very few oxen. Goats were raised with ease, and hogs also grew well.[12]

The deer were the most numerous of the wild animals. In some places, panthers, bears, and wildcats were plentiful. Wolves and foxes were sometimes seen. There were many Mexican opossum, raccoons, and skunks, and two kinds of squirrels--the fox and the small gray. The fox squirrel was often used as a pet. The salamander was a "large mole"--pocket gopher--about half the size of a rat. It penetrated the earth in every direction, especially in the pine barrens, throwing up the soil in mounds similar to large anthills. Otters and mink were found in the streams. Rats and mice were very troublesome everywhere.[13]

Williams describes the land terrapin, also called a gopher in

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[12]Williams, West Florida, p. 26.

[13]Ibid., p. 27.

Florida, as follows:

> The gopher is a very peculiar animal. It delights in blackjack ridges, which are easily penetrated with its burrows. They are easily caught by digging pits at the mouth of their holes, into which, if they fall, they remain prisoners. Soups and gumboes made of their flesh are much esteemed. They are a harmless animal of all the turtle species. They feed night and morning, on the dewey herbs, near their burrows. They lay several eggs, in the sand, about the size of a hen's, but quite round, and leave them to hatch by the heat of the sun.[14]

Reptiles

According to Williams the alligator "is undoubtedly, the ugliest creature living." He describes, and aptly, the alligator floating in the water as looking like "a rotten log," and on land, like "a huge snake with sprawling claws." Williams' own words about the gator are worth repeating: "But it is in wallows, large mud holes among rushes, that the alligator appears herself; surrounded by a hundred young imps of ugliness, all barking like puppies, and chased by the male for food." These reptiles, though, says Williams, are more terrific than dangerous; people bathed within a few yards of them and he had never heard of any, in this section, attacking a human being. Their favorite habitats were the salt lagoons although some lived in fresh water ponds as far inland as forty miles. They lived on fish, mainly, but were known to eat hogs and dogs. Their bellowing often made it difficult for strangers to sleep. The nests Williams

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[14] Id.

Alligators killed in Felix Lake back of Cromanton by Leslie Gay and H. M. Felix (Pictures through the courtesy of H. M. Felix, Lynn Haven)

describes as consisting of

> five to seven tiers, or alternate layers, of eggs and vegetables; the whole plastered with mud. When hatched by the fermentation of the vegetables, and the sun's rays, the young whelps all crawl from one hole, near the top of the cone, and instinctively, seek their mother, in the adjoining wallow.[15]

Rattlesnakes, moccasins, and "vipers" were all dangerous, poisonous snakes. Williams lists them as rare, but they were very common in this region. The forest fires, deer, and kingsnakes were the common enemies of these snakes. Williams classifies the snakes as follows:

> Ground rattlesnake escapes fire in his burrow. It is not more than twelve inches long, but his bite is very poisonous.
>
> Water Moccasin covers the old logs in rivers near tide water. It is a dreadful looking snake, but said not to be poisonous.
>
> Mud asp is livid looking, sometimes mistaken for an eel. It has, in several instances, proved fatal to those who expose themselves by wading in muddy creeks.
>
> King snake has a variegated coat of black, brown, red, yellow, and white in rings of about an inch long. Its bite is innocent, but tyranizes over fellow crawlers.
>
> Blacksnakes are tolerably frequent, both on land and water--They sometimes catch chickens, ducks, and goslings.
>
> Coach-whip is often seen in the pine barrens, perfectly resembling a coach whip with a black handle; very innocent--
>
> Garter, riband, green, chequered, and glass snakes make up the account of this species in West Florida.[16]

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[15] Id.

[16] Ibid., p. 28.

Frogs were very numerous. Williams lists the bull frog, shad-frog, speckled and green frogs, house frog--very musical before a rain--termed poor man's barometer, little green garden frog--changes color like a chameleon, savanna frog, red and black toads--common and useful.[17]

The largest lizards were about seven inches long, alternately striped red and brown. It had large red gills. This is the lizard called "a scorpion" by old inhabitants, but in reality very harmless. The bluetailed lizard was sometimes seen. The chameleon was very plentiful. "He sits on a green leaf, puffs out his under lip like a bladder, speckled with rubies, looking at you all the time with great assurance."[18]

Insects

The redbug and "jigger" were not unknown to our ancestors. Williams lists the "jigger" as most troublesome, entering the skin, especially the feet, and causing itching and inflamation. He says, "Frequent seabathing and constant cleanliness are the best guards against them." Redbugs, numerous in mossy woods and almost imperceptible to the naked eye, were removed by seabathing or rubbing with spirits immediately after a woods trip. Just what spirits is not clearly defined by the records. If not removed, they remained painful for eight or nine days.

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[17] Ibid., p. 29.

[18] Ibid., p. 28.

Fleas infested the "hammocks," sandflies the seabeach, gnats the uplands, and mosquitoes the low ground. "In most parts of West Florida, inhabitants sleep under musquitoe [sic] bars; every person traveling the country in the summer season should carry a bar with him."[19]

Birds

Williams has a very complete list of the birds of West Florida in the early years. A few he lists are several species of eagles, the great horned, whooping, and screech owls, turkey buzzards and carrion crows, woodpeckers, pigeons, doves, meadow lark, robin, thrush, mocking bird, red bird, cat bird, wild turkey, quail, sparrow, bluebird, wren, titmouse, yellow bird, swallow, purple hawk, crane, heron, bittern, pelican, curlew, gannet or ibis, snipe, duck and mallard, Canadian goose, spoonbill, cormorant, gull, loon, and many others.[20] One old timer who came here in the latter 1800's says, "When ducks flew up, it sounded like thunder, and you could hear geese all night long flying over a-squawking."[21]

Fish

Fish were abundant. The most common salt water fish were speckled trout, mullet, pompano, mackerel, sheephead, spade fish, red

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[19] Ibid., pp. 29, 30.

[20] Ibid., pp. 30, 31, 32.

[21] Interview with George W. Surber, pioneer, Pretty Bayou, St. Andrews, December, 1949.

fish, and snapper. In the streams were found in great plenty the black bass, bream, and perch.

Plants

Williams has a complete classification of the soils and vegetation of West Florida in his book (1827). He divides the soils into five kinds: Pine Barrens, Uplands, Swamps, Marshes, and "Hammocks."

The pine barrens he describes as being composed of "siliceous sand, mixed with calcareous and vegetable matter, often divested of every fertilizing principle by frequent fires which run over them." These were found on the seacoast and ridges between large water courses. Trees growing there were pine, pitch pine, loblolly pine, yellow pine, oak, high willow, and black jack. Some of the shrubs were the live oak shrub, hickory shrub, huckleberry, and blueberry. The "herbs" were goldenrod, wild indigo, scull cap, silkweed, violet, aster, wild sunflower, lupin, sensitive plant, phlox, blackberry, strawberry, white lily, and sand lily. A few of the vines were muscadine grape, china briar, morning glory, cypress vine, crimson woodbine, and yellow jessamine. Among the grasses were nut grass, smooth and broad-leaved, crab grass, bermuda grass, and toothache grass.[22]

The uplands are described as "formations of clay which arise gradually on the subtending limestone." It usually commenced about

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[22]Williams, West Florida, pp. 38-45.

twenty miles from the coast. These are not widely represented in this area.[23]

The swamps were of three kinds. The richest and most extensive were formed on the borders of rivers and were usually covered with heavy timber tangled with "innumberable," almost impenetrable, vines, the pine barren swamps which were natural basins containing waters of the surrounding country and cypress trees, and the spongy tracts where the waters continually ooze through the soil, finally collecting in streams, properly called "galls," and usually covered with titi, loblolly pine, and vines.[24]

The two types of marshes were fresh and salt. The fresh border on some large body of water on the interior; the salt, on the sea-coast. There were no trees and few shrubs in these parts.[25]

The "hammocks" were similar to the uplands. There were more numerous species of herbs, vines, and grasses. The same classes of trees and shrubs were found there, but there was a greater variety of species.[26]

Summary

The first recorded tropical hurricane on these shores occurred in

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[23] Ibid., pp. 45-47.

[24] Ibid., pp. 52-61.

[25] Ibid., pp. 61-62.

[26] Ibid., pp. 47-52.

1559. It caused great destruction to the De Luna expedition, which had reached the Bay and landed there.

Other storms affecting this area in various ways have been those occurring intermittently between the years 1841 and 1906. The gale of 1894 brought tragedy to East Bay, which has been preserved in a song composed and sung locally. Storms still strike this part of the coast with fair regularity during hurricane season but do very little damage.

One of the worst disasters in this area was that of the sinking of the sloop Amelia while on its way to Pensacola. With the exception of one man, all on board were lost. Another similar tragedy was the loss of the fishing smack Annie and Jennie at the pass. The sinking of the old steamship Tarpon while on a routine trip from Pensacola to Panama City is, perhaps, the most shocking disaster of recent date.

Among the tame animals of this section in early days according to Williams were horses, mules, oxen, cattle, goats, and hogs. He lists the wild animals as panthers, bears, wildcats, foxes, opossum, skunks, squirrels, and others. The "salamander" he describes as "a large mole," and the land terrapin he calls the "gopher," as is still commonly done in Florida. Under reptiles, he mentions alligators, various snakes, frogs, and lizards. Insects included are redbugs, jiggers, fleas, gnats, and mosquitoes.

Soils are divided into five kinds: pine barrens, uplands, swamps, marshes, and "hammocks." The plants growing on these soils are practically the same as they are today.

PART II

Included in this section are some of the manners, customs, and folkways of the early settlers of the St. Andrews Bay area. The writer has attempted to present to the reader a glimpse into the everyday lives of these people--how they built and furnished their homes; how they dressed; what foods they ate; how they expressed themselves in art, music, stories, and speech; what they did to entertain themselves; and what superstitions they believed in.

Most of the material was obtained through interviews with the people themselves. The writer has depended largely upon the memory of members of her own family, particularly upon that of her father, a pioneer in this area, and her mother, a native of West Florida. Some of the stories and customs were obtained from copies of the early St. Andrews' newspapers which may be found in the P. K. Yonge Library of Florida History, University of Florida, Gainesville.

CHAPTER VII

HOW EARLY PEOPLE LIVED[1]

To understand a people, one must have a knowledge of how they live. In this chapter, the writer has tried to present a picture of the everyday life of the pioneers on the St. Andrews Bay--how they built their homes; how they dressed; what they ate; how they talked; what their arts and crafts were; and how they amused themselves.

Homes and Furnishings

The homes of the settlers of the early period were made of logs. Both the slave owners and non-slave owners, with few exceptions, lived in these structures. The houses were made in sections or "pens" with anywhere from one to four "pens" under one roof. Hallways running each way made the houses cooler in summer. Trees were cut down. The bark was peeled off with a drawing knife and then put in the sun "to season." When properly dried, the logs were notched at the end to make them fit together. When completed, houses were sometimes "hewed"; i.e., the inside of the logs were chopped off to make them smoother. The homes of the more wealthy were either double-penned or

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[1]All of this section, which is not otherwise footnoted, has been written from interviews with Mr. and Mrs. George W. Surber and family and Mrs. Sam Surber, all of Pretty Bayou, St. Andrews, Florida. The two Mrs. Surbers are pioneers and natives of this part of Florida. Mr. Surber's family came here from Clifton, Kansas, in 1889.

"hip-roofed" houses. A few of the houses were two-story.

These log houses had foundations of "light wood" blocks, stick and dirt fireplaces,[2] puncheon, or split log floors, and roofs and ceilings made of split boards. Glass windows were not seen in the average house, a few town houses having the only ones used in this section. The few windows in the country homes were covered with wooden shutters. Curtains were seldom, if ever, used. The majority of the houses were unpainted, and a person prosperous enough to have a painted one was often identified as "that man who lives in the white-washed house with glass windows." The women loved flowers and no matter how humble the home, flowers such as the zinnia, bachelor button, four o'clock, cypress vine, morning glory, honey suckle, crape myrtle, rose, and prince feathers or cockscomb were commonly found growing in the yard.

The furnishings for these houses were usually very simple. Although some people had "store bought" beds, many used rope bedsteads and what was known as "scaffold" bedsteads. These beds were made of four boxes with boards laid across them and the mattresses placed on top. Cotton, feathers, moss, and sometimes corn shucks were the most common materials used in the mattresses. The sheets were

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[2]These were made by mixing clay and grass together. The sticks were about 1" X 3" and as long as the width of the fireplace. The sticks were laid up with the mixture--entirely covered with it. These chimneys were not fireproof and often caused houses to catch fire.

Views of an old stick and dirt chimney found on the C. C. Moore Ranch, Court Martial Lake, Bay County

Another view of the old stick and dirt chimney
C. C. Moore's Ranch, Court Martial Lake

Articles used in the Early Days
Bottom row, left to right: kant hook used in logging, mallet used in splitting boards with a wedge, fro used for splitting boards or pickets, old iron tea kettle, iron dinner pot, iron hand pump
Second row, left to right: flat irons, griddle, piece of Civil War bombshell, china sugar bowl, earthenware jug, Winchester rifle used to hunt deer, turkeys, alligators, and bears
Top row, left to right: old dinner bell, earthenware jar, smoked glass pitcher, glass pitcher, kerosene lamp over fifty years old, coffee mill for grinding coffee, and a china pitcher

An old type house with stick and dirt chimney and picket fence (C. C. Moore's Ranch, Court Martial Lake)

An old cowshed used here in the early days

An old fashioned washpot bricked in

An old fashioned iron washpot in which old Timers boiled their clothes

made of unbleached cloth; quilts were handmade and often very beautiful. The spreads of that period were called counterpanes. An almost unheard-of luxury was the rug, but there were a few handwoven carpets in some of the homes.

Practically all of the chairs and tables were homemade and very substantial. The bottoms of the chairs were made of cowhide or braided hickory that never wore out. These were generally "straight" chairs, but rocking chairs were made, also. In many kitchens the cast iron stove could be found, but most of the cooking was done on the fireplaces in Dutch ovens and other iron pots and pans. There was no aluminum ware then. Kitchens were sometimes built several feet from the main house.

In town the parlor was the best room in the house and used only on special occasions when there was important company or some unusual family event. The furniture consisted of a sofa, straight chairs, and, perhaps, two easy chairs covered with horse hair or plush. The arms of these chairs were protected by "tidies" made of crotchet or drawn work. There was a "whatnot"--a series of shelves usually adorned with an assortment of shells, paper flowers, china, and other ornaments --in one corner of the room. On the center table was the family Bible and family picture album containing tintypes. There were framed pictures of family groups and mottoes embroidered in colored yarn on the walls. There were rocking chairs, hammocks, and swings on the porch.

Food and Drink

Sweet potatoes, hog meat, corn bread, vegetables, syrup, fish, and wild game were considered by the people to be their "main living." They had their own favorite dishes and special ways of preparing them. Some of these were the following:

Hominy--The whole grain of corn was boiled in lye water until the husk slipped. Care was taken that it was not boiled too long. Then it was washed through several waters and, finally, reboiled.

Hoe-Cake--This was made of corn meal, salt, and water and cooked in a greased skillet.

"Cracklin" Bread--This was corn bread with "cracklins" in it. The "cracklins" were made by rendering the grease out of hog fat. The crisp parts remaining were called "cracklins."

Three Brothers--This bread was made of corn meal and baked in three pones.

Corn Pone--To make this bread, the mixture of corn meal and water was baked.

Hush Puppy--These served as the accompaniment to fried fish. They were made of white cornmeal, salt, and water mixed into a paste and folded around finely chopped onions. They were then dropped into a boiling kettle of grease with the fish and cooked to a golden brown.

Hasty Pudding--A mush was made of corn meal and served with milk and sugar.

Johnny Cake--The dough was put on a slanted board in front of the fireplace. When it was done, it would slide down the board.

"Sun Raised" Bread--Called lightbread. The flour batter was mixed with sweet milk, set in the sun all day, and then baked.

Chitterlings--The small intestines of the hog were cleaned and washed thoroughly. This process was called "ridding." They were then soaked in brine a day or two and fried in deep fat. They were called "chitlins."

Tripe--The stomach of the cow was scraped and washed carefully. It was then cut into pieces, rolled in meal, and fried.

Sausage--The meat was run through a grinder, the salt worked in by hand, and powdered sage and red pepper added. This meat was then stuffed into small hog intestines which had been scraped thin and washed clean. The ends were tied with thread, linked together, and hung on sticks to dry.

Haslet Stew--The liver, lights, heart, and melt of the hog were cut up and boiled until tender and seasoned well.

Head Cheese or Souse--Hogs' head and feet were boiled until done. The meat was then picked off the bones and mixed with sage, red pepper, and salt. The mixture was put into a pan with a weight on it. This pressed it down into a solid and it was ready to slice and serve.

Brains--These were put into a pan and scalded. The outer coating was peeled off and cast aside. The brains were then dipped in beaten eggs and fried. They were seasoned with salt and black pepper and served hot.

Mullet Roe--If fresh, this was simply mealed and fried. If salted, the roe had to be soaked over night, and then it was mealed and fried.

Smoked and Dried Fish--The fish were dressed, but the skins and scales were left on. They were salted and then laid, scales down, on a frame covered with chicken wire. A fire of oak wood was built under this so that the smoke would reach the fish. This smoke was kept going day and night until the fish were done. Dried fish were heavily salted and dried in the sun.

Some typical menus follow:

Breakfast

Fruit (mostly preserves) Biscuits

Pork and Eggs

Syrup Coffee

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Dinner

Vegetables (greens cooked with pork)

Chicken (fried or stewed with rice or dumplings)

Sweet Potatoes Corn Bread

Sometimes vegetables were peas, okra, tomatoes, squash, string beans, or cucumbers in season.

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Supper

Practically the same as dinner; sometimes the meat was fish, beef, mutton, or venison.

Milk.

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The chief ways of preparing food were frying or boiling, although meat was occasionally broiled. Methods of preserving were salting and smoking meats, drying vegetables, and drying fruit or preserving it in cane syrup.

The only cakes and cookies the people ate were those made with syrup. Syrup candy and rock candy, formed by crystalization of syrup, were the principal sweets the children and adults enjoyed. Children very often were caught stealing the sugar out of the bowl. These people ate venison, bear steak, wild turkey, squirrel, and other wild game.

For drink there were metheglin, a fermented beverage made from honey and water; a little eggnog at Christmas; grape and blackberry wine; peach brandy; a little cane beer made by letting cane skimmings ferment; some whiskey; milk, sassafras tea, grape juice, and coffee, parched and ground at home.

These frontiersmen enjoyed their chewing tobacco, some the "store-bought" but usually the "twist," made by twisting the leaves together. The women were the greatest "snuff dippers," although some men indulged. Snuff was held in the lower lip.

These pioneer settlers were a very hospitable people. Visitors were extremely rare and when one did arrive, he found it difficult to get away. They kept him just as long as they could, making him welcome to whatever they had.

Stearns has told us something about the fishermen and their

families in this section in the 1880's.

> As a class, these fishermen are a hardy set. Socially they are very hospitable in their manner to a stranger, always entertaining him as well as their mode of living will permit. The astonishing feature is that men who have traveled, and have, therefore, seen something of the world, should settle down to lead such a lazy, shiftless, sort of life. Their homes, often containing but two rooms, are the regular "Hoosier" log cabins; in these live the fishermen, their wives, and their children. Life in one of these houses must be truly miserable. The women, all of whom are natives and of the most ignorant class, are as intellectually inferior as they are superior energetically to the men. Considering how few advantages these women have, their conduct of their household affairs reflects great credit upon them. The children seem to be smart and intelligent until they reach maturity, at which stage they either fall into the careless habits of their fathers, or, if girls, take on the drudgeries of a mother and wife.[3]

John Lee Williams says that instead of cattle the inhabitants preferred to keep

> ...an immoderate number of useless, thieving dogs to worry them. The barking, yelping, and howling of a congregation of half starved whelps, is music to the ear of a native Floridian, even if, by supporting them, his children be reduced to the same miserable circumstances.[4]

The pioneer prized his hunting dogs highly, and no doubt the dogs to which Williams refers were used for hunting.

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[3]Stearns, "St. Andrews Bay Fisheries," Geographical Review of the Fisheries of the Gulf of Mexico: Western Florida, p. 566.

[4]Williams, West Florida, p. 26.

Dress

Clothing of the period was simple and usually "homemade." Women's dresses, most often long skirts and tight-fitting waists called basques, were made from a variety of materials--lawn, calico, homespun, gingham, barred muslin, worsted, mohair, and linsey. Silk cloth was rare, but there were two silk dresses in the community--a plain silk and a brocaded silk. Velvet, velveteen, crocheted lace, embroidery, ribbon, and ric-rac were used for trimming. It was not unusual to put nine or ten yards, even sixteen, into an outfit. One young lady had a dress that had six yards in the sash. From two to five petticoats made of bleached or unbleached muslin were always worn. Steel and boned corsets were worn with lace trimmed corset covers and chemise. All stockings were cotton, black, white or striped; silk stockings were unheard of by the women of this period. Black, high buttoned shoes were worn for dress, but the younger people went barefoot. Hats were mainly of the sailor style. Some were fancy, having a straight brim, wider in front than in the back, decorated with flowers, ribbons, and plumes. There were no handbags, but old ladies carried drawstring bags or a reticule, a square shaped bag with a metal top. Gloves were made of black or white cotton.

Jewelry was scarce, consisting of a few beads, rings, roach and ornamental combs, and earrings for pierced ears. Cosmetics were scarce, those available being limited to sachet and a little white face powder. Flour was used as a powder substitute by many. Hair

styles were sometimes quite elaborate. Some of the favorites were just as fantastic as their names--the waterfall, alligator nose, and jug handle. "Rats" were rolls used to make hair look thicker. Braiding was popular and a few girls had shingled hair. Toothbrushes were not available, but rags and charcoal were used to clean the teeth. Small twigs were sometimes chewed to make a brush for the teeth or snuff. Nail files were not used, the nails being cut with scissors. Baths were taken about once a week except in summer when swimming was popular in the creeks.

Men's clothing, like that of the women, was almost entirely hand-made. Jeans breeches were worn with homespun or muslin shirts and there were some men's suits, also made of jeans. In winter men's underwear was made of red flannel, that of the summer, muslin. Both summer and winter underwear were long and tied around the ankle. Fishermen sometimes wore their oilskins right over the red flannels. Trousers were held up by "galluses" or belts. Shoes were most generally boots or brogans, but better ones were worn in the city and these were kept in condition by greasing them with tallow. Ties, when worn at all, were the four-in-hand, bow tie, or cravat. These were worn with high starched collars and stiff "bosomed" shirts. Hats were stiff-brimmed straws. An old timer said, "Them that could afford it would buy a five cent straw hat." Other hats were made of wool or felt; derbies were considered "high class." Hair was oiled with bear grease; moustaches waxed with soap and blackened with "smut." Boys

wore jackets and buttoned-on knee pants. The little boys wore pleated skirts and "little boy dresses." For "ever day" they wore long shirts with nothing underneath. Dresses for babies were often over a yard long and made "fancy" with lace, embroidery, and tucks. Baby caps were ruffled and embroidered, with wide strings which tied under the chin.

Marriage

The young men took on marriage responsibilities with little or no foresight. One man, however, was considered well prepared to take this all-important step because he had saved one hundred dollars in cash. Another bridegroom, not quite so wise, had to borrow meal for the first breakfast.

Brides were usually fifteen or sixteen years old and grooms somewhere between eighteen and twenty-one. Everybody from miles around attended the weddings, coming in wagons, oxcarts, buggies, and on foot.

Weddings were very simple affairs in those days. One bride's gown, made of white barred muslin, cost five cents a yard--the whole dress cost just fifty cents. Another bride in a more elaborate wedding wore a white dress made of India mull trimmed with satin and embroidery. Some brides and practically all of the grooms dressed simply in their "Sunday" clothes.

Occasionally a wedding party would come by boat to the nearest preacher on the Bay, but most weddings took place in the homes with

any minister who happened to be in the community officiating. Some attempts were made at decorating. One couple was united under "a beautiful canopy of evergreen." Refreshments served after the ceremony consisted of escalloped oysters "and accompaniments" and many kinds of cake.[5]

If the wedding took place at night, two people holding candles, called "candle bearers," stood one on each side of the preacher. This enabled the preacher to read from his Bible. Sometimes a big wedding supper followed the wedding. These suppers consisted of chicken and dumplings, ham, sweet potatoes, cakes, pies, and everything in season.

The "shivaree" (charivari) or serenade was a custom in those days, as it still is in some places. The neighbors got together and with all sorts of noise makers--pots, pans, guns--marched around the home of the newlyweds until the bridegroom gave them a "treat." This might be some sort of refreshment, whiskey or wine if the party were composed of men; or it might be that they simply wanted to be "invited in" for a party which they called a "play." If the bridegroom failed to comply with their request, they did something to him such as riding him on a rail or making him bring his bride to the door. The custom, with some variation, is the same as that Williams describes as follows:

> Sherrivarees are parties of idle people who dress themselves in masquerade whenever a widow or widower are

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[5]St. Andrews Messenger, November 27, 1889.

> married. They often parade about and play buffoon tricks for 2 or 3 days; haunting the residence of the married pair, and disturbing the whole city with their riots, until they can be bought off with money or liquor. This foolish custom is common to West Florida. It has become a disgusting bore to the inhabitants and will soon be forgotten.[6]

Funerals

When a member of the community died, all the neighbors came in to help the bereaved family. The "laying out"--bathing and dressing the dead--was done by sympathetic friends. The coffin, a crude handmade affair of pine planks, was made by the men. It was then painted on the outside with a paint made of soot and turpentine, or covered with cloth. The women then lined it with muslin, which they "notched" with their scissors to give a lacy effect. All the neighbors sat up with the dead all night, and the funeral was held the next day. Men of the neighborhood dug the grave, put the coffin on a wagon, and hauled it to the graveyard.

Medical Practices

Doctors were scarce; the nearest one was twenty miles away. Midwives brought the babies and stayed to take care of them and the mothers. One midwife performed all these duties, cooked the meals, and did the washing for three dollars. People often doctored themselves with home remedies such as fever grass, sulphur and molasses,

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[6]Williams, West Florida, p. 79.

poultices, and raw turpentine. One of the early doctors was Dr. J. J. Kester, who came to St. Andrews from Pensacola about 1886.[7]

Recreation and Holiday

In spite of the isolation and hard life of most of these frontier people, there were many pleasures and ways of amusing themselves. Much of their recreation was derived from combining work and play. At house raisings the men turned out to help neighbors construct the building. New ground was cleared, timber cut, and burned at log rollings. At rail splittings, the men split rails all day and then danced to fiddle tunes all night, or, as one pioneer put it, "as long as 'Little Brown Jug' held out." Sometimes things did not go too smoothly at these events. For example:

> One man had a rail splittin' at his place where about 750 rails were split. His wife had baked up lots of pies to eat, but Bill Osborne slipped in an' stole his arms full of these 'tater pies. Then they started dancin' an' got into a fight. Old man Bill Page run an' knocked th' gate down; Will Campbell tore th' partition out of the house to have more room fur dancin'. One man got a kid under each arm an' run fur th' boat, but he missed the wharf an' was out in th' Bay shoulder deep callin' fur somebody to bring a boat.[8]

A brush slashing took place on a farm when new land was being cleared. Nailing bees were given by anyone wanting a new fence built. Pailings were laid along the line of the fence, and the neighbors came

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[7]Panama City Pilot, April 7, 1927.

[8]Interview with George W. Surber, December, 1949.

over and nailed them on. Quilting parties were given by the women sometimes at the same time as these other events. Neighbors would come in and help "get out" a quilt. It was put into a frame where it could be rolled and marked off with chalk or charcoal into shells. The women gathered around it with their needles, thimbles, and thread. This gave them an opportunity to visit and exchange gossip with friends they did not get to see very often. Most of these affairs were followed in the evening by dances or play parties, and at all of them a good dinner was prepared and served by the women. Other events which brought the people together and helped them get their work done were hog killings, sheep shearings, and cane grindings. At the latter, while the cane was ground and the juice boiled down for syrup, the neighbors would visit together, drink juice, chew cane, and play games. Berry picking was the combination of an outing and a way of making money. Early settlers picked 10-quart buckets full of huckleberries for selling and canning. Later, blackberries, blueberries, and dewberries were also picked.

At one time "up the country" people came to the Bay in covered wagons to get salt fish and oysters to take back home with them. While they were here, they would make an outing of it. They camped out and friends from this section would gather in and there would be singing, storytelling, and a general good time. In later years, people went on weekend camping trips on the creeks for recreation. They would take tents and bedding for sleeping out and equipment for

Two views of a cane grinding mill, Panama City

catching and cooking fish. In later years, the people sometimes went camping for the purpose of picking and canning blackberries. These were canned on the spot.

Holidays and special days were observed in various ways in the early days. On May Day baskets of flowers were left at the doorways of the neighborhood. Decoration Day was observed by a patriotic program held in the cemetery and flowers were put on all the graves.

Fourth of July was a time for much celebrating. In the small settlements around the Bay, there were family gatherings and picnics. In the towns there were free barbecues with plenty of free lemonade. The band played and the celebrants took part in many races and contests. In the boat races, a stake was set up in the water as a marker. At a given signal the contestants rowed out to the stake, around it, and back. The one completing this course first was declared winner. For the foot races, those competing were lined up and given the signal to go. A prize of five dollars was offered the best swimmer; therefore, the swimming races were anticipated with keen interest and much practice.

On one occasion, two young fellows had practiced for weeks in advance for this event. Just as the swimmers were being lined up, a man from a settlement up North Bay and in town just for the celebration, came up and asked what the prize was. When informed of the amount, he pulled off his shirt and still clad in his overalls joined the contestants. He had rounded the marker and reached the finish line

by the time the others had a good start. The sack race was performed with much hilarity. Those entering this race encased their feet in burlap bags, "cornsacks," "gunny" sacks, and had to reach the mark set without removing the sack. The three-legged race also created a great deal of amusement. Couples tied two of their legs together and, in order to win, must reach the end of a set course without unfastening or breaking the strings.

For the potato races, several one hundred yard rows of potatoes were laid out with the potatoes about two feet apart. Each participant stood at one end of his row and, at the signal, began picking up the potatoes one at a time. The first to finish received the prize. The event of climbing a greasy pole provided fun for the onlookers and participants. A well-greased pole was set up and the contestants attempted to climb it. The one accomplishing the feat deservedly got the prize. The object of the cracker-eating contest was to see which one taking part could eat the crackers first and then whistle. Almost all of these races and contests carried a cash prize for the winner.

In the very early days, Hallowe'en was given no thought. Later on the children did masquerade in sheets or homemade costumes, carrying jack-o-lanterns made from citrons to scare people. The candles used inside the lanterns were made by dipping bits of cotton string into hot tallow. Today the children of this section have just begun to use the custom of "trick or treat," which is so popular elsewhere.

Thanksgiving was observed with a very good dinner. Most families took this as a time of reunion and "pooled" their dinners. If there were large numbers present, a table would be made under the trees by putting long boards across sawhorses. Almost any holiday was celebrated this way in the small communities. In towns, a dance was the highlight of the holiday season.

Amusements for Christmas time were quite varied. On Christmas Eve, the young people went "serenading," which resembled the caroling of later years. There were molasses candy pulls, boating and singing by moonlight on the Bay, and a dance at Ware's Hall in town. Church Christmas trees were popular and this custom is still observed to some extent. A program consisting of pageants, recitations, and songs was given by members of the Sunday school to an appreciative audience made up of relatives, visitors, and friends. Following the program, Santa Claus made his appearance and the gifts from a beautifully decorated tree were passed out. A sack containing fruits, nuts, raisins, and candy, furnished by the Sunday school were presented to each member and visiting small children.

Trees in the homes were not often seen. Since there were no dime-stores in those days, the decorations were "home made." These were made of popcorn, cranberries, and lighted candles. The candles proved a fire hazard, especially to Santa Claus's whiskers. "Christmas gift" is a custom which still prevails in the smaller communities. A person who gives the greeting to another first on Christmas morning

is supposed to be given a "treat" of some sort. At one Christmas celebration, the dinner, consisting of chicken pot-pie, doughnuts, fruit cake, and jelly cake, was spread on a long table on the lawn. In the evening there was a program of instrumental numbers, songs, and recitations. Presents were distributed to those in attendance.

New Year's Eve was not celebrated in the old days, but later the people held "watch parties" in the churches where they rang the old year out and the new one in. Hog jowl and blackeyed peas were a traditional part of the New Year's Day dinner. It was supposed to bring prosperity during the coming year to those who ate it.

Traveling shows visited the section occasionally. These were mainly magic lantern slide shows, the Shelby Circus, magician, and medicine shows. The young people in town put on a few plays. One produced in St. Andrews in 1890 was called "Flower of the Family" and was quite a success.[9]

Debates were given in the settlement schoolhouses. They had such subjects for debate as the following:

Which is more beneficial to man--the horse or cow?

What is most destructive--fire or water?

Which is best--a dirty, loving wife or a clean scolding one?

Which is most useful--a dishrag or a broom?

Which is most harmful--slander or flattery?

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[9] St. Andrews Messenger, January 8, 1890.

Which is most beautiful--the art of nature or the works of man?

The school house served as a civic center since most of the entertainments were held there. There were candy drawings, box suppers, cake cuttings, and spelling bees. At candy drawings, partners paid ten cents to draw from a box containing stick candy of different colors until they had matched colors. Suppers in beautifully decorated boxes were auctioned off to the highest bidder. Girls vied with each other to see whose box would be prettiest. The man who bought the box, ate the supper it contained with the girl who had made it. Cake cuttings were also money-making affairs. A beauty contest was staged and the girl chosen as the prettiest got to cut the cake. Votes for the girls cost ten cents apiece and sometimes the contest became very exciting.

Many "sociables" centered around the church. The Sunday school picnic was an annual affair. The church Christmas tree was greatly anticipated by the old as well as the young. The country churches gave all day sings with dinner on the ground. Songs were usually "lined out" by the leader and there was the old sacred harp singing done by shaped notes.

Parties of the early period were called "plays" or "play parties." These were so-called because of the singing games that were played there. The young people gathered whenever an opportunity

presented itself for these games.[10]

Frolics were frequent, taking place at the slightest excuse. Music was furnished by a fiddler and someone to keep time by beating the straw, i.e., by hitting a broom straw on the fiddle. One pioneer gave dances that would commence on Friday night, last all night, continue all day Saturday and up to midnight Saturday night. Another old timer says they danced so much in that house that they wore the floor out. The "boys" would have jugs hid out someplace because the "young 'uns" would steal them when they got a chance. Sometimes the wife of the pioneer would get "mad" and take her rocking chair and set it in the middle of the dance floor. There she would sit, rocking. The dancers would carry her out, chair and all, but she would come right back. If they were able to "soothe her feelings," she would permit them to continue the dance. If not, the dance would be broken up for that night. The most popular dance was the square dance which was performed to fiddle tunes such as "Arkansas Traveler" and "Old Dan Tucker."

Boating parties were another common form of amusement. There were boats such as the launch Monarch that made regular excursions to the Gulf. This boat furnished music en route to the beaches. The Red Rover was another pleasure boat which ran on the Bay in connection with the hotel Ecker House. Outings to Hurricane Island

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[10]Chapter XI, "Play Party Songs," p. 405 ff.

were very popular with people living on the Bay. There they would have fish fries, picnics, and enjoy the surf bathing. A few of the men would usually go ahead of the others and catch fish with cast nets for the fry.

"Spearing" or "floundering" was a profitable, as well as enjoyable pastime. This was done most often at night either in boats or by wading. Equipment used was a gig, a spear made by driving a piece of sharpened metal into a long wooden handle, and a fire jet, a wire basket containing fire. The quarry was the flounder, a flatfish found in the shallow water near the bay beaches. During this outing the young people would stop at one of the oyster bars and have an oyster bake. The flounders speared were often sold at a good price.

Other novel forms of amusement were turtle and turtle egg hunts. The best time for these was on moonlight nights in June. Sidney Lanier tells of participating in a turtle hunt:

> You walk along the lovely beach at night when the turtle has come up from the water to deposit her hundreds of eggs; you see one; you advance, and cooly turn it over on its back--and that is all.[11]

Fishing, both fresh and salt water, was a pleasure and a means of making a living. Cut and live bait was used for salt water fishing, which was usually done from a boat. Cast netting or seine fishing was the method used for catching mullet. An odd way of obtaining bait for fresh water fishing was used. This was called "grunting"

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[11]Lanier, Florida, p. 94.

The Old Pilot Station on Hurricane Island, scene of many picnics such as the one pictured above (Picture through the courtesy of Mrs. Ethel Joyner, St. Andrews)

Early scenes on St. Andrews Bay from souvenir booklet belonging to Mrs. Ethel Joyner, St. Andrews

A beach outing in the early days on Hurricane Island at the Old Pilot Station

Bathing in the gulf as it looked in 1909
(Both pictures from News-Herald plates)

or "fiddling" for worms. The fisherman drove one board into the ground and drew another one back and forth across the first. This gave forth a sound not unlike grunting and caused the vibrations which brought the earthworms to the surface of the earth.

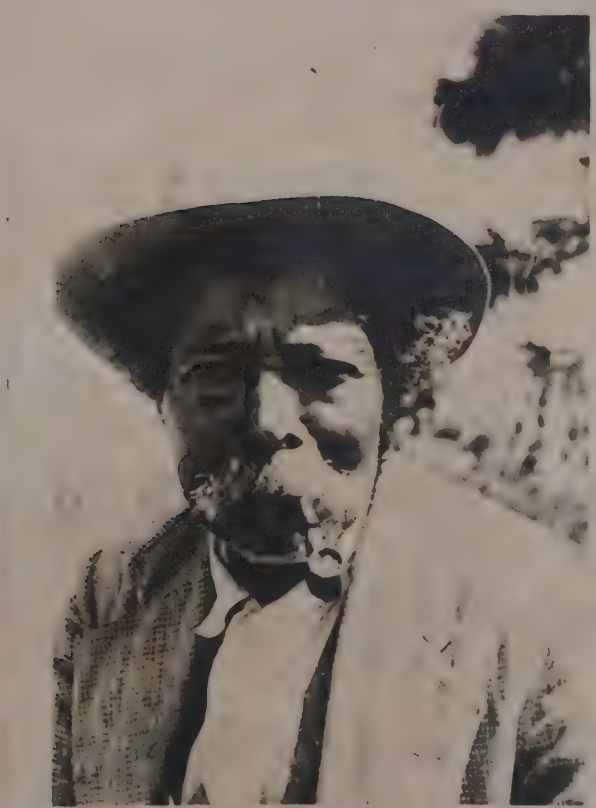
"Snipe hunting" was an experience every "greenhorn" went through sooner or later. This gullible soul was taken out by a group of pranksters on a dark night to a lonely spot on the beach and told to hold a bag while they drove the snipe into it. The boys then slipped home, leaving their victim holding the bag until he caught on to the trick that had been perpetrated.

Two picnics held in this area have become traditions. The May 28 picnic was begun in honor of Richard Mashburn, who went into the Civil War on May 28, was captured by the Yankees on May 28, and was discharged from the army on that date. For a time it was held as a family reunion; then everybody started going. In election years, it became a political rally, but today it is again held as a family reunion. The pioneers's picnic is held each year in June at the home of Judge Ira A. Hutchison in St. Andrews. A basket dinner and fish fry constitute the refreshments of the day, but the main object is to give the old timers a chance to get together and "swap yarns" and talk over by-gone days. To attend this picnic, a person must have been a resident of this section for fifty years or a member of a pioneer family here.

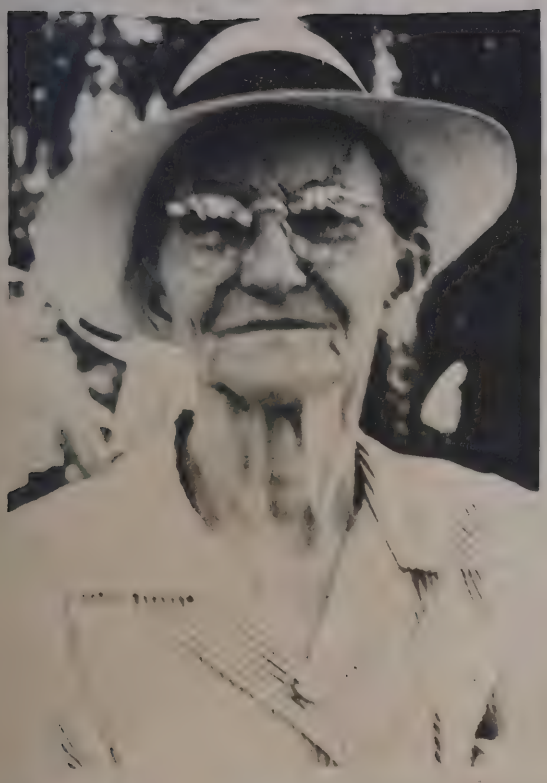
Shooting matches attracted the marksmen around the Bay. These

Old Pioneer's Picnic held each year at the home of Judge Ira A. Hutchison, St. Andrews, Florida

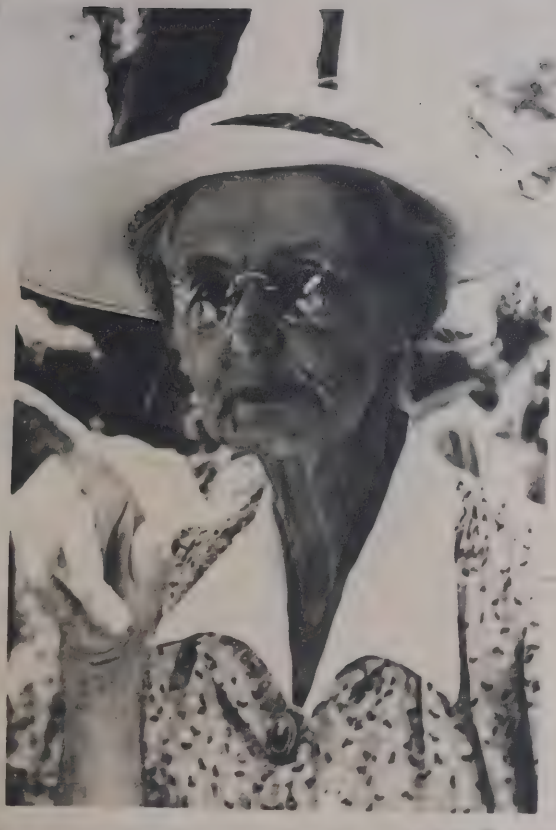
Sam Surber, age 80, Pretty Bayou, St. Andrews, Florida
Came to this section in fall of 1886 from Kansas and
A. S. Weeks, Millville, Florida



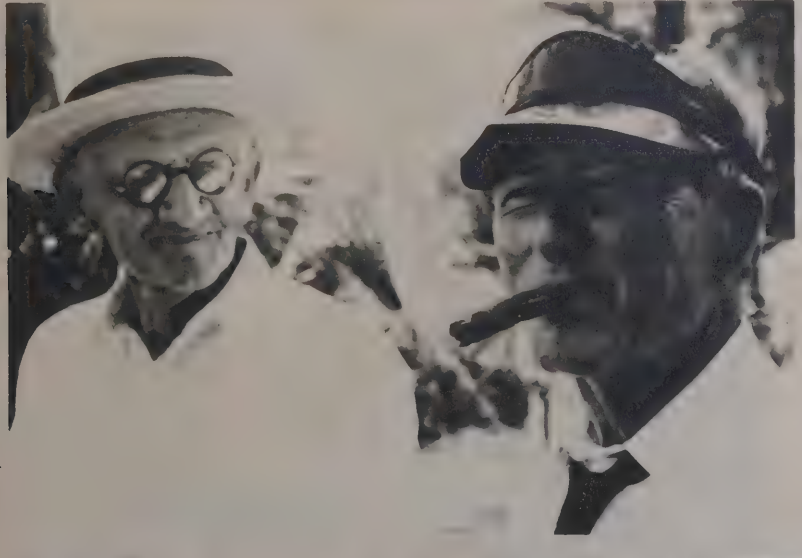
Preacher Cotton, old pioneer Negro, Panama City, Florida



Mrs. Charlie Anderson, Panama City, Florida, wife of son of Captain Steve Anderson, early settler on North Bay (now Southport)

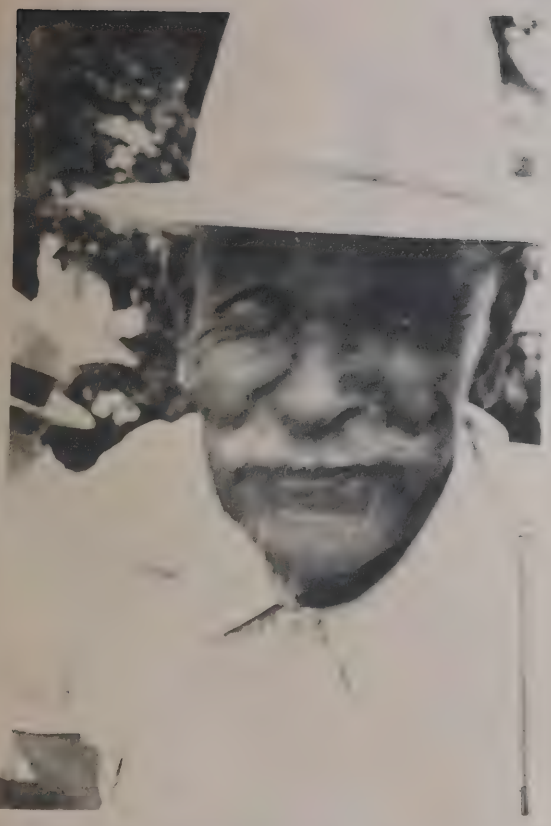


Mrs. J. H. Drummond, St. Andrews, Florida, member of the pioneer Day family of Cromanton and sister of Mrs. L. M. Ware

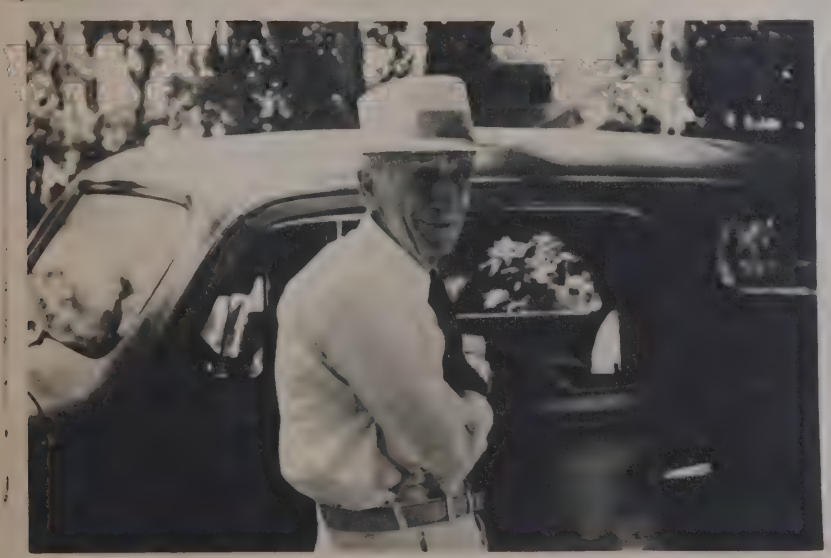


L. L. Pratt, deceased, Panama City, Florida
Early teacher and County Superintendent in early days
Robert Baker, Fort Walton, Florida, member of pioneer Baker family who were here before the Civil War

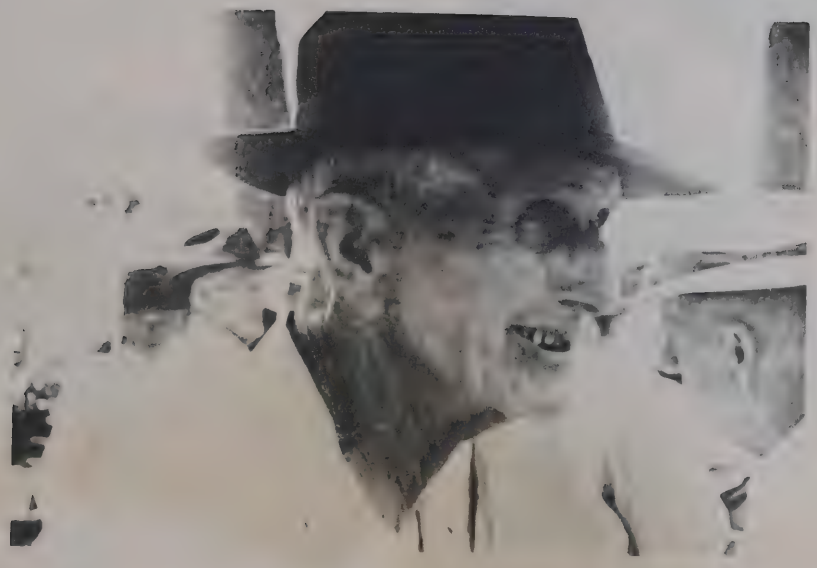
Ben Moates, St. Andrews, Florida
Sole survivor of the wreck of
the Amelia



Noah Moates, deceased, St. Andrews
Older brother of Ben Moates, sons of
the owner of one of the first saw-
mills in St. Andrews



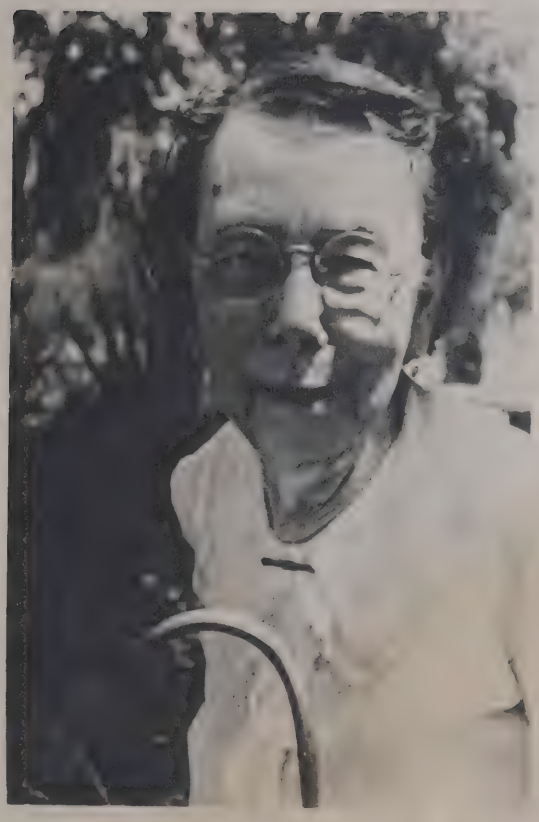
Frank W. Hoskins, deceased, Old Orchard, Panama
City, Florida, pioneer who wrote historical articles
for local papers



Arch Gainer, Southport, Florida, member of the old Gainer family of Econfina

Mrs. Elena Dobbs, St. Andrews, Florida, member of the Forbes family of Cromanton

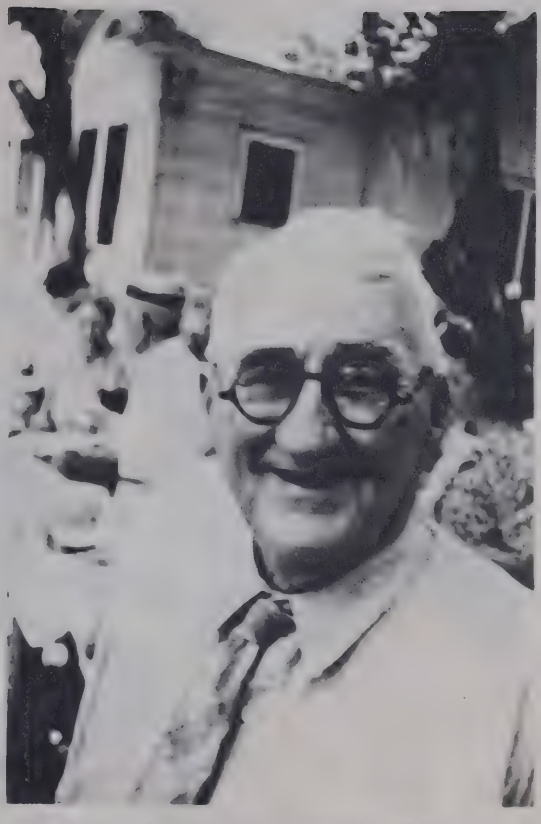
Joe Gainer, deceased, St. Andrews Florida, member of Gainer family of Econfina (son of William Gainer)



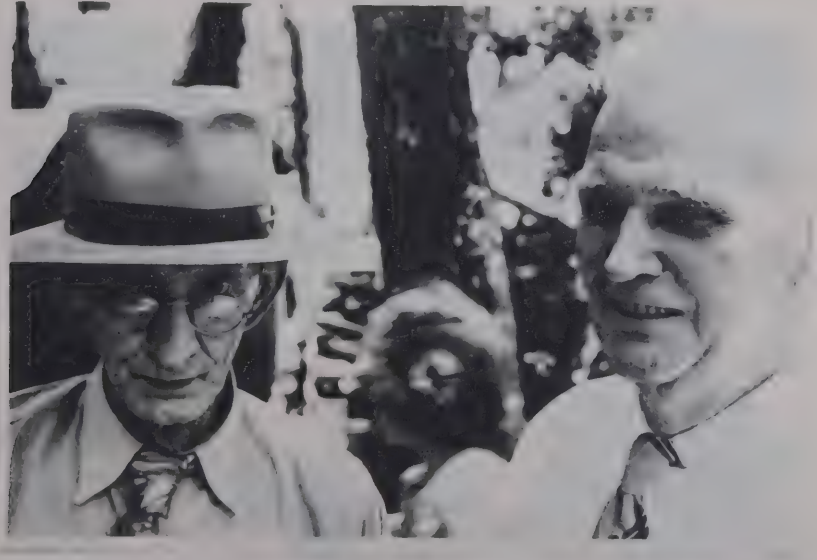
Mrs. Mary Jane Gainer Thompson "Aunt Sissy," St. Andrews, Florida Sister of Joe Gainer

John Henry Laird, West Bay, Florida, early turpentine man
Perry M. Hutchison, deceased, West Bay, Florida, owner of an early fish house at West Bay, Father of Judge Ira A. Hutchison

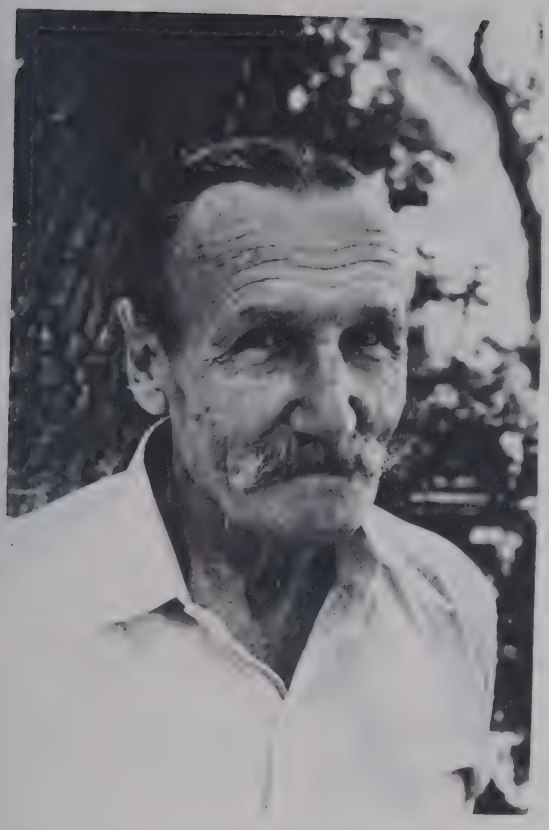
John Beadnell, age 73, Allanton, Florida, one of the early fishermen here



L. E. Danford, deceased, St. Andrews, Florida, first mate on the steamer Tarpon and one of the survivors when it sank



A. H. Brake, deceased, Panama City, Florida, first undertaker in this section and Roy Witherill, St. Andrews, member of the Witherill family that carried mail on the bay by boat

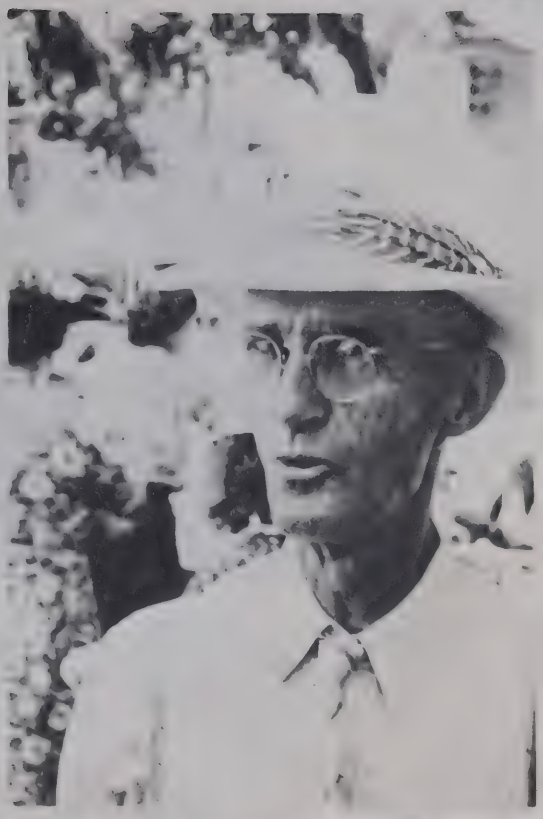


Joe Dyer, Panama City, Florida
An Englishman who settled on Wetappo Creek and was partowner of an early brick manufacturing business there

Roy Ecker, Panama City, Florida
Early fisherman and son of the owner of the Ecker House, an early hotel on the bay

Mrs. F. W. Hoskins, Old Orchard, Panama City, Florida
Widow of Frank Hoskins and member of the Kinney family of Cromanton

Bob McKenzie, Panama City, Florida
One of the founders of Panama City



M. G. Post, St. Andrews, Florida
Son of Rev. E. H. Post, first pastor
of the St. Andrews Presbyterian Church

Jack McKeithan, aged 86, deceased, Panama City,
Florida, Sheriff of Washington County when Bay
County was still a part of it

Mrs. Etta Fox, "Grandma," age 105, Millville, Florida
Oldest pioneer of this section and Mrs. Sam Surber,
age 70, Pretty Bayou, St. Andrews, Florida, native
of this section

Mrs. Roy Ecker, Panama City, Florida and "Little Ed"
Mashburn, deceased, Southport, Florida, son of Mrs.
Eliza Porter Mashburn, early midwife, nephew of Peter
Parker, and grandson of William Loftin -- some of
the first settlers here

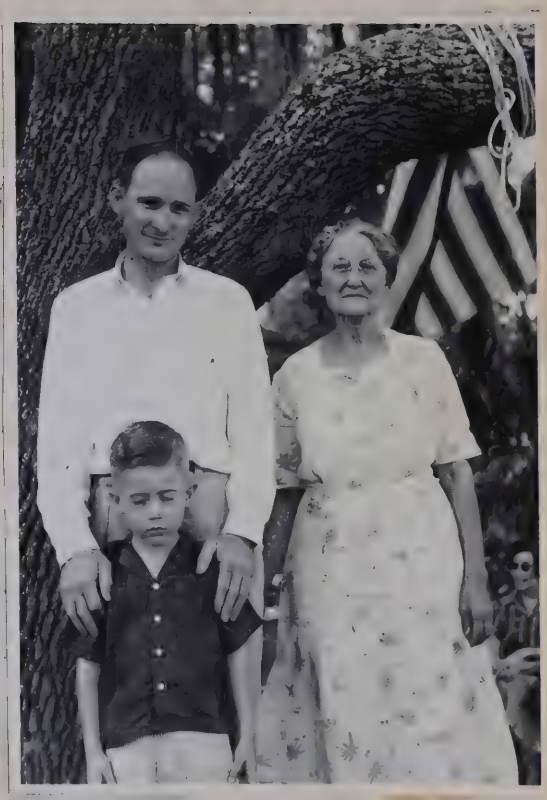
Judge Ira A. Hutchison, host for pioneers, St. Andrews, Florida
"Grandma" Fox, oldest resident of the section, Millville, Florida
John Beadnell, chairmen of the picnic, Allanton, Florida
(Picture made at Pioneer Picnic, June 21, 1950)

Charlie Pitts, John Henry Anderson, and Will Holley, all descendants of pioneers on the bay

Harold Gwaltney and Hinton Gwaltney, son and father, both descendants of the pioneer Gwaltney family of early days

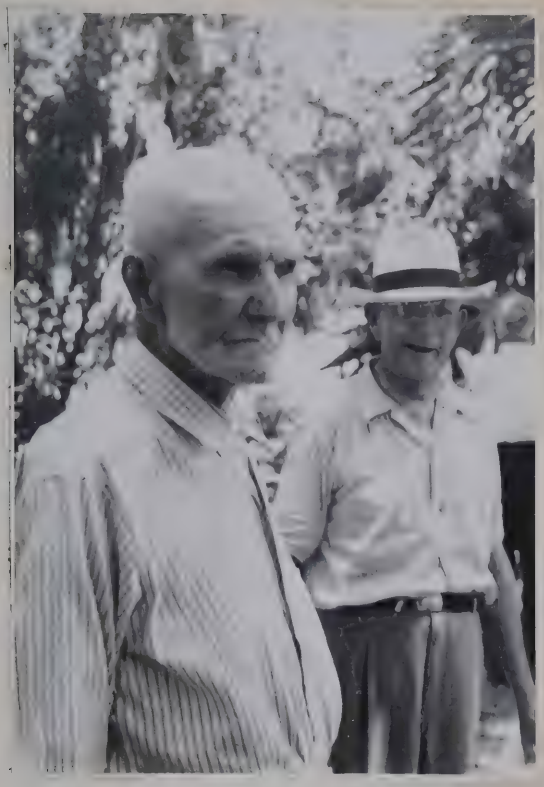
Manse Mashburn, Bear Creek, son of Eliza Porter Mashburn, early midwife on the bay, and John Gwaltney, St. Andrews, descendant of pioneer Gwaltney family

Joe Dyer, Panama City, and Manse Mashburn, Bear Creek, both old timers of this section



Three generations of the Joyner family, Mrs. Ethel Joyner, her son, Charles, and his son — all descendants of the pioneer Baker family

Sam Surber, Pretty Bayou, Charlie Anderson, Panama City, and Otho Kester, St. Andrews — all descendants of early families on the bay



Charlie Silcox,
old time resident, and
Rev. Alexander

Otway Ware, St.
Andrews, son of
Captain L. M. Ware,
pioneer settler

H. M. Felix, Lynn Haven, old timer and early sign painter, and John Beadnell, secretary of Old Pioneer Group

Frank and Roy Witherill, sons of one of the early mail carriers by boat on the bay

matches were advertised a week or so in advance and a beef offered as a prize to the best shots. The shooting was done with shotguns; the winners were those shooting nearest the center of the target. A first choice of the hind quarters of the beef went to the first place; second shot got the other hind quarter; and third and fourth received the forequarters. The hide and tallow went to the man in fifth place. If a participant were a good enough shot, he might get to drive the beef home on foot. The man giving the match made money as each contestant paid for his shots.

The arrival of a peddler was a happy time for the children. Cheap jewelry, lace, and "odds and ends" were carried in his pack. The peddler, no doubt, was the forerunner of the dime store of today. Prize boxes containing candy and some little trinket such as a whistle were especially popular.

Violet pickings were enjoyed by the younger set. In spring on Sunday afternoon, they would meet and go out into the sapling thickets and pastures in search of this flower. Later, they would go to the home of someone in the group and play games, sing, and have a good time. "Sings" were always popular in this section.

Arts and Crafts

The pioneer made not only his home but also his furniture, ornaments, toys, and means of transportation. In addition to the handmade furnishings already mentioned elsewhere, brooms for sweeping

The Casino, Panama City, which was destroyed by fire
(Picture photostated copy of one owned by H. M. Felix, Lynn Haven)

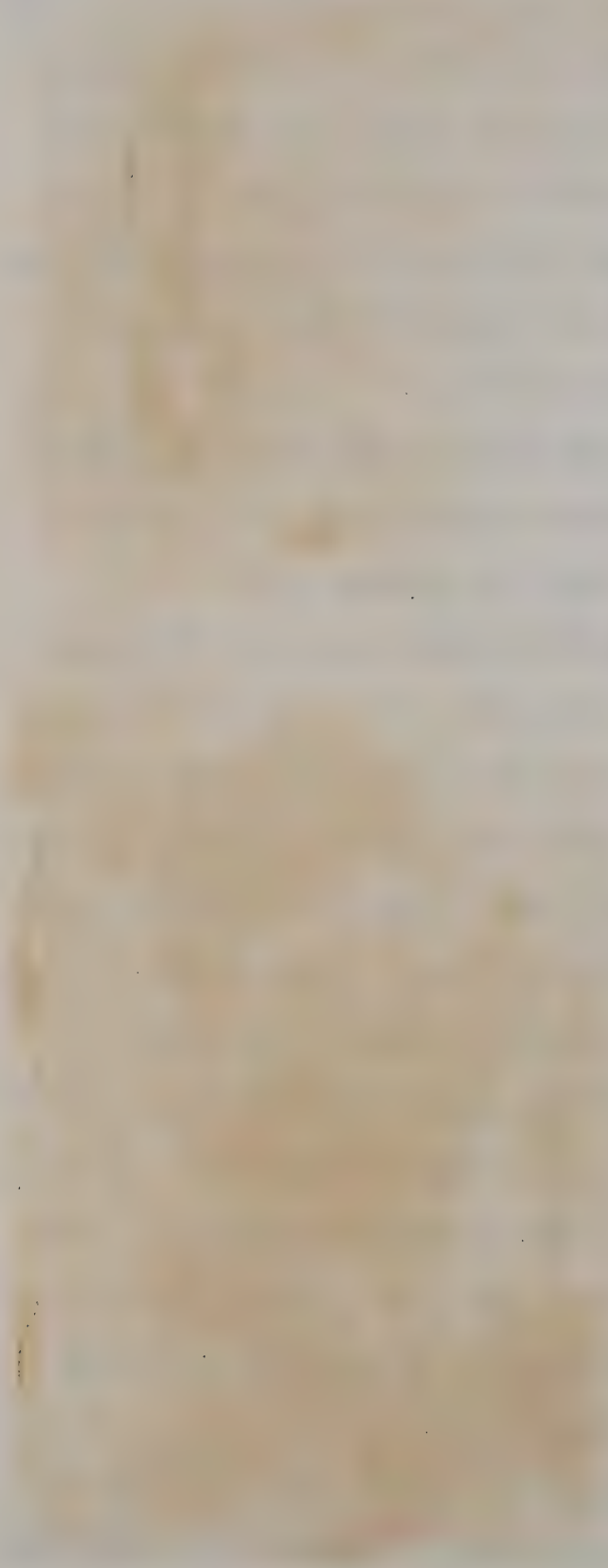
The Casino, St. Andrews, torn down and lumber used for other buildings (Photostated from Florida's Finest Harbor published by Board of Trade, St. Andrews, 1914)

were made by wrapping a quantity of broomstraw with cord and tying, beginning at the top, the root end of the straw, and wrapping about two-thirds of the length of the straw, and leaving loose the other third. For scrubbing, floor mops were made of corn shucks fitted into sections of a board and a handle was attached to this. Corn shucks were also used in making hats and mattresses.

Mattresses were sometimes made of moss, pine straw, and palmettoes. The latter were stripped fine and put in the sun to dry or cure. Then, they were used to stuff the mattress cover.

The making of palmetto hats was an interesting art. The buds or inner leaves of the cabbage palmetto were used. First, the leaves were scalded to take out the green coloring and then bleached in the sun for a few days. Next, they were wrapped in damp towels to toughen the fiber and then torn into small uniform strips for braiding. After braiding into plain, medium, or fancy patterns, they were ready to be sewed together. About sixty or sixty-five yards of braid were used in one hat. Prices of these hats ranged from seventy-five cents to two dollars. The hats were unlined and untrimmed. People who bought them, trimmed them to suit themselves. Mrs. Hawk Stephens was the leading hat-maker. She was kept very busy as there was a big demand for her hats. Even northern tourists were anxious to buy them, as the hats were considered very pretty and serviceable.

Ornamented fans and baskets made of palmetto were also made and sold. Flower baskets, sewing baskets, trays, and small dish mats were



Mr. and Mrs. George W. Surber, age 78 and 73, Pretty Bayou, St. Andrews, Florida

Palmetto fans like those made by early settlers here

made from pine straw. Pine burs dipped in varnish and painted were used for curios and to decorate the pine straw baskets.

Shell work included jewelry--earrings, "breast" pins or brooches, necklaces, bracelets--pin cushions, and tops of ornamented boxes. Sometimes flowers or other designs were painted on or in the larger shells and tarpon fish scales. Fish scales dyed with various colors were sewed and wired together to make flowers.

Patchwork quilt tops were pieced in different designs--"saw tooth," "sunshine and shadow," "flower garden," "crazy quilt," "Joseph coat," "snowball," "Irish chain," "double wedding ring," "monkey wrench," "bow tie," "nine patch," "log cabin," and others. A lining the size of the top was sewed temporarily on a quilt frame and padded with two or three pounds of cotton. The top was then placed over this and sewed to the frame along the edges and quilted. The quilting frames were usually suspended from the ceiling on ropes or strong cord. Quilting was done by hand--in lines, squares, fans, or shells. Many kinds of materials, usually scraps left over from dresses, were used--calico, gingham, prints, challis, homespun, linsey, muslin, lawn, mohair, brilliantine, worsted, and velvet.

The toys with which the children played were homemade and included wheelbarrows, playcarts, boats, wagons, kites, bows and arrows, rag dolls, tom-walkers or stilts, whistles, pop-guns, and tops.

Gourds were very useful in early times. They were used for containers for soap, sugar, salt, and other things. Sometimes the tops

Crocheted rag rug of the type used in early days and a handmade, cowhide bottomed chair

Bedspread crocheted in spider web design

Four pointed star quilt (sometimes called snowball) and flower garden quilt with cowhide bottomed chair in foreground

Mrs. Sam Surber holding her quiltingframes

Shellwork - necklaces, earrings and pins

Pine needle work - baskets and wall ornaments
Old fashioned bench used with kitchen tables
On the bench - old pepper shaker, baskets and toothpick holder
Under the bench - an old pot, pitcher, and griddle

Crocheted tablecloth and doilies

Hand knit castnets used today just as they were in the past, boats and oars also the product of the craft of the people here

A netreel for drying gill nets and seines (handmade)
Part of Pretty Bayou in the background

were notched or scalloped to make them fit tighter. Other uses were water dippers and bird houses.

The pioneer made most of his tools, ox yokes and bows, barrels, wagons, bread trays, and artificial limbs. Animal and bird traps, fish spears, fire jacks, seines, cast nets, and gill nets were also hand made.

Speech[12]

The frontier settler created a language peculiar to this section. The pioneer's way of speaking was very colorful and picturesque. Their use of unusual figures of speech was both expressive and amusing. A partial collection of these unusual expressions and words follows. It can be seen that they reflect the things with which these people were familiar in their everyday life. The following is the writer's collection:

The wind is blowing so hard it'd take nine men to hold a buckshot in a jug.

It's raining pitchforks and darning needles.

Dark as black cats a-fighting.

Hot as a widow woman in a pepper patch.

Pretty as a spotted puppy.

Pretty as a picture.

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[12]These have been collected from the Surber family, who have either used these expressions themselves or have heard them used by various residents of this section.

Ugly as a mud fence staked and righted with tadpoles.

Ugly as home-made sin.

Walking like a cat in the dew.

Walking like a hog on ice.

Graceful as a cow on crutches.

Feet as big as barges.

Eyes like bowls of clabber.

Eyes like two burnt holes in a blanket.

Flat as a pancake.

Tight as a tick.

Tight as Dick's hatband (so tight it busted).

Slick as soap.

Sticky as flypaper.

Slick as a button.

Slippery as an eel.

Thick as thieves.

Common as dirt.

Common as an old shoe.

Fine as frog hair.

Scarce as hen's teeth.

Quick as a wink.

Fast as greased lightning.

Slow as Christmas.

Slow as seven year itch and six years behind time scratching.

Slow as molasses in January.

Busy as a bee.

Happy as a dead pig in the sunshine.

Dead as a mackerel.

Bled like a stuck hog.

Long as your recollection.

Crazy as a loon.

Silly as a goose.

Crazy with the heat.

Sweet as sugar.

Sour as vinegar.

Naked as a jaybird.

Barefooted as a yard dog.

Tough as whit leather.

Like a fish out of water.

Green as a gourd.

Green as grass.

Pale as a sheet.

White as death.

Black as smut.

Red as blood.

Sure as shootin'.

Big as a whale.

Good as gold.

Like pulling eye teeth.

Like killing snakes.

Drinks like a fish.

Fresh as a daisy.

Like the pot calling the kettle black.

Long as Pat stayed in the army (the clock was striking one when he entered and still striking when he left.)

He's so tight, everytime he blinks his eyes, his toes curl up.

So stingy he looks over his glasses to keep from wearing them out.

So many clothes on, he looked like a stuffed toad.

So crooked, he'd steal thunder and snatch at lightning.

She hasn't got the sense God promised a goat.

He acted like a chicken with its head cut off.

Luck of a lousy calf, (live all winter and die in the spring.)

She had a smile on her face like a wave on a slop-bucket.

She had an expression on her face like a mule eating briars.

She stuck to him like a sick kitten to a hot brick.

He sticks to you like a leech.

A kiss like a cow pulling her foot out of a bog.

Poking along like the dead lice were dropping off.

By the skin of his teeth (He had a "close shave").

Bringing up the cow's tail (dragging along behind).

Coffee as strong as verdigrease.

He jumped on to him like a duck on a Junebug.

Like killing snakes.

So strong he stinks.

So sweet sugar wouldn't melt in her mouth.

Grapes so sour they'd make a pig squeal.

So slow he's got lead in his pants.

She has blood in her eye (She is very angry).

So hungry I could eat the shadow of a dishrag.

They was courtin' so close together you couldn't tell which had on the dress.

The perfume sure does stink good.

Bait up the cow to catch the calf. (Be nice to the mother to get the daughter).

Smells like gals goin' to meetin' (very sweet).

Didn't let his shirt touch his back until he told it.

He would cut off his nose to spite his face.

He's getting too big for his britches (Thinks he's mighty smart).

He couldn't see beyond the nose on his face (Did not consider the future).

The chimney leans towards Moates'.

I'll slap the taste out of your mouth.

I love you better than a pig loves slop.

I'll be a suck-egg dog (an exclamation)!

So dirty he took five baths before he found his underwear.

When the prices go up, they come in by telegraph. When they go down, they come in by oxcart (native philosophy).

Times are so good now in Southport a rabbit crossed the street with only two men chasing it.

Made a bee line---went straight to.

Aggravatin', pesterin'---bothering.

Air---are.

A piece---a ways.

Ary---any.

Bait---fill (to eat a "bait" was to eat a fill).

Biggety---stuck up, snobbish.

Bitty---little.

Blood in his eye---angry.

Boo Johnny---cold.

Booger---ghost.

Bull headed, mule headed---stubborn.

Cam---calm.

Cane skimmin's---top off syrup.

Case knife---table knife.

Craved---wanted badly.

Corn shucks---husks of corn.

Cuttin' with a big ax---things going the right way.

Dad burned! (an exclamation).

Didn't jolt a freckle---didn't disturb.

Druther---I'd rather.

Et---ate.

Fetch---bring.

Fit---fought.

Fixin' to do---starting to do.

Gall---nerve.

Gallivantin', gaddin'---roaming for pleasure.

Gander shanked---long thin legs.

Git shut of---get rid of.

Gittar---guitar.

Grubbin'---digging.

Hant---ghost.

Have a seat---sit down.

Hell bent for leather---(moving fast).

Het up---angry.

Hippin's---diapers.

Histed---lifted.

Hit the hay---go to bed.

Hit---it.

Holler---to yell or call out.

Kin---relatives.

Lickity split---in a hurry.

Live long day---all day.

Lug---carry.

Make a crop---grow a crop.

Make a stab---try, make an attempt.

Mosey---stroll or walk slowly.

Nag---fuss--or horse.

Nary---none, no one, no.

Nigh---near.

Passel---bunch, lot.

Pickeyunish---"choosey," hard to please.

Pony up---pay up.

Plumb---very, entirely.

Poke---walk slowly.

Posey---flower.

Pretty---a plaything, something nice.

Pretty porely---feeling bad.

Prickly pear---cactus.

Prissy---over proud.

Pummie pile---refuse from cane.

Put in his two-cent piece---enter into an argument which is none of his business.

Right smart---whole lot.

Running after---showing marked attention to.

Satisfied---confident, sure.

Set your cap---attract an admirer.

Shore---sure or surely.

Skeeny Meetchel and Bloody Bones---boogers, ghosts.

Skedaddle---run away quickly.

Slouching out---not taking care of.

Smack dab---exactly.

Sorry---worthless.

Sot---drunkard.

Soured on---taken a dislike to.

Spindly---thin.

Stickers---sand spurs, burrs.

Store bought---ready made.

Stuck on---interested in.

Tote---carry

Traipsin'---walking.

Vittles, grub, rations---food.

Y'all---you all.

Young 'uns---young ones, children.

Summary

The lives of the pioneers in West Florida were very simple. They built their homes of logs and furnished them with handmade furniture. For food they lived "off the land"--hunting, fishing, and farming. Some of the favorite dishes then as now were hominy, hoe-cake, "cracklin'" bread, corn pone, haslet stew, and sause.

The pioneers were very hospitable people--strangers were never turned away from their doors; in fact, they kept them just as long as possible. The dress of the pioneer was of the simplest materials and usually "homemade." These early settlers married young, and with little foresight. Death they accepted as stoically as they did life.

In spite of the isolation and hardships of these people, there was a lighter side to their life. One practical way of amusing themselves was by combining work and play in the "house raisings," "log

rollings," "quilting bees," and "cane grindings." "Camping out" also afforded much pleasure and sometimes proved profitable when berries were picked and canned.

Holidays and special occasions called for much celebrating. This was done most often with a picnic at which time games were played and contests engaged in.

Shows were rare, but entertainments were given in the schoolhouses. There were debates, spelling bees, box suppers, cake cuttings, and candy drawings.

Parties were called "plays" or "play parties." At these, singing games were played. "Frolics" were frequent with dancing done to "fiddle" tunes.

The Bay and Gulf offered much for the recreation of the people. There were boating parties, outings, swimming, "floundering," and turtle egg hunting. In addition to these amusements, the people enjoyed flower picking, all day sings, and shooting matches. Today, two traditional picnics--May 28 and Pioneer Picnic--are held each year.

The early settlers were craftsmen of no mean ability. They made not only their houses and furniture, but also their tools, boats, and ornaments. Many articles were made from pine straw, moss, palmettoes, shells, and fish scales. Patchwork quilts with their many designs illustrate the artistic ability of the pioneer women.

The frontiersmen had a language all their own. Their means of

expressing themselves was often colorful and picturesque. Many of these words can be traced to the mountain regions of the South and from there back to an early English origin.

CHAPTER VIII

STORIES OF THE OLD SETTLERS

The following stories have been collected from old settlers and descendants of early pioneers of the Bay section. These consist of factual experiences, tall tales, stories, and legends that have been handed down by oral transmission from generation to generation. There has been no special grouping of these stories, other than the writer's attempting to put in sequence those tales which seem to have relationship to each other.

A Story of Long Ago[1]

The following was translated from a report of a Spaniard, and is in possession of the Dekle Land Company, four miles south and east of Chipley.

"A Flashing, Thundering Spring on a Hill in Florida in the Long Ago"

I was captured by the Indians soon after the settlement of St. Augustine and kept 3 years in the wild woods of Western Florida. I was out hunting game when I was surrounded by 40 or 50 Indians near the bank of the Apalachicola river where we were under the Spanish flag.

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[1] Panama City Pilot, June 19, 1924. The mistakes in spelling, punctuation, and construction are those of the translator and not those of this writer. Here and in other quoted stories of this chapter, the story is not set in and single spaced in order to facilitate the ease of reading it.

Soon the incoming Indian hunters told bad tales of the earth on fire. I thought it a volcano and tried to tell them of old Vesuvius in Italy, then nothing would do but I had to go with them to see. We went three days a little North of West. From a big bluff on the Apalachicola river bluff on the East side, the second night we saw a great flash that seemed to me to be lightning from a cloud. The guide hunter who was leading us said we were getting on dangerous earth. I felt the earth tremble a little but felt no fear of danger. I saw the leader was scared.

We went on and about 11 o'clock next morning we got into a great fog of smoke and it smelt like leather burning. Soon we got to the fire and it was a liquid running down a hollow slew on fire; the liquid looked like syrup, a dark red color and smelt vicious bad. This red liquid was oozing out of a hill top of rocks in several places, and there seemed to be a deadly gas in the air. We could not go on top of the hill. This gas made us fainty, so we camped a mile North that night and sometime near the middle of the night a great explosion occurred on this hill, and for over an hour it seemed that the whole elements were on fire and a great rising sound on the hill. Soon everything hushed and all was quiet and light of the fire died down. Next morning we went still closer up and this liquid was still oozing up and running down slew ways east and west burning as it went, all at the twinkling of an eye another great explosion came and this deadly gas caught on fire and it looked like the fire rolled up to the

heavens for a short while and all got quiet again. We then saw the great sand stones come out at each explosion, very large flat slabs of coarse sand rock. By this time we had got not so 'fraid of it, and we had to kill game so we stayed there near it 8 days and every time it exploded out came a big flat stone, very large, and the flashes of gas would light up the hills at night as far as I could see. So many big sand stones were hurled out and a white looking slush. The earth would quake every time a big stone was thrown out. At last the hole that the rock came out of stopped up and all quieted down and the burning liquid also stopped coming out but the hill was still spewing out this deadly gas in places. We called it Pine Tar Hill. The hill was long North and South with rock on it. South of this Pine Tar Hill was another hill. Pine Tar Hill had only a few little pines and no under growth and the country was open grass covered land for a long way off. Several miles South was a green low mountain in hills and springs, a beautiful oakland ash and hickory, fine for game and wild beast and thousands of wolves.

I never saw Pine Tar Hill any more, but the hunters said they did, it was all quiet and these sand stones laying on the earth 20 feet long. I always wanted to know more about this red liquid burning so good. I think this hill is 40 or more miles West of the big bluff on Apalachicola river.

Farewell,

Hosa Matanza

George W. Surber says he has heard about such a place as this and locates it as being at the head of East Bay. He says limestone slabs can be seen lying all around on the ground.

Indian Massacre[2]

During a storm in the Gulf, a boat had gone ashore at Phillips Inlet. The people were digging it out when they were attacked by Indians. The leader, Indian Joe, went up to the people and pretended that he wanted to barter with them. The Indians caught these people unaware and massacred them all.

The Tallahassee Sentinel of January 23, 1844, publishes the same story in a more detailed form. The story, in part, tells us that Henry A. Minis, a man named Lorrimer, and a crew were taking a boat to Apalachicola. Their vessel ran on a sand bank, causing them to remain there several days. Some Indians visited them, pretending at first to be friendly. After several visits, however, they became hostile and attempted to murder the whites. It is supposed, in fact, there is no doubt, that Sayers, a member of the crew, was murdered. Lorrimer was left for dead by the Indians when they followed in pursuit of Minis. Fortunately for Lorrimer, after the Indians left sight of him, he succeeded in making his escape into a swamp. After having

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[2]Told by Judge Ira A. Hutchison, a pioneer settler, December 31, 1949.

suffered from his wounds, hunger, and fatigue for five days, he accidentally found Mr. Tucker's place at the head of Choctawhatchee Bay. A small scout went in pursuit of the Indians but without success. They found where the Indians had murdered a Negro girl belonging to Mr. Minis.

According to a letter written to the Pensacola Gazette, November 17, 1847, by a settler in Holmes Valley, an old Indian called "Joe" was supposed to have been the chief leader in this affair. This letter was written at about the time Indian Joe was killed by King.[3]

Death by Indians[4]

When my[5] father and family came to the Econfina country they were accompanied by others. Among these were Elijah Robbins, family, and slaves from Virginia, Josiah Jones and son who was married, and the Reverend Soliden. In 1840, Jones' wife, who was a Robbins, was killed by the Indians. Squire Robbins lived to the rear of my house. Mrs. Jones was killed about two miles above there. Beathem, with a couple of friendly Indians and Steve Richards, was sent out to gather in the wandering Indians, preparatory to their removal to the Indian territory.

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[3]Panama City Pilot, January 3, 1924. As told in an article by F. W. Hoskins.

[4]West, St. Andrews, Florida, p. 54. From the reminiscences of William Augustus Gainer.

[5]"I," "we," "me," "our," "my," and "you" in these stories refer to the teller of the story or the person he is speaking to and does not refer to the writer.

Richards, with some trusty Indians, secured a small number of Coacoochee's band and took them to Blountstown. When passing Major Jones' home, he gave them dinner. Some eight or ten days after this some Indians, supposed to have been the party that Richards took to Blountstown, returned and killed Mrs. Jones. She was buried half a mile northwest of where I live.

Death of Indian Joe[6]

Not long before my visit to the Bay, in 1848, old Chief Joe had been killed and the Reverend Mercer gave me a full account of it. Joe was a Seminole chief who lived at the head of the sound on the road leading from St. Josephs Bay and Apalachicola to St. Andrews. A man by the name of King had been to Apalachicola and was returning to St. Andrews, having his gun upon his shoulder and a roll of calico upon his back. King passed old Joe and his son, a boy about sixteen years of age, and spoke to them as he passed. It is supposed that Joe wanted the roll of calico for when King was a short distance from him, Joe fired at him and the ball struck the roll of cloth and King fell. King recovered his footing, turned upon Joe, and fired at but missed him. They drew their knives, and King struck Joe on the head with his; Joe grappled him; King threw him to the ground, but Joe got on top. King rose with him, and threw him again. About this time old

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[6]Ibid., p. 55. From Dr. J. W. Keyes' reminiscences on the last Indian killed in this section.

Joe's son ran up and Joe said, "Thwalka." The boy turned and ran. King found Joe's strength was failing; so disengaged himself and took to his heels. Some days after, King and some of his companions returned to the scene of conflict and found Joe but a few paces from where King had left him--dead. King's knife had penetrated to Joe's brain. A year later the skeleton of Chief Joe was gathered and taken to Ireland, and now stands in a glass case in the museum of the University at Dublin, marked "Seminole Indian Chief Joe. Presented by Mr. Edmond Blood."

Another pioneer, George W. Surber, tells the story a little differently. His version follows.

A man by the name of King had been to Apalachicola trading and was coming home on the Jackson Trail, the old military road, with a bolt of cloth on his back. Two Indians--Joe and his boy--attacked him, shooting at him, and he ran. Indian Joe gave chase, and when King crossed the branch, the Indian caught him. They started wrestling. King threw the Indian every time. King tried to get his knife, and when he finally managed to do so, he cut the Indian across the stomach and his entrails ran out. Joe caught his stomach and said something to the boy in their own language and the boy ran. King went on to Masslieno's place on Red Fish Point. He was carrying the Indian's cap which was recognized as that of Joe, a renegade Indian. They went back to the place where the attack had been made, and there lay Indian Joe, dead. The body was put on the counter of the drugstore

in Old Town where it lay as a showpiece until they finally disposed of it.

The old timer was not clear on just what was done with the body. When asked, he said, "They buried it, I guess."[7]

Description of the Storm of 1856[8]

While my father's family were at his Old Town residence in the summer of 1856, there came a very violent storm which lasted for quite a while, but the worst of it was from about four in the afternoon, through the night and until daybreak the next day, when the wind changed somewhat, but the water stood in a floodtide for perhaps twelve hours longer. During the storm the bluff was washed away right up to the houses of my father, of Mr. Felix Long, and of Mr. Godwin, and it was thought if the storm had lasted six hours longer, these houses would have been carried completely away. As it was, the steps at my father's were undermined and one pillar of the house washed out, and the bluff washed into the Bay, changing the width of the beach and the depth of the water in front and necessitating the removal of these houses back from the edge of the bluff for some distance.

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[7]Interview with George W. Surber, pioneer, Pretty Bayou, St. Andrews, August, 1949.

[8]West, op. cit., p. 44. Told by Thomas J. Dickson, son of Marmaduke N. Dickson, early pioneer.

The Hurricane of 1856[9]

Here Mrs. Joyner tells the story as it was told to her by one of her people, the Bakers, who lived here at this time.

For days fishermen had been watching the skies and barometer. It was hurricane season and the men's interpretation of the skies sent a feeling of expectant danger through all the people of the town.

One evening it was so hot and sultry that the wise old sea-dogs shook their heads, saying something would happen before morning. About midnight a terrible wind came up and grew worse steadily. By daybreak the people living along the shore saw the water had risen very high. Then all communication was cut off, both with the outside world and the next door neighbor. Families settled down to wonder whose house was going next--and the boats, their main source of earning bread, was another source of worry.

The wind seemed to roar louder, but a momentary lull gave me courage to look out of the front door. Pushing with all my weight, I managed to open it a few inches. A large four-masted schooner was perched in my front yard. Even in that moment I prayed she would stay where she was. Timber was to be seen everywhere. And then the wind blew the door shut. Toward night the wind began to die out and the hurricane passed on its way. Morning revealed striking things. Our front yard was a sharp bluff down to the water. The bluff had been

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[9]As told by Mrs. Ethel Joyner, January, 1936.

washed back fifty feet, and the schooner still sat high and dry. Fish houses and homes were gone.

Pirates[10]

Legend states that favored beaches, like that of Smack Bayou, were used by the freebooters of the Gulf to careen and clean their vessels. This was done when these pirates were preying upon the richly laden Spanish ships en route from Mexico to Spain, carrying their booty, the proceeds of robbery of the native temples, and of compulsory donations by the Indians.

Lorenz Treasure[11]

An old Swiss, Eugene Lorenz, lived alone on Pretty Bayou. He had squatter's rights here and did a little truck farming. He was well educated but rather mysterious, as little was known about him. He wanted me to go gold mining with him in California and seemed to take a liking to me in general.

When Mr. Lorenz died, it was believed that he had hid his money some place on his property. I was with him when he died, and he seemed to want to tell me something and tried to draw a map for me. He stopped when others came in. Treasure hunters have dug the entire land

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[10]West, op. cit., p. 9.

[11]Told by George W. Surber, December 29, 1949.

over, but no money has been found so far as anyone knows.

Buried Money[12]

Toon and I went visiting Mrs. Hawk Stephens, a widow who got a small pension. We found no one at home. In going through the yard, Toon found a baking powder can which seemed rather heavy. She picked it up, shook it, and it rattled. She took the lid off and saw something tied in a rag inside. The chickens had scratched the can up from where it had been buried by a peach tree. We were scared we might be accused of robbing so we put the can back and left. Hawk Stephens, her husband, had always buried a little money all over the place.

Captain Blood[13]

In the olden time the mail was brought on horse from Marianna once a week. In the winter of '41, or spring of '42, there began to arrive in the mail, the London Times, the Limerick Chronicle, Punch, the three British Reviews and other magazines; the North American Review and the Daily New York Herald. Week after week they came, with letters from London, Dublin, New York, and New Orleans.

One fair day a neat little sloop of about a ton and a half came gracefully up from the Pass with one man on board. Major Armstead was

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[12]Told by Mrs. George W. Surber, December 29, 1949.

[13]West, op. cit., pp. 37-39. Reminiscences of Dr. J. W. Keyes, pioneer settler.

keeping the hotel, and to him the master of the sloop applied for board and lodging for one month. He registered as David R. Blood, and proved to be the party to whom the mail matter above mentioned was addressed.

Before the month expired Mr. Blood concluded to remain another month, and one of Major Armstead's daughters had named the black-coated sloop, Widow, and dubbed the owner "Captain." No small boat ever sailed the waters of St. Andrews Bay, or resident upon the beach became more widely known than the Widow and Captain Blood. It was my good fortune to become intimately acquainted with Captain Blood, for his visit of one month lengthened into twelve years. Taken by large he was the completest man I have ever known. He was about six feet three inches tall, broad-chested, no surplus flesh; indeed, physical perfection. He was a fine scholar, fluent in French and acquainted with other languages. He seemed to have read everything, to have been everywhere, and to have personally inspected all that there was worth seeing in Europe, England, and America. He was a skillful workman in copper, iron and wood, and had tools of all kinds. He had philosophical instruments, chemical apparatus of every description, was a keen sportsman and had every gun from an air gun to a cannon and mortar.

So enthused he became with St. Andrews that he bought two lots next beyond where Governor Clark is buried, and built thereon a very unique house. I should like to describe that house, but for the space it would take.

He told me that he had lived all about the Mediterranean, France, England, and all along the Atlantic Coast of the United States; on the West India Islands, Key West, Mobile, New Orleans, etc., and nowhere had he found a place equal in beauty, better for health, or comparable for climate with St. Andrews.

Captain Blood being connected in some way with a law suit in England, left St. Andrews in 1857. I was then living in Montgomery. He called to see me, bringing me some rare old books. That was the last time I saw him. Some months after, I received a letter from him at Malta, where he said he had located and had his boats, his gardens, his shooting gallery etc. Some time in 1865 I received from him a long letter with his photograph. He ended his letter by saying: "Well, Doctor, if I were not so far on the shady side of seventy I would go back to our old bay and invite you to come and live with me."

Legend of Shell Point[14]

There is a piece of land jutting out into St. Andrews Bay called Shell Point. It is so named because the Indians built a marsh up into a point by throwing oyster shells there continuously. Important meetings of the tribe and their feasts were always held on this man-made land.

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[14]Told by M. S. Day, pioneer, St. Andrews, January, 1936.

Suddenly into the midst of peaceful Indian life there came white men. The point was a good location, and they were hunting a place to build a home. The white men landed and took possession of the place. The Indians fought bravely against terrific odds but were finally driven back into the marsh. The white men triumphantly set about building a house--a nice one. But when they began living in it, the Indian tribe came from the lowlands every night, beating tom-toms and marching around and around the house.

The Indian tribe became extinct, and the white men who built the house died, but the ghosts of the Indian tribesmen still come from the marsh and beat their tom-toms when anyone tries to spend the night on the point, even though the old house has long since been in ruins.

Phantom Schooner[15]

A fishing crew went into an old deserted lime kiln at Shell Point to spend the night. During the night they were awakened by a strong gale. They could hear a schooner sail up with the sails "a-poppin'." When they went out to look, it was perfectly calm--no sign of wind. No sign of schooner, either.

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[15]Told by George W. Surber, August 6, 1949, who was told this experience by Theophilus Thompson, another "old timer."

How Shell Point Was Named[16]

I have heard old man Hawk Stephens say that the oyster shells from which the point gets its name came from the time when a Spanish schooner sailed into the Bay and canned a ship load of oysters.

The House That Sank[17]

Years ago this part of the country was the source of the salt supply of the South. Men came here and built homes to live in while they were making salt from the Bay water. Such a home was built on a point near the location of the present site of Hathaway Bridge, which crosses St. Andrews Bay. Because of the season of the year the owner and his family had gone up into Georgia. The season referred to is September, when hurricanes sometimes rage over the entire coast of the present Bay County. That year a storm came, and the entire coast of the present Bay County was changed. In those days the hurricanes seemed to be much stronger than they are now-a-days. When the owner came back, the house was gone.

Not so many years ago a man was rowing on a clear morning and thought he saw sidewalks and a building on the bottom of the Bay. Rather excited he summoned a diver who went down to explore, finding the man to be right. The house was still in perfect condition and was

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[16]Told by George W. Surber, August 6, 1949. He says this story cannot be true since canning was not done in those days.

[17]Told by E. S. Day, pioneer, St. Andrews, January, 1936.

completely furnished. The sidewalks around it were in place. Evidently, the land sank and the hurricane water rushed over the house which can still be seen on clear days in the bottom of the Bay.

Sunken City[18]

An old timer, Sim Stephens, now dead, fully believed that there was a city which was sunk beneath the waters of the Bay. He was not the only one to believe this story. A local writer, Joso Lipes, hearing this legend, featured it in a story he wrote at that time. It is said that a person can still see a shell road across the Bay. Local residents have seen this road. Hawk Masslieno, an old Negro resident, said that he had seen the doors and chimneys of some of the houses on clear calm days.

Another resident[19] says he has sounded across the Bay on the road which seems to be paved. He says there is a lighter streak here across the Bay. One resident said that he had hung an anchor on a house. Judge Hutchison says undoubtedly there was something here--probably an old derelict vessel, maybe even one from the old English city of Wells.

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[18]Told by George W. Surber, August 7, 1949. The teller did not believe this story at all. Neither did Jack McKeithan. When questioned about it by the writer, he said, "Just talk--nothing to it." August 9, 1949.

[19]Hiram Surber, son of George W. Surber, August 7, 1949.

Tale of the Island[20]

I once heard an old lady say that she hated the water in stormy weather. On being asked the reason, she related the "Tale of the Island" to me.

It seems that her brother and about five other men went out to the island to fish. This small piece of land was about an acre square and was located in the middle of the Bay. Since the Bay is only about four miles wide, the island could be seen plainly from the shore. The day was a lovely one, and all of the boats went out on the Bay or Gulf to fish, one by one.

Suddenly a cloud darkened the brightness of the day, a strong wind came up, and the water became terribly rough. As the tide came higher, the women rushed out to look for the boats--all were in the Gulf and could not risk coming in through the Pass, except the men on the island whose boat was seen drifting. The men were waving their arms frantically. The women, helpless without boats, stood on the shore watching, praying for something to save the men from their fate.

The rushing water washed the island away. The men, now waist deep in water, joined hands and seemed to be praying. A last large wave took them out of sight.

The storm cleared and the high tide went down, but the island was gone. Only the shallow depth of the water in that spot remains to tell the tale.

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[20]Told by Mrs. A. D. Weller, pioneer, Panama City, January, 1936.

The Fate of the Old Pilot Station[21]

Years ago out near what is known as the Old Pass into St. Andrews Bay, there was an island on which the Pilot Station was built. There were three pilots. Two of them always stayed on the island, while the other one spent a while with his family. Several times the two men who were there noticed that the island seemed to sink in certain places at times. It was so gradual that they only laughed and believed it was their imagination. However, one morning the two men awoke to hear the water sloshing under them. Hurriedly dressing, they went out to find that the whole island had sunk. A calm clear bay was not one foot from the floor of the house. The men immediately got into their boat and left. Workmen had time to move the station, but the water gradually became deeper and deeper in that spot.

Sink Hole[22]

A journey from Panama City to Econfina used to be an all day affair, and if one was late getting started, he was likely to have to spend the night along the road. As a man had been caught this way, he stopped, tied his horse to a tree, and made himself comfortable in the back of the wagon. Now the surface of the earth has a way of

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[21]Told by E. S. Day, pioneer, St. Andrews, February, 1936.

[22]Told by E. S. Day, pioneer, St. Andrews, March, 1936.

sinking in that region and forming bottomless pools of water in time. The man woke with a start just as dawn was breaking to find himself, wagon, and mule sinking. The ground around the tree had sunk! Quickly taking in his position, the man saw that he could not save his mule or wagon; so he climbed the slowly sinking tree, and just as the top sank below the level of the ground, he jumped off, safe and sound.

Fate of a Fishing Smack[23]

One time not many years ago, a fishing smack tried to go through the Pass on a stormy day. Huge waves washed the tiny vessel on the bar, and she had tipped halfway over before help could be had. Men went out in launches and finding they could do nothing with the waves beating against the ship, sent for a tug from Pensacola.

The tug came and worked all night. Men on the smack pumped water out of the vessel until only pure sand came through the pumps. The tug pulled, and a freak gust of wind turned her sideways to the smack, and another gust of wind pulled the tiny tug over. Men jumped into launches and went ashore. There they could only stand helpless while the merciless water beat both ships to pieces. At low tide most of the tug still shows above the water.

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[23]Told by A. D. Weller, pioneer, Panama City, February, 1936.

Battle and Bombardment of Old Town[24]

Fed Dennis and Hawk Stephens, two early residents of this section, were both in the battle which took place between men from the Federal bark Roebuck and Robinson's Confederate forces on the site of Clark's house at Old Town during the Civil War. Official records do not give the names of either one, but old pioneers say that they most certainly were with the Federal men. Fed Dennis was wounded in this battle and received a pension from it. According to the pioneer, who had heard Fed Dennis tell all about it, the "Yankees" were tricked into coming ashore. They were told by a spy that a letter giving information would be left in the Old Town graveyard. When the Northern men landed, Robinson opened fire too soon. In retaliation for this bushwhacking, Old Town was bombarded. John Stephens was a boy then, and he was poling a boat along the shore with Old Man Purcell and witnessed the bombardment.

Contrary to what has been said historically, all houses in Old Town were not leveled to the ground in the bombardment. Old Man Gwaltney's house had several holes shot in it. It stood on the bluff west of the John Clark house. This house was lived in after the war. It was the only house left standing.

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[24]Information from George W. Surber, January 2, 1950.

Old Town[25]

After the Civil War, a group were picnicing on the site of Old Town. Feeling in the South was still running high against the North. Some of the men dug up the grave of Seaman Snow, a Northern sailor who had been killed and buried on the bluff at Old Town following the battle there. They took the skull and used it for target practice. Old General Miller, who was notorious for his acts of cruelty, was the "ring leader."

Walter Gainer, who was born on the Econfina in 1836, told of his experiences in the Civil War in the Panama City Pilot, July 19, 1916. Mr. Gainer stated that being acquainted with the roads and trails, he was selected by Captain Barnes, who was in command of a squad of cavalry--about fifteen in number--to pilot them to the Bay.

Reaching the point where Mr. Johnson, an old bachelor lived and which was surrounded by a mulberry grove, they looked out upon the Bay and saw a Federal gun boat sailing along between their point and Red Fish Point. The men on the boat saw them about the same time and began shelling the squad. One shell, Mr. Gainer states, cut off a mulberry tree, and the rest came rattling down all around the grove. The squad took to the woods, and no damage was done them.[26]

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[25]As told by George W. Surber, August, 1949, who heard Hawk Stephens, Charlie and John Parker tell about this incident.

[26]Panama City Pilot, July 19, 1916.

An Unusual Escape[27]

The following, the summary of a true news story, was printed in the St. Joseph Times, July, 1839, and reprinted in the St. Augustine News, August 10, 1839. On the passage of the ship Alexander from New Orleans to New York, a young lad about fourteen years of age, from a naturally frolicsome and mischievous disposition, became so troublesome in his pranks that it was threatened by the Captain if they continued that he would confine him in a cask. Our youngster took no heed, however, and at his next offense was put into the cask, which was headed up, leaving the bung hole open for air. That night a storm came up, and the cask rolled into the sea unnoticed by those aboard. Fortunately, the cask struck with the bung up. It floated for about thirty hours and was finally thrown on the beach at Cape San Blas. The boy tried to free himself but, failing to do so, gave himself up for dead. Some cows were on the beach and came up to the cask. One switched her tail in the bung hole and the lad grasped it. The cow bellowed and ran for life about two hundred yards until the cask struck a log. This freed the boy, who was found by fishermen, taken into Apalachicola, and later sent north.

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[27]Panama City Pilot, March 20, 1924. Article by F. W. Hoskins.

Peter Parker[28]

One of the most pronounced characters of East Bay was old Peter Parker. He was an exceptionally conscientous man, and his word was considered as good as a bond. He was born in Danzig, Germany, January 1, 1817; he ran away to sea when a boy and, at a very early date, located upon this coast. In the palmy days of old St. Joe, Mr. Parker had a turtle net and with his boat supplied people and hostelries of that place with turtles.

While engaged in this trade he married a Miss Porter of St. Joe, by whom he had several children. On the breaking out of the yellow fever at St. Joe in 1846, Mr. Parker was there with a load of turtles. He left at once for his home on East Bay where he lived until his death.

His home was noted for hospitality although he was a hard working man and had never accumulated a fortune. At an early date, J. M. White, the Second Territorial Representative of Florida, used to board with Mr. Parker when business or pleasure called him to the Bay. During the Civil War, Mr. Parker was back in the country teaming for the Confederacy. He died on October 13, 1892, and was buried in Parker cemetery, where his grave is marked by a monument erected by his children.

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[28] Panama City Pilot, January 23, 1908.

More About Peter Parker

The Old Man Peter Parker came to this country when St. Joseph was a flourishing city. By his own account, he is the first man to introduce salt fish on the market. He had a son named Peter Parker, known as "Little Peter Parker." Uncle Peter was a short fat man, but in his older days he "slimmed up." "By the jinks" was his favorite expression, or "I'll take you a button hole down." He talked with an accent.[29]

Peter Parker was a German sailor on a ship that was wrecked at St. Joe. He stayed there until the place was destroyed by yellow fever and helped haul brick from buildings in St. Joe to Apalachicola. He was fourteen years old when his ship went ashore and at that time he got a job doing grading work on the old St. Joseph and Iola Railroad. While doing this work, he was stricken with malaria and went to St. Joe for a quantity of quinine. He got a job cleaning up a barroom for whisky to put quinine in and sat on the sunny side of the barroom. During the yellow fever epidemic, he nursed people stricken with this disease.[30]

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[29]Told by George W. Surber, December, 1949.

[30]Told by Judge Ira A. Hutchison, December 31, 1949.

A True Panther Story[31]

These events occurred around 1844. Mr. Peter Ferdinand Parker, a native of Germany, ran away from his home in Danswig, Germany, at the age of twelve. When his boat stopped at Port St. Joe, Florida, (he had been at sea for five years) he left the ship, and stayed on in Bay County.

He later met and married a widow who owned most of the land now known as Parker, Florida. They built a home and Mr. Parker hauled fish and oysters to Marianna, Florida. He used mules and wagons for these trips through unpaved roads and unsettled country. Having been troubled with highway robbers, he was prepared one night when he saw a hand reaching in under the cover of his wagon. He reached for a large oyster knife and brought it down on the hand. It withdrew immediately, and there were no more signs of robbers, except for a bloody wagon next day where the oyster knife had struck. It always took several days or more to make these trips, and Mr. Parker had to camp at night along the way.

The Parker home was a huge one with a great hall running full length down the middle. Glass windows were a rarity in this country in those days, and this house was said to be among the first on the Bay to have them. Even the rooms opening into the hall had tall glass windows in them. Candles were placed under large glass

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[31]As told by Mrs. Agnes Burkette, Panama City, August 16, 1949.

globes to provide light for the home.

One day when Mrs. Parker was expecting her husband home from one of his peddling journeys, she decided to go and meet him. She walked about two miles to what is now known as Parker Branch. There she turned back, for she discovered that a panther was trailing her. She began to run, and the panther to follow her. She threw off her bonnet, apron, shawl, whatever she could snatch off, hoping to distract the animal. It did stop at each piece, tear it to shreds, and start on after her. There were no houses, no one to help her. As she neared her home, she called to a Negro woman who was keeping her children, to take them into the house. She ran into the hall, into a room and slammed the door. As she did so, the panther was right behind her on the porch.

People in those days always owned several large fighting dogs. The Parkers owned two, and they immediately went after the panther and a battle was on; in the hall, in the yard. The dogs had the advantage in the hall, but in the yard the panther got the upper hand, as he was able to grip his claws in the ground. Finally, the dogs retreated to the hallway, and the panther stayed in the yard. For about one-half hour it screamed for its mate. Scream after scream; and getting no response, it left.

When Mr. Parker returned and heard the story, he went out to trail the animal the next morning. About a mile away, he found the panther in a tree and shot it. After examining the hide, he found

that the dogs had fought well, for the hide was badly lacerated.

So ends this true story. For as long as the Parker house stood, the hall floor carried the scars left by the panther's claws.

Another Panther Story[32]

I got up here one morning about three o'clock, loaded both barrels of my shot gun, and went out in the woods to roost a turkey--if you could make a turkey gobble, you could get under the tree and kill him. When I got out there the morning star was just rising. I went on out across a titi branch. Just as I crossed over into the titi head, a panther hollered in the branch right where I had just crossed. I backed out into the open where it had been burnt off, backed up against a tree, and cocked my gun. He stayed in there for about five minutes, but it sounded like a half hour to me. He was hollering, but didn't come out. If he had--or anything else--I'd a shot it with both barrels. I heard a turkey gobble in the swamp, but wouldn't go in after him. I stayed there until daylight and then came home. This happened in the late 1890's.

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[32]Told by George W. Surber, April 7, 1950.

Jaguar Story[33]

Old Man Fed Dennis and Hawk Stephens killed a jaguar in these parts. The dogs ran that thing around and around the swamp and finally treed it. Fed and Hawk went in, and Fed shot it with one barrel of his gun, a combination rifle and shot gun. The jaguar would growl and slap the tree, dragging off six feet of bark with its claws. Finally, it fell out of the tree, and Fed shot it in the back. They brought the animal back to Old Town and decided to feed the meat to the dogs. A summer resident saw it, thought it was venison, and bought some of it. When asked later how it tasted, he said it was the finest eating he'd ever had. This took place before the Civil War.

An Encounter with a Wildcat[34]

I was coming down the Bay with a load of cedar posts. My dog was laying in the bow of the boat when I heard a wildcat in the rushes. The dog jumped out, and there was a terrible fight. I heard the dog howl and thought that the cat was killing my dog. I wanted to get my dog; so I reached out to pull him in the boat. I got hold of the cat instead. He bit a hole in my hat, but I got both feet on his head and got him "fouled." Then I got my knife out and opened it with my teeth and stabbed the cat in the heart. I went on to Bay Head.

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[33] Id.

[34] As told by Manse Mashburn, 81 years old, only man living on his original homestead, Bear Creek.

Captain Ware put the cat, which was stiff by this time, on the counter and invited all the women to come look at the wild cat I'd killed with my pocket knife.

A Case of Mistaken Identity[35]

In the latter 1800's a Negro woman was washing when a panther came into the yard. The dogs jumped on it, and the fur really flew. The woman thought it was another dog and took the battling stick used for beating clothes to it. The animal jumped into the pig pen, picked up a shoat, and jumped over the fence with it. When the Negress saw what it really was, she fainted.

Uncle Ed Mashburn and the Bear[36]

Uncle Ed Mashburn came down from Alabama in a covered wagon and went out on a bear hunt. The dogs went into the swamp and bayed a bear. He had a bulldog tied to the wagon that they said could catch anything. When the bulldog got loose and ran in, the bear got him and pulled the steel collar over his head. The dog ran and never would catch anything again. Uncle Ed skinned the bear, arms and all. He put the skin on and said it made a good overcoat.

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[35]Told to the writer by George W. Surber, who heard it from Van McClellan, now deceased.

[36]Told by George W. Surber, who heard Ed Mashburn, another old timer, tell it.

Other Bear Experiences[37]

Old Man Hawk Stephens was the oldest and biggest bear hunter in this country. One time he killed a bear with just a "light'ard" knot. He was coming down the Bay in a boat with one old musket loaded with three buckshot. He had been shooting at otter. He saw a bear pulling up palmetto buds. Old Man Hawk said, "Let me have that gun an' I'll shoot him 'twixt the eyes." He shot one toe off. The bear grabbed the toe and began to suck it. Hawk grabbed the "light'ard" knot and knocked him in the head.

Hawk said he had as much as two thousands pounds of bear meat smoked and hanging in his smoke house. He also had thirty or forty gallons of bear grease, and a barrel of smoked turkey breast. Hawk Stephens was one of the earliest settlers in this section. He killed so many bears in one blueberry patch--bears like blueberries--that he had a road worn where he had hauled the meat out. Old Man Hawk said he'd rather go into a swamp where dogs had a bear bayed than a wild hog. He said it wasn't nearly so dangerous.

The Holleys and Sowells killed fourteen bears in one season across the Bay at the Gulf beaches. Old Man Strange up on East Bay got a bear drunk on honey and rum, then caught and killed him.[38]

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[37]Told by George W. Surber, who heard Old Man Hawk Stephens tell many of his experiences.

[38]Interview with Judge Hutchison, August 9, 1949.

Mac Winslett found a bear in his smokehouse on Red Fish Point.[39]

A Bear Hunt[40]

My father and uncle were bear hunting at Indian Branch on Little Bear Creek. The dogs were baying a bear, and the bear forced my father up a tree. He called Uncle Henry to come kill the bear, but my uncle went home for help. When the dogs got close, the bear moved and my father came down, tied the gun stock with his shoestring, and went after the bear. He had the bear killed and skinned when help came.

Catching Deer Alive[41]

Old Man Hawk Stephens once caught a deer with his hands. The deer fought him to the last. He was on a deer stand, and his brother was making the drive with dogs. Hawk saw the deer coming and reached out and grabbed it by the horns. The deer fought so hard Hawk's clothes were torn to rags. He managed to get his knife out of his pocket and cut the deer's throat. Then he had to hold it till it bled to death. Another time Old Man Holley caught a wounded deer and had to hold it

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[39] As told by George W. Surber, December, 1949.

[40] As told by Manse Mashburn, Bear Creek.

[41] As told by George W. Surber, December, 1949.

till it died. He had a hatchet and said he would have given anything to have been able to get it out.

A Deer Hunt[42]

Around 1900, we--McCall, Van McClellan, Dan Nixon, Sam, and me--went down in the schooner Brilliant to the head of Crooked Island for a hunting trip. We divided into two groups--Sam and McCall in one bunch, me, Van, and Little Dan in the other. McCall killed one deer, and the dogs chased another one off; we lost the dogs for awhile. Me and Little Dan wanted to cross the pond, but Van said, "No, sir, gentlemen, we won't try to cross there. You don't see no long leafed pine there." Long leafed pines grow on high ground. We come back and camped for the night. Next day was Sunday, and as most of the bunch were church members, they wouldn't hunt deer on Sunday. Instead, they took the dogs over on the island to fox hunt.

I took old Brigham Young, my deer hound, hunting. I went where we'd been the day before. Old Brigham Young went into a place and "jumped" (took up scent of deer). He never "opened" (barked) till he "jumped." I run back instead of running ahead and saw two big deer running off. I raised my sights on the Winchester a notch or two, but 'twas three notches really. I shot and I saw one deer fall, but he

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[42] Id.

got up and run off, with Brigham after him. I went back to camp to get the other dogs.

Van was cooking supper on the schooner. He said, "As soon as the boys come off the island, we'll take the dogs and put 'em up." (Trail with the other dogs.) We had McCall's dog, Old Bart, and Van's dogs, Old Rattler, and Old Poodler. We went to where I shot the deer and instead of tying some of the dogs up, we turned all of 'em loose and they went off "opening"--but leading towards camp. I was about four miles from camp when I shot the deer.

Pretty soon we heard old Rattler back trailing and "opening." We turned her round and put her on the trail. We got within a hundred yards of the deer, and she stopped. We heard the dickens of a dog fight ahead. We went on to that spot. Old Brigham Young was standing across the deer he had killed, whipping all dogs that come near. We carried the deer on poles back to camp. Brigham Young had chased the deer nearly back to camp. The deer had only one leg broken.

Brigham Young was a mighty smart dog and trained to top notch. He could go in a swamp, count the deer, come back, and mark the number on the ground with his nose.

An Evening's Outing[43]

The following experience was told by Captain Stephen W. Anderson, who came to North Bay in 1855, to a representative of the Panama City Pilot, November 28, 1907.

Captain Anderson noticed at a burn the signs of a deer and at the edge thereof found a bee tree. As huckleberries were then ripe thereabouts, the Captain proposed that he hitch up his horse to the Jersey wagon and taking their supper, he and his wife go out and gather berries and bees and honey from the bee tree. When darkness came on, they would get some venison. In due time, the berries were picked, the tree cut down and the bees safely hived, the honey removed to receptacles for carrying the same, and supper cooked and duly relished.

As it grew dark, he proposed starting after deer; so his wife went along with him through the darkness of the burn. He saw four deer moving along in a bunch and soon had two in range. The Captain fired and brought down both, keeping after the other two. They did not go far away; therefore, he had soon killed both of these, also. Concluding that it would require daylight to get the load of berries, bees, honey, and deer home safely, he built a fire and they lay down under the stars for a rest. When daylight came, they gathered up the results of the evening's outing and went home.

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[43] Panama City Pilot, November 28, 1907.

Alligators[44]

On a dark, rainy, stormy night, Mr. Lorenz was coming home to Pretty Bayou from St. Andrews when he saw a big alligator in the road. He threw at it to scare it off, and it hissed at him. "So I went around," he said.

The writer remembers meeting an alligator in about the same spot when she was coming home from school. She also remembers seeing some in the Bayou. Children played on slippery logs catching baby gators while the grown ones swam all round them.

Many nests were found in the Byrd Pond. The mother alligator would build them out of layers of mud and sticks, a layer of eggs, and so on. They were built close to the water so that the sun could strike them. The heat hatches the eggs. A regular business was made of hunting 'gators for their skins. The tail of the alligator was regarded by the Negroes as a great delicacy.

A Narrow Escape[45]

Around the year 1890, the two Strange girls, about thirteen or fourteen years old, were wading across a little stream that ran into Gourd Bayou, now known as Strange Bayou, at the head of East Bay.

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[44]Interview with George W. Surber, August, 1949. Cf. with Williams' account, Part I, Chapter VI, "Plants and Animals."

[45]Told by George W. Surber, May, 1950.

One had crossed, and the other had reached the bank when a 'gator grabbed her in the thigh. She grabbed the rushes growing along the edges of the stream, and her sister got a sharp stick and punched the 'gator in the eyes until he turned her sister loose. The next day her father, Old Man Bill Strange, went out and "laid" for the 'gator and killed it. It was found that the creature had lost its tail or otherwise it would have dragged the girl into the bayou and drowned her. Even without a tail, it measured nine feet.

A 'Gator Story[46]

We were camped on Crooked Island. We saw a camp fire on the mainland; so we decided we'd go over and see who was there. When we got there, we found two 'gator hunters. We got to talking about 'gators, eating them and so on. One of the men said, "What would you think of a feller that eat 'gator backbone and ribs cooked up with collard greens?" Another one replied, "I'd think he was a damned hog!"

The first one spoke up and said, "I'm the chap that eat it, and it was good."

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[46] Id.

Otter Story[47]

Peter Parker, Fed Dennis, and old Man Hawk Stephens were coming from St. Joe. There was nothing there then. One family named Richardson lived at Lighthouse Bayou. They saw two otters. Fed claimed one and shot it, but Peter Parker said, "By der jinks, I'm gonna catch mine."

He started chasing the otter, but it turned on him and chased him. Peter would yell to Fed, "Shoot him! Shoot him!" But when he was chasing the otter, he'd say, "Don't shoot him!" This kept up for some time, with first the otter chasing Peter and then Peter chasing the otter.

Finally, when the otter was close to Peter, Fed yelled, "He's turning, Peter." Peter turned around suddenly, and they both ran together. By this time the otter had had enough and started to leave. Then Fed shot him.

The Gorilla[48]

In the 1890's, Pensacola papers carried an article about a square rigged vessel that had come in to load lumber. This boat had a caged gorilla from Africa on board which they expected to sell. The

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[47]Told by George W. Surber, April, 1950.

[48]Told by Judge Ira A. Hutchison, December 31, 1949.

paper said the gorilla broke from its cage while off St. Andrews Bay Bar. After it had chased one sailor into the rigging and caused a general panic on board, one of the crew had managed to slip up behind it while it was sitting on the rail and knocked it overboard. It was last seen swimming ashore.

After reading this article, we were afraid to get out. One time a group was over on the beach hunting, and my brother got lost from the crowd. He sat down on a piece of driftwood to rest. As he was sitting there, he glanced down the beach and saw what he thought was the gorilla. In reality, it was some of the party carrying a deer. The more they waved the more my brother thought it was the gorilla. He was just about scared to death when the party finally reached him.

Old Man Jesse Sowell was out hunting when his dog struck a trail and acted mighty funny. Old man Jesse said he couldn't tell what he was trailing. He looked in the mud and saw what looked like a human hand print. He thought that might have been the escaped gorilla.[49]

Salt[50]

During the Civil War, the Southerners came down to the Bay and set up their kettles to boil the salt water from the Bay to make salt.

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[49] As told by George W. Surber, December 31, 1949.

[50] Id.

The Yankee soldiers would come in and break up the kettles. The Southerners would come back, rivet the kettles back up again, and be making salt before the Yankees were out of sight good. If the Confederates knew the Yanks were going to raid them, they would throw the kettles in the salt wells and cover them up. Parts of the sheds and kettles belonging to the salt works were standing as late as fifty years ago. I even cut up for wood one of the vats that had floated ashore on this side of the Bay not too many years ago.

In the early days salt fish was hauled up the country in wagons. All the dealers would beat the salt off the fish to make them weigh less. Then, they would make the fisherman give them enough salt to resalt the fish. One man had two sets of scales--one to buy by and one to sell by.[51]

First Trip to Saint Andrews Bay[52]

The next summer, when the regular June session of the county court convened, there was nothing to try. I adjourned the court and sat in the courtroom talking with two young lawyers, Joe Sherman and Perryman DuBose. They were complaining that law practice had dried up for

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[51] Id.

[52] Powell, I Can Go Home Again, pp. 220-227. The writer had permission to include this story. It has not been set in and single spaced, in order to facilitate the ease in reading it.

the summer. Some one made the suggestion, "Let's go on a camping trip to Saint Andrews Bay."

None of us had seen this blissful spot, but we had heard of it. Those who had been there came back to report that the Bay was the most beautiful body of water in all the land, that the Gulf beaches and waters were marvelous, that the fishing was the finest in the world, and so on until they gave out of superlatives. It lay on the Gulf of Mexico, only about a hundred miles away; but the only way to get there was in a wagon--a big, covered wagon if one were so fortunate as to be able to acquire one--or to go down the Chattahoochee River on a steamboat to Apalachicola, and from there travel seventy-five miles on the Gulf in a sailboat, if one could not catch the Tarpon, an old steamboat that made the trip occasionally.

The difficulty of the trip by wagon was that while there were long sandy roads for the first fifty miles, as far as Marianna, Florida, the roads gave out there, and the rest of the trip had to be made over unmarked trails through pine woods, primeval and practically uninhabited except by a few isolated squatters.

Nevertheless, the proposal of the trip met with a hearty response, till some one asked "Where will we get enough money to go on?" None of the lawyers had made a dollar at that term of court.

Someone suggested, "Let's go in forma pauperis," having reference to the oath a poor person is allowed to make in lieu of paying the costs to appeal a case. Someone else said he knew where he could

borrow a one-horse wagon. Another said he thought Mr. Ed Fryer would be glad to let us have old "Big John" for his feed. Old "Big John" was a large horse that had seen better days, but was then too old for livery service, though he could still pull a wagon--at a slow pace. Among us we had two bicycles.

To shorten the story: Joe Sherman, Perryman DuBose, and I borrowed "Big John" and the one-horse wagon. My brother Perry joined us: also a twelve-year-old Negro boy volunteered to go along with us as helper without pay. We got together a frying pan, a coffee pot, and a couple of quilts apiece. We had no cover for the wagon and no tent. We had lard, sugar, coffee, salt, meal, a piece of bacon, and some canned goods: and, for "Big John," a bundle of hay and some oats. We must have had matches, but I do not remember about soap. Thus, the five of us set out to be gone for from three weeks to a month. I had been in the woods enough to believe that I had sufficient trapper's instinct to pilot the party through the trails below Marianna. I sent Annie and the baby to Colquitt to stay with Miss Nellie and Mr. Bird while we were gone.

The plan was that two of us would ride ahead on the bicycles to find suitable camping places, and that the three in the wagon would follow the bicycle tracks, which was easy to do in the sandy roads. We alternated in riding the bicycles. As it was too hot to travel in the middle of the day, the bicyclists would set out about daylight and try to find a suitable camping place that Big John could reach by ten

o'clock in the morning, and about three o'clock in the afternoon to find a suitable place for the night. Thus we could make about twenty miles a day.

We lived mostly on canned goods, soda crackers, and coffee for the first three days, by which time we had passed the final outposts of civilization below Marianna. On the third night we slept in the silence of the untamed forest: and it was the most complete silence I have ever known--no sound except that of our own voices and of Big John muzzling in his feed.

Most of the country through which we passed after we left Marianna was a vast sandy area covered with a rather thin growth of yellow pines and scraggy scrub oaks. To avoid the chance of being unable to ford the large creeks, we usually went around them, by following the watershed: though occasionally, by following the trail of a wagon, we would find a crossing on a bridge which had been made by putting two large logs across the creek and laying on them a flooring of poles. Some of the creeks had but little or no swampland adjoining them, but many of the streams ran through thick growths of gum, titi, and other swamp trees and jungle bushes. There was a marked absence of all animal life--wild or domestic. The squatters' cabins, usually with a few acres cultivated around them, were miles apart. The water in all the streams was clear and drinkable, though some of it tasted slightly of sulphur.

One day we passed a one-roomed cabin with a few acres of corn

around it: and the corn was just ripe enough to make good tender roasting ears. The owner was absent but we bought a half-dozen of the roasting ears, by taking them and leaving a dime on the door step. At our next camping place, when we had fried our bacon, we cut and scraped the grains of corn from the cobs into the bacon grease in the frying pan, and fried it. The resulting mess was black and greasy, but I give you my word that I have never eaten anything that tasted better. We were all sorry that we had not taken a dozen ears.

We had fishing poles and rude tackle with us, and worms for bait. At noon on the fourth day we stopped beside a stream and Joe Sherman put hook and line on a pole, baited the hook and cast it out into the water. In a moment he was wrestling with a fish, which, when landed, proved to be an enormous shellcracker, an excellent fresh-water food fish. Soon we had a dozen. Fried fish just out of the water: corn-bread: coffee in a tin cup--what a feast we had!

We had been told that as we got toward the Bay we would have to cross Bear Creek on a bridge. There were two points at which there were bridges--the Nixon bridge, near where the highway and the railway now cross this creek, and McAlister's bridge farther west, near the place where the creek enters the Bay. As we found a pretty clear trail leading to McAlister's bridge, we took that route. In the middle of the afternoon we came to the bridge: and there we saw old man McAlister, a quaint, weather-beaten but wiry old fellow with gray hair and beard. Beside this creek, which is as deep and wide as

a river there, he had a two-story house, painted white once upon a time, with glass windows in it, and to the side and rear of it a vegetable garden and a small orchard containing ill-kept grape vines and fruit trees. Evidently he and the house had seen better days.

He heard us coming and rushed out to meet us and to welcome us. Visitors from the outside world did not come that way often. He invited us to spend the night in his house, but we told him that we preferred to camp under a large wide-spreading live oak which stood on the creek bank near his barn and wagon shed. He took us into his yard and showed us his prize possession--an artesian well which flowed a sulphur water: according to him this water was a panacea for human ills and he said he had refused an offer of seventy thousand dollars for the well. Just before nightfall he led us to a spot a few hundred yards away where in a very short time we caught a number of the largest bream I ever saw. He persuaded us to stay over next day and go fishing with him down the creek. The fishing was pretty good, but when he tried to get us to stay longer, Joe Sherman protested--Joe got mad with the old fellow because he laughed so heartily when Joe fell out of the boat and got a good ducking.

While we were there, two native youngsters, about nineteen or twenty years old, came along walking. Mr. McAlister tried to detain them, and they did stop long enough to get a drink of water, but insisted that they were anxious to get to town. In response to our question, they said that they lived at the "Deadening" up on Econfina

Creek, which from circumstantial evidence we identified as being about ten miles away: that they had never before been as far away from home as they then were: that all their lives they had heard of the town and had decided to go there and see it. It turned out that the town was Bayhead, about three miles further on, consisting of a store, a residence, and a dock running out into the bay, at which a number of small boats were usually moored.

The sand under the big live oak at McAlister's was the best soil I ever slept on. When the bedding was laid upon it, it had a way of snuggling softly up against ribs and joints, and cuddling one off to sleep. When one has had a strenuous day in the open and has topped it off with a hearty supper of big fat bream just caught out of deep, clear water and fried brown in deep fat before they had hardly quit flapping, with a hoe-cake of cornbread and strong hot coffee in a tin cup, a bed like that is a bed indeed.

We reached Saint Andrews on July 3, 1898. Here was a store where we could replenish our supplies. Here was a postoffice where we could send and receive mail. Mr. Lambert Ware, the big man of the community, who owned the store and whose sister was the postmistress, had built through the woods a telephone line to Chipley, Florida, and over this telegrams could be sent. Here was a fine grove we could camp in, with water near by.

The thing we craved most was syrup. We had failed to bring any with us, and we had been eating fish. Fish soon palls the appetite

unless there is something sweet to go along with it. Mr. Ware sold us the syrup, but we also wanted bread to eat with it, and he told us his entire supply of bread had been sent across the Bay to the West Peninsula, where a Fourth-of-July celebration was to be held next day. We showed such manifest disappointment that his sister, then Mrs. Parker, later Mrs. Gwaltney, went to her home and brought us all the bread she had--half a loaf.

We poured our tin plates full of syrup, divided the bread into five parts, not forgetting our little Negro, and proceeded to sop up the syrup with the bread. The bread was soon gone, and we were so hungry for the sweet that we licked the syrup from the plates with our tongues.

At Saint Andrews we found a large pen full of those land tortoises which we called "gophers." It is the burrowing land tortoise, which often attains more than a foot in length and a width of say ten inches, that we called the gopher: but the small burrowing rodent about the size of a rat and looking like a chipmunk with his ears clipped off, which others call the gopher, we called the salamander. There were few or no gophers or salamanders north of Blakely, but a great many of them south of Blakely, all the way to the Gulf of Mexico. We saw the gophers oftenest when they were ambling around in the woods in search of food, but they lived in winding burrows which went down about six feet into the ground. Often a rattlesnake would occupy a gopher hole with the gopher, and the two would dwell there in amity.

Occasionally a frightened rabbit would escape into a gopher hole. That was a poor refuge for the rabbit, for, if a rattlesnake did not get him first, the hunter would cut a long switch, run it down into the hole, catch it into the fur of the rabbit, twist it until a good hold upon his pelt was obtained, and then pull him out.

At Apalachicola, Saint Andrews, and other ports of call for the schooners that plied the gulf coast of northwest Florida, there were those who bought gophers and sold them to the schooners. Ships carried them in those days, as fresh meat, to prevent scurvy among the members of the crew. All over the piney woods the natives would catch the gophers and take them in carts or in sacks to Saint Andrews and sell them or barter them at Ware's store there. Mr. Justice Rivers Buford, of the Supreme Court of Florida, who was born in that country, is authority for the statement that in the old days gophers were legal tender there; that one could pay for an article with a big gopher and get back one or two little gophers in change.

We stayed in Saint Andrews about two weeks. We found excellent salt-water fishing in the Bay, in the bayous, and the best fresh-water fishing I ever saw over on the West Peninsula in the lake which was destroyed when the Government, a few years ago, built the ship canal from the Bay to the Gulf.

When we were about ready to start home, I got a message from one of my regular clients, John Callahan, a large turpentine operator living about sixteen miles south of Blakely, asking me to come back

as soon as possible to attend to a matter for him. So we left at once. We had encountered no rain thus far, but that afternoon it began to cloud up. We remembered that in the midst of the forest, about thirty miles from Saint Andrews, we had noticed on the way down a little log church, beside a small stream of clear, clean water, and we decided to stop there that night. Knowing that it would be after dark before Big John could make it there with the wagon, Perryman DuBose and I were sent ahead on the bicycles to build a large fire as a beacon to those in the wagon after it got too dark for them to follow the tracks of the bicycles.

As we approached the church, just about sundown, we saw a fire already burning in front of it, with a man, a woman, and a dozen children of various ages around it. The man asked us where we were going, and we told him, and mentioned that we had thought of camping in the church that night, in view of the impending rainfall; but that we supposed we would have to go somewhere else, as he and his family were using the church. The church did not look as if it could accommodate more than the dozen he had with him, but he assured us he would not think of having us go, that there was plenty of room for all. So we agreed to stay.

The church was less than twenty feet wide. We moved to one side the seats, which were made of pine slabs with auger holes in them, into which peg legs were inserted. The family spread their pallets on one side, we spread ours on the other, and we put the little Negro to

sleep in the pulpit. It did rain, but it cleared off during the night.

We learned that the small stream was Sweetwater Creek and that the church was the Sweetwater Hardshell Baptist Church. Little did I think then that some day I would be the pastor of that church.

The native who camped with us said he often came there with his family to sleep; that he was cutting some timber in the woods near by, and that he brought his family up there because it was so far for him to have to go home every night. We asked him how far it was to his home. He said it was three miles. Some two years later, I passed his house and looked in, and saw that his family had just as many of the comforts of life in the church as they had in the home.

I mentioned to another of the natives, whom I met later, my experience of having met this man and his family at the church and expressed surprise that a man so young as he should have so many children.

He replied, "She had all but two of 'em when he married her."

"Oh, he married a widow," I said.

"She weren't no widow," he answered laconically.

Early the next morning, I bade my fellow campers goodbys, mounted Rhadamanthus, and rode away. I was at Callahan's still, eighty miles from Sweetwater, that afternoon, and after seeing Mr. Callahan and agreeing to meet him in Blakely next morning, rode on twenty miles further to Colquitt. I spent the night there with Annie and the baby and rode to Blakely next morning in time to catch the nine O'clock

train. I had made my century on a bicycle--quite a feat, considering that it was over fisherman's trails and sandy roads.

Other Trips to the Bay[53]

I have mentioned going to Saint Andrews Bay in 1898. For the next eight years, it was an annual event. In 1899 my mother, Annie, our two babies, a colored nurse and her small child made the trip with me. I rented for a month the Doty cottage on the bluff above the Bay, and arranged with Ed Hand to meet us with his sailboat at Apalachicola and take us to Saint Andrews.

I had hardly been at the Bay a week when I got a message from my father that a matter had arisen requiring my attention. My quickest way to get home was to go on the mail launch to Wetapo at the head of East Bay and go from there with the man who carried the mail to Wewahitchka on the Dead Lake, get someone to carry me in a bateau across the lake to Iola, on the Apalachicola River, and catch the steamboat there.

Early the next morning, I set out, expecting to get to Wetapo at noon, and to Wewahitchka late in the afternoon. The launch gave out of breath just before we got to Parker's, about five miles from Saint Andrews, and we did not get away from there till late afternoon.

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[53] Ibid., pp. 236-242. Reproduced with permission.

We got to Wetapo after nightfall. The mailman had become tired of waiting and had gone home, but the postmaster told me that, if I would walk about two miles through the woods along the path he showed me, I would see a light, and that would be the mailman's home. I followed instructions, and the man I was seeking drove me to Wewahitchka, and we reached there shortly after midnight. He went to a small cottage, woke a man up, and told him that he had a passenger who wanted to be rowed across the lake.

When the old fellow came out, I was sure that it was old Charon himself. He was tall, gaunt, gray-headed, and holloweyed. He had a long, slender bateau paddle in his hand. He gave no greeting, but pointed his paddle toward the lake, and in a deep sepulchral voice said, "Let's go."

The Dead Lake was formed about a hundred years ago when the Chipola River broke through its banks and overflowed the adjacent swamps; and the waters have never receded.

That night the moon was full, and the five or six miles through which old Charon rowed me was a ghostland. In the lake's dark waters, the trunks and limbs of cypresses long since dead stood stark in the moonlight, draped in gray Spanish moss, like phantom brides shrouded in the gossamers of their wedding finery. Occasionally a large moccasin would slither from a dead limb and fall with a thud into the water. The slow, soft beat of wings told that roosting nightbirds were easing themselves away from our approach. Through this ghost-land,

old Charon paddled his bateau the whole distance, without speaking a word, not even in reply to an occasional question from me. At last, as he shoved the boat ashore, I asked him the way to Iola Landing. He merely pointed with his paddle.

I trudged along a wagon road deep-rutted in the sand, till I came to the river bank and saw a warehouse, indicating the location of the landing. Day was breaking across the river. I had not been there over five mimutes when I heard the whistle of the steamboat.

As I finished the work I had come home to attend to, I came down with an acute attack of malarial fever. I had to let Annie know why I was not returning; so I wrote her that I had a slight attack of malaria and would be delayed for a few days. The morning she got my letter, she telegraphed me, "Leaving for home by Ed Hand's boat and river steamboat."

The next morning I saw in the Atlanta Constitution a dispatch from Pensacola saying that, in the early afternoon before, the gulf coast of northwest Florida had been swept by a storm. I never saw a man get over a spell of malarial fever as quickly as I did when I saw that news item. Out of bed I came, and to the telegraph office I went. I sent a telegram to Mr. Ware at Saint Andrews, asking if they had reached there. In a short while I got a telegram from Mr. Ware stating that they had left there in Ed Hand's boat at about ten o'clock in the morning. In the afternoon came a reply from my friend in Apalachicola saying they were not there. That night I caught a steamboat going toward Apalachicola.

I told the captain of the steamboat whom I was looking for; and he told me that we would pass the upcoming boat at about noon next day. Sure enough, we had just finished lunch when we heard its whistle. As it loomed up around the bend, the first person I saw was Billy, standing with his nurse at the deck rail. I transferred from one boat to the other in midstream.

Ed Hand had seen the storm coming just as he was approaching Ladseen's Point, at the entrance to Apalachicola Bay, and had run the boat in as close as he could and anchored it just as the storm struck. He carried his passengers ashore, wading through the waves with them in his arms. The Negro woman had deserted our two children and was holding on to her child. My mother was perfectly calm in her usual implicit faith in everybody and everything, and in the protection of an ever present Providence. Storms have always frightened Annie. She put my letter into her bosom, grasped the two children, one in each arm, and, thus prepared to meet her God, stepped from the rocking boat into Ed Hand's arms.

They had to spend the night in a fisherman's shack, and made it into Apalachicola just in time to catch the outgoing boat; and that was why my friend there had not seen them.

For the next seven years we spent a part of every summer at the Bay. After the first two trips, quite a party of our friends would go with us. Frequently we had two large covered wagons and two or three buggies--a real caravan. When we went thus we usually had with

us our wives and children and two or three unmarried couples. On one or two occasions my mother went along. We had tents, and had the wagons arranged so that berths could be made down in them; yet after the first night we all slept by choice in the open air on pallets spread on the ground. No one ever got sick. Annie gave me a scolding one night because I made down our pallets under a large live oak with very thick foliage. "It is too stuffy," she complained, "and I cannot see the stars."

My daughter Frances was recently telling her five-year-old son, "Teenie," of these trips through the woods and of camping out. "Mother," he asked, "was your father an Indian?"

"He certainly was, and still is," Frances replied.

I remember these trips best for the quietude of the unbroken forests of scraggy pines and scrub oaks through which we had to travel for the last sixty miles. Many woods give forth a soft murmur or echo the chirping of birds. In these, there was only dead silence--no, not the silence of the dead, but of the yet unborn.

It was an impressive quietude, an infectious stillness. We approached the forest talking, laughing, and singing. Soon, a silence descended upon us all, as if to sing or to speak aloud would be a sacrilege. The groaning of the sand, as the iron of the tires of wagon wheels crunched into it, became a fortissimo, in contrast with the hush of the wilderness.

The young people we took along on the trip usually fell in love

before it was over and got married before the next trip came around. So often did this happen, that we had applications from several old maids to join the caravan, but we told them we were not running a home for incurables.

During this period I made a special trip to the Bay, in a buggy, to buy for a client some timber from Jack Gay, who lived on the Bay, but who owned lands in Early County. I took Clarence Alexander along with me for company. I bought the timber, and we were returning when we got to the site of Sweetwater Hardshell Baptist Church about noon. We had noticed as we went down that the church had been burned. We built a fire and were warming some lunch, when I saw one of the natives coming along the trail in a jog trot with his old musket across his shoulders. As he saw us, he halted and then came up to us.

Knowing how shy and reticent these squatters are, and yet being anxious to know how the church had been burned, I restrained myself and let him begin the conversation. I was stirring something in the frying pan and I did not stop what I was doing until he said, "Howdy"; then I looked up and said "Howdy." Nothing was said for a minute or so, and then he asked which way I had come from, and I said "Yes," and no more. He then asked if Bennett had any boards stacked in the woods, and I told him yes and opened up enough to tell him where they were across Cull branch; and then, upon his further inquiry, I expressed the opinion that two of the stacks were pretty good, but that one of the stacks had a lot of warped boards in it.

Seeing that I was not unfriendly and not inquisitive, he relaxed a little and began to talk. Upon my suggestion that perhaps he had lived there all his life, he said that he was born just across the line in Georgia, but about the time he became grown the country began to settle up too thickly, so he moved away to where he could get "more freedom"; he even went so far as to say that the reason he was inquiring as to the boards was that a man had started a settlement only a little more than a mile from where he lived, and that he didn't like to live that close to anybody, so he was thinking of moving and starting in a new place, and needed the boards to build his new house. I then broached the question of how the church was burned.

"We had er preacher," he finally confided to me, "who lived in Blountstown and preached here on the third Sunday ever month; and we had church conference ever Saddy 'fore the third Sunday. We got up a church row at the conference on the Saddy 'fore the third Sunday in Augus', and we talked all day and couldn' settle it; and it come up agin at the conference on the Saddy 'fore the third Sunday in September, and we talked all day and couldn' settle it; and we took it up agin at the conference on the Saddy 'fore the third Sunday in October, and we talked nearly all day and couldn' settle it. Late in the evenin', Brother Horn, from over on Econfina, moved a move that we set fire to the damned old church and burn her up and end of the row; and the move carried, and we put ligh'd knots under her and set 'em afire and burnt her up and ended of the row."

My friend, Ira Hutchison, the circuit judge at Panama City, that thriving port city which has sprung up on Saint Andrews Bay since the old days of which I have been speaking, is the keeper of the traditions of that section. He tells the story of the burning of the Sweetwater Church differently. He says that I passed there a few days after the church was burned and saw the congregation standing around the ashes disconsolately. To my inquiries they replied that when the church burned the pastor resigned. The deacons had gone to Vernon, the county seat, to get a permit to make communion wine (they made it of distilled corn and molasses, so the tradition goes) and the county judge had told them that if they had either a churchhouse or a pastor, he could issue them a permit, but, since they had neither, he could not do so. He says that I came forward with an immediate solution--that they should elect me pastor and I would sign the application for the permit. So I became pastor, and have never resigned; hence I am still the pastor, and they still make the wine under the permit.

Judge Hutchison's word is better than mine at Panama City; so I have had to accept his version. At any rate, if one should ask almost anybody there who is the pastor of the Sweetwater Hardshell Baptist Church he will get the reply, "Judge Powell." The pastors of the other churches there extend me all the courtesies due a clergyman. I even have to preach a sermon occasionally in one of the hotels to an appreciative congregation. I have a choir with a rum basso and a whiskey tenor in it; and so many of the prominent citizens, including

Judge Hutchison, have professed belief in the doctrines of my church and have openly declared that they have so felt the little wheels of love a-turning in their hearts that they moan like Noah's dove (one of the tests of extreme piety, and a qualification for a deacon) that I have a large and prominent board of deacons.

The sermon they like best is the one I preach from the text, "These eight sons did Milcah bear." I begin with telling them that this text shows how difficult it was for the saints of old to get a little milk. They had to milk bears, for they had no Kine cows. Seven of them had to hold the bear down while the other one milked her.

The exegesis continues with a description of the kinds of bears there are, including a sidebar reference to Bear Creek, on the banks of which the members of the old congregation are still supposed to distill the communion wine. The climax comes with the peroration, wherein I describe the visit of the Queen of Shebears to King Solomon and tell how she exclaimed, "O, King, the half has never been told," and he replied, "Yes, and if I hear of you telling that half, I will break your fool neck."

Powell and the Calf[54]

On one of Judge Powell's early trips to the Bay, a group had gone hunting. At that time, Old Man Lindsey Grant lived on Grant Mill Creek. Powell prided himself on being a good rifle shot. He made a wager that he could shoot a wire clothes line in two. In shooting at the line, the bullet hit, ricocheted, and hit a calf belonging to Grant. They were unable to find out to whom the cow belonged at that time; therefore, Powell left fifteen dollars with Mr. Folsom, who kept the store, to pay for the calf. Folsom found out it belonged to Grant, who said the calf was worth more than that, but he'd take the fifteen dollars and the rest out of Powell's hide when he came back.

Part of a Letter from Powell[55]

...I sprang one on the Florida Bar Association on one occasion when I spoke before them. I said that the biggest lie I had ever seen in my life was on a tombstone on the edge of St. Andrews Bay, which carried the inscription, "Here lies John Clark, Governor of Georgia, and his wife." I said there have been many governors of Georgia, but none were ever governors of their wives, any more than any other men were.

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[54]Interview with Judge Ira A. Hutchison, December 31, 1949.

[55]Excerpt from a letter to the writer from Judge Arthur G. Powell, author of I Can Go Home Again.

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He--John Clark--was indeed a picturesque individual and involved in many broils of one kind or another. Judge Hutchison himself is one of the most interesting characters I ever knew, and you were fortunate in contacting him.

Tariff[56]

Back in the early 1890's when there was so much discussion of the tariff, it is said that a certain resident of the wilds of Florida went hunting one day, lost his bearings, and wandered farther from home than he had ever been. Seeing an opening in the forest, he pressed forward and was astonished to see--but we will listen as he tells his tale to his wife after reaching home.

"Sal, I seen the gol-durndest thing today. I come to a open place in the woods, an' thur waz somethin' like a road, with fence posts laid 'crost hit, an' pieces o' iron nailed onto 'em an' I hearn a awful screech an' jumped back just fore a big thing come tearing by with fire an' smoke a belchin' out of hit. 'Twuz the scariest thing I ever seen."

"Why, Ham, whut you reckon hit wuz?"

"I been thinkin' 'bout hit, an I reckon hit musta been the tariff I hearn 'em talkin' 'bout!"

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[56]First prize winner in Sunniland's contest by Mrs. Ella Witherall, Panama City, June 12, 1925.

Cracker Wit[57]

"Don't you find the smell objectionable?" a local "cracker" was asked by a Northerner, commenting on the so-called pulp odor which sometimes pervades the air hereabouts.

After spitting his tobacco juice for an unbelievable distance and looking at the busy streets, the native Floridian thoughtfully replied, "Heck, it ain't half so bad as the smell of a dead town."

The Browns[58]

Lucius and John H. Brown located here on St. Andrews Bay, being connected with the Cincinnati Land Company. These men were nephews of John Brown, who was hanged for his part in the Harper's Ferry incident prior to the Civil War. Both men are buried in the Greenwood Cemetery, St. Andrews.

Lost Child[59]

A tragedy of the early period was that of Mrs. Page's lost baby. The child, a three year old boy, had been missing only about half an

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[57]Ken Friedman, Cartoon Guide of Florida, p. 137.

[58]Told by Judge Ira A. Hutchison, December 31, 1949.

[59]Told by Mrs. George W. Surber, December, 1949, who says she remembers Mrs. Stephens' telling this story and crying.

hour, when the mother began to look for him. Failing to find him, she made the alarm and the few people in the neighborhood searched the surrounding area. The only trace that was ever found of the little fellow was a few hairs on the bark of a tree where he had apparently sat down to rest. The country was wild and unsettled at the time. Mrs. Page, later Mrs. Hawk Stephens, thought that some wild animal must have caught him. Years later a man came into this section who remembered that he had been picked up here when very small by a man driving through the country in a buggy years before.

Jackson's Trail

Andrew Jackson marched through this section around 1818, crossing the Bay as he marched toward Pensacola. Evidences of the old military road can still be seen. There are markings on trees where his men blazed the trail and parts of the road bed and bridge built by them can still be seen at Alligator Bayou. Not far from the road is an old swamp-like place now called "Jackson's Titi." This road was later used by the salt workers.

Court Martial Lake[60]

It is said that the unmarked graves of the two Englishmen executed by Jackson for inciting the Indians against the Americans are located on a small lake in the northern edge of the county. Jackson had marched from Ft. Gadsden, capturing the men at St. Marks, then on through Parker here on the Bay. The lake is now called Court Martial Lake, no doubt being named for this episode.

Robinson Bayou[61]

A man by the name of Robinson was found dead in a boat which had drifted ashore in a cold northwest wind. Apparently he had frozen to death. Those who found him buried him on the hill where he had drifted ashore and the bayou was given his name.

Some years later, a man by the name of Fed Dennis, one of the men who had picked him up and buried him, was fishing with a crew on the Bay beach. As the mosquitoes were bad, they sought shelter in the abandoned Munson homestead on the bayou. In the night the men were awakened by Fed's cussing Robinson and telling him to let go. He said that Robinson's ghost had him by the throat. This place is thought by many to be haunted even to this day.

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[60]Interview with Judge Ira A. Hutchison, August 9, 1949.

[61]Told by George W. Surber, who knew Fed Dennis personally, August 5, 1949.

Poston Bayou[62]

It is alleged that Old Man Poston lived on the banks of this bayou and that he was murdered and thrown into the bayou. On bright moonlight nights when it's "ca'm," it is said that you can hear a boat being rowed out into the bayou and then a splash. The bayou is still called Poston Bayou.

Murder Bayou[63]

The property of the St. Andrews Bay Club of Florida was directly in the route of the proposed Atlantic and Mississippi Inland Waterway on West Bay. West tells of his first trip through this area and gives the story told to him by his driver of how "Murder Creek" came to be so named.

He said that in the long ago a large vessel came near the shore at the dunes, put out a boat, and landed. With several sailors on each side, a long box was carried into the dunes, a hole was dug, and the box put into it. The vessel then left and was never heard of again. The place was soon visited by fishermen, who dug up the box and found that it contained the body of an officer, buried in full regimental uniform. Who he was or why he was buried in such an out of the way

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[62] Id.

[63] Panama City Pilot, June 19, 1924.

spot was never learned. To all appearances the body was that of a man of some importance, and it is a mystery why he was not taken to Pensacola for burial.

Hovey Place[64]

The site of the old Lynn Haven Hotel, known as the Hovey Place, was believed to be haunted. Nobody would go there or live there. A family by the name of Hovey had lived there at one time, but just what happened to cause this idea to originate I do not know.

Dead Child[65]

A child died on North Bay and was kept in the home for ten or eleven years after death. Many weird stories grew up around this situation. Some people told of hearing the child crying during the night. When a sister died, the two were buried together.

Petrified Girl[66]

In 1890, a beautiful girl, Miss Bertha Brummington, and her

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[64]As told by George W. Surber, April 7, 1950.

[65]As told by Judge Ira A. Hutchison, December 31, 1949.

[66]As told by John Beadnell, pioneer, Allanton, April, 1950.

mother lived in Allanton. She taught in the Sunday School here. When Bertha died, her mother had her buried in the yard so that she could take care of the grave. When the mother died several years later, her request was to be buried in the Parker cemetery with Bertha by her side. Mr. Kronmiller was one of the men that moved the girl's body. The casket seemed rather heavy; therefore, they decided to open it. When this was done, they discovered that the body was petrified and looked just as natural and pretty as it ever had.

A man by the name of Dowling was engaged to Bertha and it was his request to be buried beside his sweetheart. Not too many years ago, I asked him if he was willing to pay to be buried by Bertha. It seems the cemetery charged for burial. Being something of an old miser, he said he would not. I went to see those in charge, a Mr. Pratt, and consent was given for the burial.

I didn't see Bertha, but I heard about her when I first came here in 1888. I was thirteen years old at that time. I did know Dowling, who lived in Lynn Haven, and I did see that he was buried beside Bertha. All of them, Bertha, Mrs. Brummington, and Dowling are buried in the Parker cemetery.

Mermaid[67]

I was out in the Gulf fishing and had to stand watch one night. During the watch, I heard a scream like a woman in distress and also heard a splash in the water. I called the captain, thinking some ship might be in distress. We heard the same thing again. As soon as the captain heard it, he gave orders to get the smack underway and head for shore just as fast as we could. He said that what we had heard was a mermaid and that anytime one was heard like that, it was a warning. Sure enough, before we could reach land a storm came up and dismasted us and it was all we could do to get into harbor.

Hawk Stephens and the Tourists[68]

Hawk Stephens wanted to go to Vernon. Some Alabama tourists told him he could take one of their mules. They knew that one mule would not leave the other one. Hawk rode the mule down the road a ways, and the mule threw him. He suspected a trick, tied the mule in the woods, and walked on to Vernon. When he came back to the spot, he got on the mule and rode back into camp. When they asked him how he had got along, he told them all right.

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[67]Told by Will Surber, age 72, St. Andrews, November 25, 1949.

[68]Told by George W. Surber, December 31, 1949.

In retaliation, he took these Alabamians out on the Bay for a ride in his boat. When he got them out in the middle of the Bay, he pulled the plug out with his feet--many people went barefooted. He made them use their plug hats to bail the boat out, which, of course, ruined the hats.

Hawk was a tolerably heavy man of about average height. He wore long, gray whiskers.

Hawk Masslieno[69]

Hawk Masslieno, who was born in 1840 and died in 1948, was a rather colorful character himself. A bayou in Bay County is named in honor of his family. His father, Joe, who lived to be one hundred and eleven years old, was a free Spanish Negro, who located on Red Fish Point long before the Civil War.

Once, during the Cincinnati Land Boom, Hawk was asked if he had noticed much change since he had been here. Hawk replied, "When I come here the Bay was just a mud puddle and the Gulf a bubbling spring. The moon was just the size of a penny and there weren't no stars a-tall."

When asked if he knew Ananias, he said, "Yes, I helped lay him out." He said the reason Christ rode barebacked was because the "Damned Yankees stole his saddle." Hawk said that he had seen the

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[69]As told by Judge Ira A. Hutchison, August 9, 1949.

time when it took working six days a week, preaching on Sunday, and stealing chickens at night to make an honest living.

Fed Dennis[70]

Fed Dennis deserted the Confederate army, came home, and joined the Union army and then deserted it. While in the Union army, he piloted gunboats on the Bay to sites of the salt works. One day, he and his sister were driving along the road in a wagon. His sister noticed that Fed was asleep and decided it would be a good time to play a trick on him. She shook him and said, "Wake up quick, Fed, are those Yanks or Rebs coming yonder?" Fed jumped out of the wagon and ran into the titi and didn't come out for a week.

Sim Stephens and Church[71]

Sim Stephens joined the church at a revival. He went out seine fishing on Sunday and caught about six hundred pounds of pompano. When he came in, they had him up in church for fishing on Sunday. They told him he would not be turned out if he would say he was sorry he had caught the fish. In the short, quick way he usually spoke, he

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[70]Told to Judge Ira A. Hutchison by Mrs. Purcell, a sister of Old Man Hawk Stephens and a sister of Fed Dennis' wife.

[71]Told by George W. Surber, December, 1949.

said, "Ain't sorry. Glad I caught 'em. Been sorry, wouldn't a caught 'em."

The Marriage of "Cray" Nixon[72]

A fellow by the name of "Cray" Nixon got married and old man George Pitts was congratulating him. "Well, Cray, I hear you got married."

"Sure did," replied Cray.

George Pitts: "A mighty pretty girl she is."

Cray: "Don't know that she's so damned pretty."

George Pitts: "Well, maybe not, but she's a nice girl."

Cray: "Don't know that she's so damned nice."

George: "Well, anyway, she's a smart girl."

Cray: "Don't know that she's so damned smart, and if she don't love me any better than I love her, there shore ain't no love lost."

Ennis Williams and His Trip to Holmes County[73]

A young fellow, Ennis Williams, who lived on Sandy Creek, made a visit to Holmes County, a distance of about a hundred miles. This was

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[72]Told by George W. Surber, April, 1950.

[73]Id.

a long distance in those days, as the only means of getting around was by foot or ox cart.

Ennis was walking home and made it to an old friend's house about dark. They asked him, of course, to spend the night. He gladly did so. He was very tired and his feet were blistered.

The next morning he said to his friend, Wilbern Pitts, "Wilbern, if you'll take me home, I'll give you a dollar." Wilbern thought of all the things he could buy with a dollar; so he agreed to take him home. This required the whole day with the ox cart, and Wilbern spent the night with Ennis.

As Wilbern started to leave on his return trip, Ennis said, "Wilbern, the next dollar I get hold of, I'm gonna put it 'way down in the bottom of my pocket and say, 'This dollar belongs to Wilbern Pitts.'"

Tall Tales[74]

I wuz out huntin' and I found a bunch of about twenty-five or thirty quail. They run around a haystack and just kept runnin', 'round and 'round. I had to figure out someway to get 'em. I thought and thought and finally hit on the very thing. I took my shotgun and bent it across my knee and then shot it, killing all the

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[74]All of these tales were told by members of the Surber family, January 2, 1950.

quail. The shot went 'round and 'round the haystack and I had to jump the shot ever time it come 'round to keep it from hittin' me.

I went out huntin' one day--just had one bullet in my gun. This wuz in muzzle-loadin' rifle days. I went along 'til I come to the side of a creek. I wuz snoopin' along and first thing I knowed I seen a rabbit. I wuz just gettin' ready to shoot him when I seen a deer. Of course, I wanted to shoot the deer, but I heard a noise above me and looked up and saw six big turkeys setting on a limb. I wuz aiming at the rabbit and accidentally pulled the trigger. The gun went off, killed the rabbit, went on through the deer, hit a log, glanced off, hit the limb and split it catching the turkeys by the toes. In runnin' across the creek, the ice broke and I fell in. When I got out, I found my boots full of fish.

Another time I went out huntin'. I had a old army musket with me. I'd just shot and killed me a goose or two. I looked up and seen a bear comin', mad. I wuz just a-shovin' th' powder down with th' ramrod when he come on me. I forgot to pull the ramrod out, but naturally shot th' gun. The iron ramrod went through the bear, across the creek, and stuck in a big tree over there. When I went to git it and pulled it out, the honey began to pour out. I whittled me a plug and stuck in the hole and went home to git my team of mules and some

barrels. When I come back, I drawed seven barrels of honey out of that tree, loaded up my wagon, and started home. When I got in half a mile of home, I come to a hill. A big rain squall had come up; so I whipped my mules to try to get home before the rain. The wagon stopped, but the mules went right on. The traces stretched. They wuz rawhide and wet. When I got home, I tied the mules up and left them. The sun soon come out and begun to dry th' traces. When the traces started dryin', they begun to draw the wagon home and it soon pulled up right at my door.

Two old timers were seeing who could tell the biggest yarn. One had already told his story. The other one gave his as follows:

"I cut a bee tree down once. I cut a six-foot length off the log and it wuz filled solid with comb honey. I kept cuttin' off five and six foot lengths and they wuz all solid honey. I began to wonder because all this time I hadn't seen no bees. That wuz very strange, I thought; so I went and looked in a hole and there wuz one lone bee. He wuz as big as a turkey gobbler and had a sting as long as a pull pin."

The other fellow said, "I told mine for the truth."

The old timer, Mr. McCall, replied, "Yes, and I told mine for the truth, too."

I cut down a bee tree and thought I could fell it on the bank, but instead it fell into the creek. I didn't git any honey, but the water wuz sweet fer two miles down the creek for weeks afterward.

A volunteer vine of watermelon growed across the road. The watermelon wuz so big people had to drive around it. They finally got tired of doing this; so they decided to cut their way through. They had to put on a ferry to take wagons through.

A feller wuz a settin' on a fence hoeing his corn. That's the way most people hoed their corn then. He saw two wildcats meet and go to fightin'. They fought and fought and finally began to climb each other. They climbed clean out of sight. He didn't see any more of 'em, but blood and hair fell for three days. He named this place Wildcat Hollow.

It rained so hard here that it filled a barrel through the bung hole (both heads were out of the barrel). The rain was so hard, the water couldn't run off fast enough. It swelled the barrel and busted it.

Another time, it rained so hard here that the bay filled up so fast that it sunk a schooner which was tied up to the dock. The schooner couldn't rise fast enough to keep up with the bay.

A one-legged feller from California wuz visitin' a feller in Florida. The California feller was braggin' 'bout how everthing there wuz better than here in Florida. He said the soil was so rich in California that when the Indians had a battle there the places where their arrows stuck, the redwood trees grew. The Floridian says, "Our soil's rich, too. Come look at my garden." The Californian stepped off the walk into the garden. The pegleg stuck in the soil, took root, and grew so fast, the Floridian had to get a step ladder to git him down.

A boy was plantin' corn in the lowlands. It was fast growin' corn. The boy was lookin' at it when it come up. He grabbed hold of it and it took him up in the air. His dad grabbed a ax and tried to chop it down, but it growed so fast between the licks, he couldn't hit the same place twice. The boy's dad had to take a gun and shoot biscuits to him to keep him from starving to death.

A feller wuz goin' up the bay in his sailboat, and he saw a black cloud comin' up. He thought it was a rain squall and tried to take his

sail in. It turned out to be mosquitoes, and before the feller could take in the sails, they had stripped all the canvas off the boat. Next day, they come back over and ever' one of 'em wuz wearin' a pair of canvas pants.

A feller wuz campin' and heard a couple of mosquitoes talkin' outside his tent. One said, "Shall we eat him here or carry him down in the swamp?"

The other one said, "No, if we take him down in the swamp, them big mosquitoes'll take him away from us."

Mosquitoes wuz so bad in these parts one feller took refuge under a iron salt kettle. A mosquito started borin' through. When his bill come through on the inside, the feller took his hammer and bradded it. The mosquito flew off with the whole kettle.

One year a feller nearly starved for turkey meat because he wasted all his ammunition on mosquitoes that he mistook for turkeys.

A feller had been to a dance one night. It wuz so cold he decided he'd go home. When he went to blow the light out, he found it wuz froze; so he broke it off and throwed it in the yard. Next

morning a hen swallered it, and she laid hard boiled eggs for a month after that.

A man by the name of Joe Hughes dug a well forty foot deep and ants wuz still comin' up.

A farmer started feedin' sawdust mixed with feed to his chickens. He kept adding a little more sawdust each time till finally it wuz all sawdust. One day he set the old hen on thirteen eggs. When the biddies hatched, twelve had wooden legs, and the other one wuz a woodpecker.

A feller had a mule. He said eatin' wasn't nothin' but a habit, and he wuz goin' to break his ole mule of this habit. He gradually tapered off the mule from eatin', but just as he broke him of the habit, the mule up and died.

A feller heard about snakes bein' bad in this section of Florida. One day he wuz walkin' through a swamp, and he saw something that looked like a smooth log. He decided he'd set down on it and rest. He thought, "It's a mighty peculiar log." He looked closer and sure enough, it was--a log!

One man here had him a favorite place to fish. One morning it wuz so foggy when he started fishin' he couldn't see. He thought he took the same path as usual. He came to his favorite spot and sat down on his log and caught a mess of fish. After awhile, the fog cleared up and he discovered he wuz two miles and a half in the woods.

The Traveler and the Boots[75]

Once upon a time a feller wuz travelin' up a river road. It wuz very cold weather, and he saw a fine pair of boots stickin' up out of th' ice in th' river. When he investigated, he found that a man had fell in an' froze with just his feet stickin' out. He didn't want to leave th' boots an' couldn't get th' feet out of 'em; so he tuck his hatchet an' cut them off, feet an' all, an' put 'em in his sack. He put th' sack over his shoulder an' went on his way.

He traveled on 'til he come to a house an' stopped there to spend th' night, the custom in them days. The ole man an' woman who lived there had a calf in by th' fire to keep it from freezin'. They told him to make hisself at home, but they had to go off to a meetin'. While he wuz warmin', he decided he'd thaw out his boots; so he set th' boots by th' fire. After he got good an' warm, he decided he'd

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[75]As told by George W. Surber, January 1, 1950.

just as well go on. He started out but hadn't got far when he discovered that he had forgot his boots. He didn't want to lose a valuable pair of boots, so he decided to go back an' git 'em.

In the meantime, th' ole man an' woman had come home from church an' saw th' boots with th' feet in 'em. They thought the calf had et up th' traveler. The ole woman started to cryin' and takin' on an' when th' feller come back for th' boots an' knocked on th' door, they thought it wuz the constable comin' after them. They wuz both scared to death an' told him if he wouldn't arrest 'em, they'd give him all th' money they had hid down cellar.

He said, "All right, an' I'll just take these boots along fer evidence."

So, he got th' boots an' th' money.

The Stingy Man[76]

There wuz one feller in th' country that wuz pretty well-tuh-do, but awful stingy. He wouldn't even let people eat enough at his table. One day a young feller said, "I kin fix him. I'll bet I kin git enough tuh eat." The others didn't think he could do it, so they made a wager.

He went off huntin' an' tuck a big bunch of hound dogs with him.

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[76]As told by John Swindell to George W. Surber in the 1880's. Told to the writer by the latter January 2, 1950.

Y' know, hounds are th' hungriest dogs there is. This young feller hunted 'round th' country all day an' come tuh th' ole man's house about supper time. It wuz the custom in them days tuh invite folks tuh eat an' spend th' night. The feller says, "I don't care if I do. It's a long ways home an' I'm mighty tired."

They all went in an' set down at a table that had plenty tuh eat on it. When tellin' th' story later, th' hunter said they et fer a little bit--he wudn't half through--when the ole man an' ole woman pushed back from th' table. Th' hunter went right on eatin', sayin', "You'll have tuh excuse me. I ben huntin' all day an' I'm mighty hungry an' my dogs are hungry, too." He et all he wanted an' then throwed what wuz left tuh th' dogs.

They all went tuh bed. Th' hunter's room wuz right next tuh the ole man an' ole woman. It wuz a moonlight night an' he stayed awake, listenin' tuh th' ole man an' ole woman in th' next room. Th' ole man said tuh his wife, "Ole Woman, I'm mighty hungry. Cain't you find me sumpin' tuh eat?"

She replied, "They ain't a thing cooked in th' house."

"Well, git up an' make me a ash cake," said th' ole man.

She got up an' fixed a cake an' put it in th' ashes in th' fireplace. Th' ole man wuz settin' by th' fire waitin' fer it tuh cook. Th' hunter got up an' come in th' room an' said, "I just cain't sleep. I'm worried about a law suit I'm in over some land." He tuck th' fire stick an' smoothed th' ashes down an' said, "One line runs this way."

An' he drawed a line across th' cake in th' ashes. "An' another line goes that way." An' he drawed another line through th' cake. "Oh, no, I got that all wrong," he said. An' he stirred it all up, just messin' up th' cake with ashes. Th' ole man seen there wuzn't no use tuh wait fer th' cake, so he went back tuh bed.

Pretty soon th' hunter heared th' ole man say tuh th' ole woman, "I'm just about tuh starve tuh death. I believe I'll go out an' cut me a cabbage stalk." Th' hunter got up, tuck his whip an' went down into the cabbage patch an' hid. When th' ole man come down there, th' hunter just wore him out with th' whip.

Th' next morning when the hunter got up to eat breakfast, there wuz no shovin' back. He told th' ole man, "I done ya a big favor last night. I caught a thief in your cabbage patch an' wore him out." That cured th' ole man, and he never shoved back from th' table when there wuz company agin.

How the Sailor Killed the Devil[77]

Once upon a time there wuz a sailor settin' on the deck of his ship thinkin', "I'd be willin' tuh sell my soul tuh th' devil fer a year if I could have anything I wanted." He had no more than said this when he looked around an' there set th' ole devil.

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[77]As told by George W. Surber, January 2, 1950. He heard the story on the brig Manson out of New York to Africa, 1889.

Th' ole devil said, "I'll take ya up on that. At the end of th' year if ya have three things I cain't do, I'll let ya off. If ya don't, I'll take ya with me." After sayin' this, th' devil disappeared.

Everything happened just as the ole devil had promised. The sailor got him a fine ship, plenty of rum, an' good lookin' wimmen. He wuz havin' so much fun th' time passed before he knowed it. One night, a year later, he happened tuh be settin' on th' ship when he looked aroun' an' there set th' ole devil. Th' devil told him his time was up an' he had cum tuh see if th' sailor wuz ready tuh pay off. Th' sailor said, "But th' time cain't be up. I ain't had near enough fun."

Th' devil says, "Ya got th' three things ready fer me tuh do?"

Th' sailor wuz unprepared, but he knowed he had tuh do sumpin', so he went in his cabin an' got a col' chisel and het it red hot. He brought this to th' ole devil an' give him a hair to split with it. Of course, th' devil couldn't do it, 'cause ever time he tried, th' hair burnt up. That wuz one thing he couldn't do.

Next, th' sailor went below an' cut a hole in th' bottom of th' vessel an' put th' ship's pump through th' bottom into th' ocean. Then, he told th' ole devil tuh pump th' ship dry. He pumped an' pumped 'til he give clean out, but he couldn't pump all th' water out. So, that wuz th' second thing he couldn't do.

Then th' sailor went up an' unshackled th' anchor an' told th' ole

devil, "Now I want ya to hold th' anchor." Th' ole devil looped his tail through th' links of th' chain three or four times and braced hisself. Th' sailor knocked th' pin out an' it carried th' ole devil overboard an' that wuz th' last of th' ole devil.

The Magnolia Blossom[78]
(A Legend of the South)

Once upon a time, many many years ago, the bayous, even as now, wound and wound through quiet ways where cypress branches flung lazy shadows on deep still waters, and tiny islands of palmetto and tall grasses pictured the long winding paths of the waters.

The bayous were then rippled with the soft lazy progress of the Indian pirogue as the red man paddled from camp to camp or trailed an enemy. In those days the Indians from many tribes for miles around each season gathered at what is now Bay Head, and there wove baskets of reeds from the bayous, and gossiped over camp fires of fishing prowess or victory in battle. The women talked in whispers of the ancient dame who once brought a plague to the camp and bewitched its children with a strange disease. And they spoke softly of the blue heron which had been dispatched to a far western shore to bring back the branch of eucalyptus which cured the disease but too late to bring back the hag who had been put to death.

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[78] Bay County Beacon-Tribune, August 31, 1923.

All these things were in the olden days, and, too, came a night when the coppery afterglow of the sun was veiled with smoke and red tongues of flames licked up the river grass and kissed to death the starry white spider lilies that lined the banks of the stream. Smoke wraiths crept along the bayous, and filmed down the Bay in wierd, tenuous wisps, like truant clouds lost from the blue above.

For the tribes were at war over the possession of their hunting grounds. Camps were devastated by the stronger, and tall pines left burning, their resinous trunks smoldering crimson in the swift falling nights. But one of the camps along the river banks was unmolested for its chief was a bold and brave warrior and he had won many conflicts. And now other matters than war were occupying the mind of the tall chieftan as he strode to his tepee, the moonlight shining dimly through a silver haze. He raised the deerskin doorway and bent over his beautiful young wife who smiled up at him adoringly. The old women without were chanting weird songs and signalling with torches for all warriors to hasten to their chief. For a child had been born to him. Came the redmen swiftly from their day of victory.

The chief touched the braid of black hair that lay over the gay blanket of his squaw. "Is it a chief you have given me?" he inquired eagerly of the prone figure on the pallet.

"No, sire," she answered wistfully as she tenderly drew a small bundle closer to her side.

The chief straightened his tall form, stood silent a moment and

then passed silently and with clenched fingers out into the night. There were blood drops of disappointment bitten on his lips. He threw himself under a redberried Yupon tree and cursed the gods who had sent him a daughter. Only a woman child who could not fight and like himself, bring glory to his tribe. He hated the slender girl who had borne him a daughter. With stern, thin lips--and angry baffled eyes he renounced the babygirl, and swore to ignore her. There was no place for her in his proud life.

By morning the girl-mother was dead, her tiny daughter crying lustily, angrily, the old women declared.

The child as she grew through babyhood was strangely fair and beautiful; so fair that the dark-skinned squaws looked upon her with awe and named her Star Lily, from the pure, pale flowers that grew on the shores. In her heavy hair were flashes of tawny bronze and in her eyes a strange sadness. She grew up, a silent little thing, unrecognized by the chief, her father, whom she adored. She grew apace, tall, slender as the reeds that swayed in the night winds. Her eyes were deep, fathomless with the haunting sadness of smothered emotion and heart hunger. The red lips, sweet, but firm of line, like her father's could curve into smiles when the mocking birds sang, or when the rains brought out the beauty and fragrance of the honey suckle hedges on the edge of the forest. She never played with the other children, but followed her father in her soft little moccasins, flitting from tree to tree, hiding in the tangle of the jungle lest

he find her. The old women as she grew older had told her of the chief's disappointment over her birth, and often she fondled his big bow and felt of the arrows with longing. Then one day when one of the warriors made her a bow and arrows all her own, her glee knew no bounds, and for the first time she laughed joyously. She would disappear for hours and one day a scouting party of her father's found her in a little clearing. As they came near she gazed skyward, pointed her bow, and the arrow flew into the breast of a white heron which fell at her feet. When her father was told of the incident pride for the first time gleamed in his dark eyes and he stroked the firm little hands and said, "strong, true little hands, oh, my daughter."

So the lonely little maiden wandered through the marshlands, hunting and fishing, and sometimes dreaming, with a far away look in her big somber eyes. The tribe of her father honored and loved her. Even as now, in women, she charmed by that something "different," which singled her out from those about her. The tall, erect young figure, the pale face and red mouth, and the little brown hands that used the bow so unerringly.

One night when the warm winds quivered through the pine trees and sang strange songs in the long grasses; when the whippoorwill whistled timidly with a queer, wavering note that brought superstitious dread into the heart of the women, a long weird cry echoed through the trees and roused sleeping braves to their elbows in an attitude of tense

listening. Nearer and nearer came the cry, till at last a war whoop shrilled into the camp shadows, and the tall chief sprang to his feet, alert, eager, while he summoned his men with a mighty call. The old enemies had come to avenge their defeat of long ago. The big chief's men were ready for battle. Keen, cruel, hungry for conflict after long years of peace.

The creeks and bayous were sleeping in the long arms of the night shadows, but on opposite sides of the peaceful waters crept each tribe, ready for action. Red men creeping stealthily to the water's edge. Soon a mighty volley of arrows were flung into the night from slinging bows. Fierce came the cries of the victors and vanquished and the fight waged heavily. On both sides shadowy forms slunk, to rise valiantly and then with a frenzied cry as an arrow sped home, slide, a hideous writhing thing, into the black waters. The big chief, on his side of the stream crouched at the point of vantage and his mighty arrows and splendid aim played havoc on the other side, his keen eyes searching prey and his aim ever true. Behind him ever crept his daughter. Then once again he stood erect, and his body glistened in the moonlight. Came the other battle cry, and an arrow sped across the water and was buried in his heart. His death cry echoed far, and a fish hawk on the top of a gaunt dead pine tree shrieked in fury. The loved old fighter fell first to his knees, and then with out-thrown arms sank to earth while the banner of gray moss swayed to and fro above him, as in mourning. As he fell Star Lily sprang from

a clump of palmetto with an eerie wail, but she caught the big bow from stiffening fingers and standing above the body shot arrow after arrow into the darkness on the other side.

Shooting arrows, she stood over the body of her father, a tragic little figure in the wan light.

Overhead the moon was sailing to the west and the night was growing cold. The moan of the squaws huddled in a canebrake mingled with the cries of the dying braves. Star Lily, her eyes dim with sorrow now, and wearied, gazed at the dead chief. The battle was lost. Her tribe defeated. She stepped closer to the shore, raised her slender arms to the moon, while its stray gleams again brought a glint of bronze from her hair. As she stood, from across the bayou, a young brave shot the last arrow of the battle, and Star Lily sank beside her sire, and her blood mingled with his on the carpet of pine needles and matted grass. Desolation and ruin were over the swamp-lands. Silence. Sorrow. Not even the night things chirped in the grasses, and no birds twittered questioningly. The shattered band mourned their Star Lily as well as their chieftain, and women rocked and crooned with heartbreak.

Next morning began the burial of their dead after the manner of their fathers. They laid the still form of the girl on a raft of cypress. Then tender boughs of young trees were laid over her still body. The raft was gently towed to a quiet spot in still waters, and more trees were laid over the bier. Each day more were added and then

oyster shells brought from the Bay shores were piled high, and when a tall mound was formed, and another for their chief, they were left to sleep each with an island tomb.

Years and years passed. The red sunsets tinged the deep waters as of old, and the heron flew to the south while gray moss banners waved lazily in the wind or wept in the rain.

The old tribe had thinned and one by one passed to the happy hunting grounds, and now only a few wrinkled old braves remembered the battle of long ago and the story of the beautiful girl woman. One day at sunset two old hunters passed under the shadow of the old shell mound, the long forgotten burial place, now overgrown with bush and trees. The western sky was gold and red and flaunted heralds of orange flame. The hunters gazed at the top of the mound curiously; their seamed faces grew gray with almost fear. Out of the dark shadowy foilage [sic] of a slender tree on the top of the mound shone a pale white face.

"Hush," said one, "We are the last of the old race who know this burial ground. This is a message from Star Lily. Do not be afraid." They climbed to the top of the mound, and reverently parted the branches of the graceful young tree. The leaves were dark and glossy and gave an aromatic odor when crushed and broken. Large waxen petals curved cup like and nestled against the dark green of the foilage [sic].

The hunters gazed reverently, touching the flower with tenderness.

"It is the spirit of the warrior maid," they said. "The

beautiful soul of the Indian girl has been born again into the light of the May moon."

And the hunters paddled their canoe silently down the stream, love lingering in their dim old eyes, and reverence written on their scarred old faces. And the spirit of the Indian girl is the magnolia blossom to this day, although the last member of the old tribe has long been gathered to his fathers.

Summary

It is from the stories of the people of a region that one glimpses the true picture of life as it was actually lived on the frontier. Through these stories, one sees the interaction between the frontiersman and his environment--the struggle with the Indians; the storms and their resulting disasters; the mystery of buried treasures; haunted spots and sunken cities; the activities and effects of a War; the danger and adventure of hunting trips; and the fun found in some humorous situations, legends, and tales.

CHAPTER IX

SUPERSTITIONS

Superstition played a prominent part in the lives of the settlers here in frontier days. Many beliefs held in the earlier days are still found in the section, and although the people sometimes laugh when they talk about them, it is evident that they believe, in part, in their efficacy even today. On the following pages will be found some of the remnants of the superstitious lore still prevalent in this region.[1]

Love and Marriage

There are several ways for a young woman to learn who her husband is going to be. One method is known as the "dumb supper." Two girls prepare a meal together, both performing every task at the same time. They must not speak a word to each other as they work. When the supper is complete, a table is set for four. The future husbands will then come in and sit down in the places prepared for them.

The story is told that on one such occasion, prior to the Civil War, a soldier came in carrying a sword. He made a swing at one of the

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[1]All of these superstitious beliefs were collected from members of the Surber family who have heard them from various old timers, particularly from Mr. and Mrs. Curry W. Waggoner, old residents of St. Andrews, and from other residents of the section.

girls, breaking the sword. The girl kept the broken sword until after the war, when, sure enough, the soldier returned. She gave him the piece of sword, and he killed her with it.

On another occasion, a coffin was brought to one of the girl's places. She died right afterwards.

If a girl looks into a well on the longest day of the year, June 22, at exactly twelve o'clock, she will see the reflection of her husband-to-be in the well.

A girl looking through a band ring into a glass of water on the longest day of the year at twelve noon will see her intended husband.

If she will take a mirror to a well on the longest day of the year at high noon, a woman will see reflected in the mirror from the well a likeness of her future husband.

After a chicken dinner, two girls break the wishbone under the table, meanwhile making a wish. The wish of the one getting the shortest piece will come true. The other girl hangs her piece over the door, and the first fellow who walks under it will marry her.

Eggs are hardboiled by two girls who cut the eggs in half, remove the yolks, and fill the centers with salt. They must then eat the eggs, walk backwards to bed without speaking, and drink no water. Whoever brings them water in their dreams will be their husbands.

When a young woman sleeps in a room where she has never slept before and names the four corners of the room for admirers, she will marry the young man for whom the corner she first looks at is named.

If a girl peels an apple without breaking the skin and then swings it around her head three times, the letter formed when it hits the ground is the initial of her future husband.

By twisting the stem of an apple and naming each twist with a letter of the alphabet, a person can learn his "intended's" first initial.

Those who sleep with a piece of wedding cake under their pillows will marry whomever they dream about.

If a woman's thread knots when she is sewing, she is going to get married.

When two pieces of silver of the same kind--two forks or two knives--are found at a place, there is going to be a wedding in the family.

The first person a cat looks at after he has washed his face will be the next to be married. Those present must not talk or otherwise do anything to attract his attention while he is washing his face.

A girl must not permit anyone to sweep under her feet if she does not want to be an old maid.

The last piece of bread, pie, or anything to eat on a plate must not be taken by a girl unless she wants to be an old maid.

If a person overturns a chair, he will not be married that year.

A bride for good luck must wear something old, something new, something borrowed, and something blue at her wedding.

It is bad luck for the groom to see the bride before the wedding ceremony.

Whichever way a match points when it is burned is where the sweetheart lives.

When lighting a fire if a person names it for his sweetheart and it burns, she loves him. If it fails to burn, she does not love him.

There is a parasitic vine called the "love vine" growing in this section. This vine will show a girl if her sweetheart really loves her. She must take a piece of it, walk backwards to a bush, twirl the vine three times around her head, naming it for her lover. She throws it and then walks rapidly away without looking back. If she returns in a few days to find that the vine has grown, the sweetheart loves her. If it has died, he does not love her.

Holidays

Eat hog jowl and blackeyed peas on New Year's Day for prosperity in the coming year.

Whatever a person does on New Year's Day, he will do every day that year.

Breaking bread together on New Year's Day is a sign you will both break bread together all year.

It is bad luck to carry out ashes on New Year's Day.

If Christmas comes on a light moon, people will get plenty of gifts. If it comes on the dark of the moon, they will get little or nothing.

On Old Christmas, the cows kneel down and the fig trees bud out.

It is bad luck to wash on Thanksgiving.

Beans should be planted on Good Friday for a good crop.

The first stranger of the opposite sex a person meets on St. Valentine's Day is his valentine.

The thirteenth of any month is unlucky, but Friday 13 is especially so.

Work started on Friday that can not be finished that day will never be finished.

Medicine

To cure the toothache, nine doodle bugs should be worn around the neck.

A baby will cut his teeth easier if a mole's feet or a hog's teeth are hung around his neck.

If a baby is allowed to see himself in a mirror before he is a year old, he will cut his teeth hard.

A pokeberry should be swallowed each day for nine days to cure boils.

To cure malaria, the legs are pulled off a granddaddy long legs, the body covered in dough and swallowed.

Another popular remedy for malaria is a stiff dose of assafoetida.

Assafoetida tied around the neck will keep off disease germs.

A pan of water put under the bed will cure night sweats.

Scissors put under the bed will cut cramps.

Another cure for cramps is turning the shoes bottom side upwards and putting them under the bed.

If someone has warts and wants to be rid of them, he must count the warts, put one grain of salt for each wart into a package, and take this bundle and drop it at the forks of the road and then forget all about it.

If a person is walking through the woods and finds a bone lying on the ground, he can lose his warts by rubbing the bone on the warts and putting it back in the exact spot where it was found.

Another method of removing warts is to take blood from the wart, put it on a grain of corn, and throw the corn to a rooster.

Warts can also be removed by rolling into a string a piece of lint cotton and tying a knot in it for each wart. This string is then taken into the woods and tied on a tree or bush. When the string rots, the warts will go.

A cure for bed-wetting is to force the patient to eat a roasted or fried rat.

Shingles is cured by killing a black chicken and using the blood to rub on the diseased skin. Fresh hog lard will keep the shingles from spreading.

A patient with rash should be "wallowed" in a hog bed without his clothes on.

Vinegar and nails make a fine blood medicine. Sassafras tea or sulphur and molasses will also purify the blood.

Stomach-ache can be cured by spitting under a dollar weed.

A brass ring should be worn for heart trouble or rheumatism. A buckeye carried in the pocket or sleeping with a dog will also cure this malady.

If the head is wet in the first rain of May, it will cure the dandruff.

To make hair grow, cut it and bury the hair under the eaves of the house where the rain will fall on it. Hair will also grow if it is wet in the sap of a grapevine in the spring.

To take off freckles, wet the face in the early morning dew for seven days.

Fire can be "talked out" of a burn by some people. A woman can only tell the secret to a man, and a man to a woman or else the charm will be broken.

A man who has smothered a mole to death with his hands can cure by massage a woman's breast that has risen.

Powdered alum is good for burns and will stop bleeding.

Anyone born posthumously can cure a baby's thrash by blowing his breath in the baby's mouth.

Another cure for thrash is to take three white oak or hickory leaves and rub these in the baby's mouth each day for nine days. Then throw the leaves into the fire.

If a baby is slow in learning to talk, make him drink water out of a brass bell.

Let the morning sun shine through a crack on a birthmark to take it off.

To cure chills and fever, fill the shoes full of salt.

For good health, sleep with the head to the north.

A person should not sleep in the moonlight as this will twist the face.

Weather

Bad, rainy weather always clears up just before dark in time to get the wood in or milk the cow.

If it rains while the sun is shining, it will rain again next day.

Rainbow at night,
Sailors' delight;
Rainbow in morning,
Sailors take warning.

Evening red and morning gray
Sends the sailor on his way.
Evening gray and morning red
Sends the rain upon his head.

When a cat rolls in the sand, it is the sign of a change in the weather.

If insects swarm, it is the sign of rain or cold weather.

If a rooster crows when he goes to bed,
He'll get up next morning with a very wet head.

When an Indian can hang his powder horn on the moon, it will be a dry moon--horizontal. When he cannot, it will be a wet moon--vertical.

If the bull rushes bloom, there will be a hurricane.

When the chickens oil their feathers, there will be a long rainy spell.

If chickens run for shelter in a rain, it will not last long. If they stay out in it, it will last all day.

When sea gulls come inland, there will be bad weather.

If Negroes "cut up," it will rain.

A ring around the moon is a sign of bad weather. The number of stars inside of this ring indicates the number of days before it begins.

If animals have a thick fur or corn a thick shuck, the winter will be very cold.

When the groundhog sees his shadow on February 2, he will go back into his hole for six weeks more winter.

Agriculture

When okra grows "rank" and does not bear, it should be whipped with a switch.

As high as okra seed is dropped from the ground, that is where it will start bearing.

Anything that bears above the ground--beans, peas, okra, corn--should be planted in the light of the moon. Crops that bear under the ground--potatoes, onions, carrots--should be planted in the dark of the moon.

Corn will make large stalks and potatoes abundant vines if planted on a growing moon.

Beating pans or ringing bells will make swarming bees settle.

Pointing at a watermelon or cucumber on the vine will make it drop off before it matures.

At hog killings when the hog is being butchered, if the big part of the melt comes out first, the biggest part of winter is gone. If the small part is first, the biggest part of winter is yet to come.

Meat should be butchered in the dark of the moon. If it is butchered in the light of the moon, the meat will shrink up.

On the increase of the moon, salt pork hung in the smoke house is insured against shrinkage.

Fishing, Hunting, and Animal

Fish should never be given away without first sprinkling them with salt.

For fishing or hunting a south moon brings the best results.

Fishing luck will vanish if anyone is careless enough to step over his pole or allow anyone else to do so before he starts to go fishing.

If a person says anything while he is fresh water fishing, the fish will hear him and refuse to bite.

Spitting on the hook will bring a person good luck.

Bait named for a sweetheart will indicate whether or not the fisherman is loved. If a fish is caught on the bait, the sweetheart loves him; if not, he had better start looking for a new sweetheart.

A person must not whistle aboard a boat. This will bring wind.

The hatch of a fishing vessel must not be turned over because this will bring bad luck.

Bad luck will follow the person who is foolish enough to mention alligators and horses on a fishing smack.

Black suitcases or shells should never be brought on board a fishing boat. These cause bad luck.

Wind from the west,
Fish bite best.
Wind from the east,
Fish bite least.
Wind from the north,
Lay in the moss (strike at cork).
Wind from the south,
They take it in the mouth.

A variation of the last two lines is the following:

Wind from the north,
Fisherman sallies not forth.
Wind from the south,
Blows bait in fish's mouth.

If a black cat runs across the path in front of anyone, it means bad luck.

When a cat comes to a house and stays, it means good luck, especially if the cat is black.

All white cats are deaf.

After a quilt is finished at a quilting bee, four single girls hold the corners of the quilt and a cat is tossed into the center of it. The girl standing at the corner where the cat jumps out will be first to marry.

To kill a cat means seven years of bad luck.

To keep a dog at home cut the hair off the end of his tail and bury it under the doorstep.

If a person steps over a dog when he is dreaming without waking him, that person will dream what the dog is dreaming.

It is bad luck to sell or buy a dog.

When a rabbit runs across anyone's path, he must either go back, turn his hat around, or turn his pockets inside out to ward off bad luck.

When a screech owl is heard at mid-night, it is a sign of bad luck unless the hearer immediately turns his shoe upside down or chokes him to death. To choke the owl, a knot is tied in a sheet, apron, shirt tail, or handkerchief. Some people squeeze a finger or twist the corner of the sheet or apron to accomplish this purpose.

When a hen crows, she must be killed.

Handling toads causes warts.

Stirring milk with a knife will make the cow's teats sore; stirring it with a fork will make the cow kick.

It is bad luck to kill a spider.

When a spider comes down in front of a person, it is the sign that person will receive a letter.

Turning a snake upside down will bring rain.

The first thunder in March opens a snake's eyes.

When a bee comes buzzing around a person, he is bringing news. If he is chased away, the news will be good. If he is allowed to stay, it will be bad.

A ring drawn around a dead toad in the road will bring good luck.

If one of the first lice found on a child's head is cracked in a fire shovel, the child will become a good singer.

When a measuring worm is found crawling on anyone's shoes, hands, or dress, that person is being measured for new shoes, gloves, or dress.

A horse or a mule is worth a bushel of oats for every time he rolls over.

Household

If milk will not sour, put it in an iron spider or skillet, set it on the hearth of the fireplace, and take a switch and whip all of it out of the spider.

Put a piece of silver in milk to make it sour.

If a nail or a silver halfdollar is added to a chicken when it is boiling, the chicken will be tender.

If a wet dishrag is dropped on the floor and it leaves a wet spot, somebody will come before it gets dry.

A fork dropped on the floor means a woman is coming; a knife means the company will be a man. The way it points indicates the direction the company will come from.

A housewife must not sweep after the sun goes down as this will certainly cause bad luck.

Spilling salt is bad luck. This bad luck may be prevented by throwing a few grains of the salt over the left shoulder.

Never borrow or lend salt. If salt is borrowed, do not pay it back.

Breaking a mirror means seven years of bad luck.

For every step taken with one shoe on and the other one off, there will be a year of trouble.

Never cut the finger nails or toe nails on Sunday.

To grow, flowers should be stolen.

Never thank anyone for a flower cutting or the flower will not grow.

A person who goes to bed singing will get up crying.

When clothes are put on wrong side out through mistake and are not changed, good luck will come to the wearer.

A garment that cannot be finished that day should not be started on Friday. If it is started then and not completed, the owner will never live to wear it out.

It is bad luck to wash on Monday.

Onion peels should be burned for wealth.

Good luck will come to the person who finds a pearl button if he will put it in his stocking, make a wish, and wear the button there until he changes his stockings.

Find a pin and pick it up
All the day you'll have good luck.

For every gray hair that is pulled out of anyone's head, three more will grow in its place.

A mess of fish should never be given away without first being sprinkled with a little salt.

If a rooster jumps up on the doorstep and crows, there is going to be company.

An umbrella raised in the house causes bad luck.

A spark popping out of the fireplace in front of a person means he will get a letter.

If a child plays in the fire, he will wet the bed.

The first time anyone enters a house if he makes a wish it will come true.

Sunning a bed on Monday will cause bad luck.

When soap is made on the increase of the moon, it will make a full pot.

To drag a rake through the house brings bad luck.

To stand a broom on its grass end causes bad luck.

When the hem of a woman's dress turns up, if she kisses it, she will get a new dress.

Drinking milk while eating fish will cause death.

Eating "dead man's fingers" in a crab, or the "eyes" of a scallop will bring death to animals or human beings.

Signs and Spells

If the nose itches, it is the sign somebody is coming.

If a person's right hand itches, it is the sign that he is going to shake hands with somebody. If his left hand itches, it is the sign he will get money.

If the left eye itches, he will be pleased. If his right eye itches, he will be displeased.

If the right foot itches on the bottom, it is a sign the person is going where he is not wanted. If the left foot itches, he is going where he is wanted.

If a person's ear itches, he is going to hear a secret. If it burns, somebody is talking about him.

When somebody's shoestring comes untied, it is a sign his sweetheart is thinking about him.

Round pieces of foam on a cup of coffee are signs the lucky individual will receive money.

To dream of a fire is a sign of a death. To dream of a death is the sign of a wedding.

Dreaming of snakes is the sign of an enemy.

If anyone takes a piece of bread when he already has some on his plate, it is a sign that somebody is coming hungry.

To give someone a headache, walk in his tracks.

If a person knows somebody is "witching" him, he can break the spell by slipping a broom under the individual's doorstep for him to walk over. The broom must then be moved before he comes back. All of this must be done without being seen.

When somebody wants to be rid of a family living in the neighborhood, all he needs to do is take nine needles and stick one under the neighbor's doorstep each morning for nine days. On the ninth day, the undesirables will "get further."

A dove's heart is a love charm that will win the love and devotion of any desired person. The heart is parched until it is very crisp and then ground into a fine powder. This is dropped surreptitiously into the coffee, or any drink, of the admired individual.

Negroes believe that nailing a live snake in the room of a hated individual under some piece of furniture, such as the dresser, will cause this person to die when the snake dies.

"Jo Moles" (good luck pieces) are popular with the Negroes. This may be a rabbit's foot, gopher dust, or some other similar charm.

"Gopher dust" is a most valued possession and a person can do anything with it. This is dust found under the left hind leg of a female gopher--land terrapin. It works much better if this gopher is caught in the graveyard at midnight on Friday.

A child born with a "veil" over his face will have unusual powers of divination.

Miscellaneous

If someone plants a cedar tree, when it is large enough to shade a grave, he will die.

Bad luck will follow the counting of cars in a funeral procession.

If a person points at graves in a cemetery, some member of his family will die.

Death before the year is out follows the wearing of anything new to a funeral.

When a death occurs in a house, all the clocks are stopped and the mirrors covered.

Smoke always follows beauty.

If the new moon is seen over the left shoulder, it means bad luck. If seen straight ahead, it means hard work. If a person sees the new moon through the brush, he will shed tears.

Show the new moon a piece of silver to get money.

A wish comes true if it is made when a star falls. Saying, "Money, money, money," brings wealth.

If anyone wants a dream to come true, he must tell it before breakfast.

Thunder bolts may be dug from the earth where lightning has struck.

It is bad luck to turn back after starting on a journey. If a person has forgotten something and must return, he can keep off the bad luck by making a cross in the road and spitting in the center of it.

If a wish is made when a ring is placed on the finger, it will come true provided the ring is not removed from the finger for a specified time.

Summary

Many superstitions were believed in by the pioneers of this section. To almost any activity--work or play--some belief was attached. For example, there were many ways for a young girl to determine just who her future husband would be. Superstitions also centered around holidays, the home, occupations, and animals. There were strange cures for all types of illness; signs to keep off evil or foretelling luck. Weather also came in for its share of attention in the minds of the superstitious.

To the early settlers, these beliefs offered an explanation for things in the world about them that they could not understand. Some of the superstitious beliefs of these people are still found around the Bay although the reason for them and their origin are no longer known.

CHAPTER X

RIDDLES, GAMES, AND GAME VERSE

In isolated areas, a people in the absence of other means of recreation will make their own. This was true of the Bay region in the early days. In the absence of outside entertainment, the people found many ways to amuse themselves.

Riddles[1]

One form of amusement for the pioneer was the practice of asking riddles. Even though this form of amusement is not as common as it once was, one still finds the custom a part of the modern culture. In this part of the chapter, many of the older riddle forms may be found.

True Riddles

What can go up the chimney down, but can't come down the chimney up?

Answer--An umbrella.

As I went through a field of wheat, there I found something good to eat. It was neither flesh, nor skin, nor bone, but in three weeks it walked alone.

Answer--An egg.

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[1]All of these riddles came from members of the Surber family.

I rode across London Bridge and yet I walked.

Answer--Accompanied by a dog named "Yet I."

Black upon black, black upon brown, three legs up and six legs down.

Answer--A Negro riding on a mule with a pot on his head.

As I went up my airy-dairy twelve o'clock at night, I saw the dead carrying the live and wasn't that a dreadful sight?

Answer--A man in a boat.

Ain't got it; don't want it; but if I had it, I wouldn't take a million dollars for it.

Answer--A bald head.

Big at both ends and little in the middle, carries the earth and sings like a fiddle.

Answer--A dirt dauber.

Big at the bottom, little at the top, a thing in the middle goes flippity-flop.

Answer--A churn.

Round as a biscuit,
Busy as a bee,
Prettiest little thing
You ever did see.

Answer--A watch.

Twelve pears were hanging high;
Twelve men came riding by.
Each took a pear,
And still left eleven hanging there.

Answer--A man was named "Each."

Between earth and Heaven, not on a tree.
I've told you; now you tell me.

Answer--"Knot" on a tree.

Patch upon patch and a hole in the middle,
Unriddle this and I'll give you a gold fiddle.

Answer--A chimney.

Arms, but no hands; legs, but no feet; back, but no front.
Push it from you, and it goes to you.
Push it to you, and it goes from you.

Answer--A rocking chair.

What's got a tongue and can't talk?

Answer--A wagon.

What goes all around the house and doesn't leave a track?

Answer--The wind.

Riddle tum a riddle tum a riddle tum a ree,
A thousand eyes and yet can't see.

Answer--A sifter.

Old Mother Thatcher had but one eye
And a long tail she let fly;
Everytime she flies across the gap,
She leaves a piece of her tail in the trap.

Answer--A needle.

Something nice upon a bed,
First white and then red;
Ain't a lady in the land,
But who'll take it in her hand,
Put it in a hole before,
And wish she had a thousand more.

Answer--A strawberry.

Thirty-two horses on a red hill;
Now they're champing, now they're still.

Answer--The teeth.

As I went across London Bridge, I met my sister Sal,
Pulled off her head and drank her blood and left her body stand.

Answer--A bottle of whisky.

King met a king on the King's highway,
King says to king, "What's your name?"
"Silver's my saddle, and silver's my bow,
I've told you my name three times and yet you don't know."

Answer--"My."

What goes up the hill and down the hill and yet it never moves?

Answer--A road.

Upon the hill there's a green thing;
In that green thing, there's a white thing;
In that white thing, there's a red thing;
In that red thing, there's a lot of little Negro young 'uns.

Answer--A watermelon.

Down in yonder's meadow, there's a red heiffer;
Give her grass and she'll eat;
Give her water and she'll die.

Answer--A fire.

What is it that goes to water and leaves its belly at home?

Answer--A pillow case.

What is it that goes through the woods,
Is out in the meadow all day,
And comes home at night and goes into the cupboard?

Answer--Milk.

The man that made it didn't want it;
The man that bought it didn't use it;
The man that used it didn't know it.

Answer--A coffin.

Little Nancy Etticoat in her white petticoat with her red nose,
The longer she stands, the shorter she grows.

Answer--A burning candle.

Two legs sat upon three legs, holding one leg in his lap.
In came four legs, grabbed one leg away from two legs.
Up jumped two legs, threw three legs at four legs,
And made four legs bring back one leg.

Answer--A man sitting on a three-legged stool with a leg of mutton in his lap. A dog comes in and grabs the mutton and runs away.

Chink, chink through the brook and never drinks.

Answer--A chain.

Three corners square, black as a bear;
Unriddle this and you can pull my hair.

Answer--A flat iron.

Round as a biscuit, deep as a cup;
All the king's horses can't pull it up.

Answer--A well.

Whitey went into Blackie,
And came out of blackie
And left whitey in blackie.

Answer--A white hen went into a black stump and laid a white egg.

Down in yonder meadow stands a horse,
All bridled, all saddled, all ready for fight.

Answer--All.

Riddle Question

As I went across London Bridge, I dropped my ring overboard.
Next day I had fish for dinner. Guess what was in the fish?

Answer--Bones.

As I went across London Bridge I met a bunch of barrows
And they all went off sows.

Answer--"Souse" into the water.

Which side of the jug is the handle on?

Answer--The outside.

Why is a dog's tail like the heart of a tree?

Answer--Because it is furtherest from the bark.

As I went over London Bridge
I met a little boy and he was crying.
I asked him what he was crying about
And he said his mother died seven years before he was born.

Answer--She "dyed" clothes.

As I went into lumber lin,
I looked out of lumber lin,
And saw Tom Tigum Tagum in the world of wigum wagum.
I called Tigum Tagum
To chase Tom Tigum Tagum
Out of the world of Wigum Wagum.

Answer--A hog was in the 'tater patch and the man in his house called the dog to chase the hog out of the 'tater patch.

Love I sit, Love I stand;
Love I hold in my right hand;
Love I see in yonder tree;
Unriddle this and you can hang up me.

Answer--A woman who was going to be hanged was given one opportunity to save herself. If she could make up a riddle that couldn't be answered, she would be freed. This was the riddle. She had killed her dog named "Love" and put pieces of his body in her chair, her glove, and the tree.

Horn ate a horn up a high oak tree;
Guess this riddle and you can hang up me.

Answer--The same story as the above goes with this riddle. A man named "Horn" ate a cow horn in a tree.

Six set and seven sprung,
From the dead the living come.

Answer--A bird had made a nest in an old horse's skull and laid six eggs there. When the eggs hatched, the mother bird and her young flew away.

If he coma, he no coma;
If he no coma, he coma.

Answer--This riddle was supposedly made up by a Negro slave who gained his freedom when no one could answer it. The answer is corn and crows. If the crows come, the corn won't grow. If the crows don't come, the corn will grow.

I had a little sister her name was Peep Peep;
She waded the ocean deep, deep, deep;
She climbed the mountain high, high, high;
My poor little sister had but one eye.

Answer--A star.

Whitey went into whitey
And looked out of whitey
And saw whitey in whitey
And called whitey to chase whitey out of whitey.

Answer--A white man went into a white house, looked out and saw a white cow in a cotton patch. He called a white dog to chase the cow out of the cotton patch.

As I went up my heeple steeple
There I met a heap of people;
Some were black and some were blacker,
And some were the color of chewing tobacco.

Answer--Ants.

In yonder house there is a chest;
In that chest there is a box;
In that box there is a cup;
In that cup there is a vial;

In that vial there is a drop;
No man eats it, no man drinks it,
No man can do without it.

Answer--A drop of blood in a heart.

His head was bone,
His mouth was horn;
Never was such a man born.

Answer--A rooster.

Black and white and red all over.

Answer--A newspaper.

When you go to bed what is the last thing you take off?

Answer--Feet off the floor.

Where was Moses when the lights went out?

Answer--In the dark.

What will make black blacker?

Answer--"er."

Games and Game Verse[2]

Games were the form of amusement most attractive to the children. Along with many of the games played by the children went bits of verse and rimes. This part of the chapter deals with the games and game verse once prevalent in the area.

Rope Jumping Rimes

Cinderella

Cinderella, dressed in yellow,
Went down to town to see her fellow.
How many kisses did she get?
One, two, three, ...

Teddy Bear

Teddy Bear, Teddy Bear, turn around,
Teddy Bear, Teddy Bear, touch the ground.
Teddy Bear, Teddy Bear, go upstairs.
Teddy Bear, Teddy Bear, say your prayers.
Teddy Bear, Teddy Bear, comb your hair.
Teddy Bear, Teddy Bear, tie your shoe.
Teddy Bear, Teddy Bear, please skiddoo.

The rope jumper suits actions to the words. On the last line she runs out. Action after action is made up for this rime.

Mama, Mama

Mama, Mama, I am sick;
Send for the doctor, quick, quick, quick.
Doctor, Doctor, shall I die?

---

[2]These games and rimes were played by the writer as a child.

Yes, my child, but don't you cry.
How many pills shall I take?
One, two, three, ...

"Eating gnats" was waiting too long "to run in."

"Rocking the baby" was swaying the rope back and forth as the players jumped over it.

"Building a house" was starting with the rope low and raising it a little higher each time the players jumped over.

Ball Bouncing Rimes

O'Leary

One, two, three, O'Leary (passes leg over ball)
Four, five, six, O'Leary (Again passes leg over the ball.)
. . . . . .

One, Two, Buckle My Shoe

One, two, buckle my shoe.
Three, four, shut the door.
Five, six, pick up sticks.
Seven, eight, lay them straight.
Nine, ten, big fat hen.
. . . . . .

Counting-out Rimes

Eeny Meemie

Eeny, meenie miney moe,
Catch a nigger by his toe;
If he hollers let him go,
Eeny meenie miney moe.

William a Trimbletoe

Group puts hands down flat on the floor. One person counts out with this rime on the fingers.

William a Trimbletoe, he's a good fisherman,
Catches hens, puts 'em in pens. Some lay eggs, some none.
Wire briar limber lock, three geese in a flock.
One flew east and one flew west,
And one flew over the cuckoo's nest.
O-U-T spells out and return to your
Old dirty home behind the stump.

The person counted out then goes off to some designated spot out of earshot of the others. The remaining members of the group are named various things, usually animals, and one name is given to the one counted out, "it." Then, a spokesman for the group says, "When are you coming home?"

"It" replies, "Tomorrow afternoon."

Spokesman: "What are you going to bring with you?"

"It": "A dish and a spoon and a fat raccoon."

Spokesman: "What do you want to ride on?" He gives the names. If "it" guesses his own name, he must come home on tiptoe, whistling. If he chooses the name of another member of the group, that person must go and carry him back. In that case the following conversation takes place:

Spokesman: "What you got there?"

Carrier: "Bag of knits."

Spokesman: "Shake him 'til he spits."

Spokesman: "Which you rather lie on, a thorn bed or a feather bed?"

If "it" chooses a thorn bed, he is put down easily. If he prefers the feather bed, he is put down just any old way.

Games Using Hands

Pat-a-Cake

The baby's hands are clapped together while repeating the following:

Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, baker's man;
Do, mama, do, mama, fast as you can;
Roll 'em and pat 'em and mark 'em with tea,
And bake 'em in the oven for baby and me.

This Little Piggie

The baby's toes are manipulated while repeating these words:

This little piggie went to market;
This little piggie stayed home;
This little piggie had roast beef;
This little piggie had none;
This little piggie went
"Wee, wee, wee," all the way home.

Hand Clapping Game

Two people follow a rather complicated routine in this game. They face each other, slap both hands first on their knees, together, and then one at a time on the other fellow's hands. An extra pop can be put in by clapping the hands together when bringing them back to the knees. This makes a very pleasant rhythmic sound. The following rime may be recited along with the clapping:

Peas porridge hot,
Peas porridge cold.
Peas porridge in the pot
Nine days old.

Some like 'em hot,
Some like 'em cold.
Some like 'em in the pot
Nine days old.

Clubfist

Players stack their fists one on top of the other. The leader, who has one hand free, asks the questions.

Leader: What you got there?

First Player: Clubfist.

Leader: Knock it off, take it off, or have a crow pick it off?

If the first player chooses to have it "knocked off," the leader hits the fist terrific blows until it is knocked off. If he wants to "take it off," the leader simply removes the fist. If he "has the crow pick it off," the leader pinches him until the fist is removed. This whole process is continued until the leader gets down to the final fist. Then the dialogue goes like this:

Leader: What you got there?

Player: Bread and cheese.

Leader: Where's my share?

Player: The rat got it.

Leader: Where's the rat?

Player: The cat caught it.

Leader: Where's the cat?

Player: The dog chased it.

Leader: Where's the dog?

Player: In the woods.

Leader: Where's the woods?

Player: The fire burnt it.

Leader: Where's the fire?

Player: The water quenched it.

Leader: Where's the water?

Player: The ox drank it.

Leader: Where's the ox?

Player: The butcher killed him.

Leader: Where's the butcher?

Player: The rope hung him.

Leader: Where's the rope?

Player: The knife cut it.

Leader: Where's the knife?

Player: The hammer broke it.

Leader: Where's the hammer?

Player: Dead and buried behind the old church door, and whoever laughs, grins, or shows his teeth will get a hair pull, a pinch, and a little red box of nails.

These punishments are given to each one who laughs, smiles, or grins, and eventually they all do because as soon as one is punished,

he tries his best to make the others laugh. The "little red box of nails" is a box on the ears.

Play Verse

Lady Bug (Lady Bird)

If a child found a "lady bug" on a palmetto leaf, he always said this little rime:

Lady bug, lady bug,
Fly away home.
Your house is on fire
And your children alone.

The lady bug immediately flew off to see about her children.

Doodle Bug (Ant Lion)

When the children found the doodle bug hole in the sand, they stirred with a stick around and around as they quoted these lines:

Doodle bug, doodle bug, tell me what I want to know.
Doodle bug, doodle bug, tell me what I want to know.

And very soon the doodle bug came out.

Rain, Rain Go Away

This is a rime the children would say on a rainy day.

Rain, rain, go away.
Come again some other day.
John and I want to play.

A Story

When the writer would beg her brothers or sisters or some older person to tell her a story, she was usually told one of the two following:

> I'll tell you a story about Jack and Nora,
> And now my story begins.
> I'll tell you another about Jack and his brother,
> And now my story ends.

or

> Once there was a little boy, he had a little coat.
> If the coat had been longer, the story would have been longer.

Other Games

Mumble de Peg

This game was played with a knife. The player went through many routines such as "shave old Pete"--he put the knife, point upwards, on the forehead and let it fall in such a way into the soft earth that it stuck up, "break the chicken's neck"--the knife blade was placed under middle finger, the handle was hit so that the blade would stick into the soil, "rock the baby to sleep"--he placed the open knife on his clenched fist and drove it into the soil with a side motion, and finally, the knife would be flipped on each of the finger tips of the open hand to spell "o-u-t, spells out." There were other procedures to go through, also, and when a player missed, he had to stop and take up at that point when his turn came around again. The player finishing last had to "root the peg." To do this, a match stem was stuck lightly in the ground. The winner would ask if the unfortunate loser

wanted "two with them shut or one with them open"--meaning did the rooter want the spokesman to hit the peg once with his eyes open or twice with them closed? Whichever he chose, he had to get the peg out of the dirt with his teeth with no help from his hands.

Jack Stones

There were many routines to go through when playing "jacks," also. First, a player must throw them into the air, catching as many on the back of the hand as possible. These were then flipped over and caught. If the player failed to catch them, it was considered a miss. If he passed successfully through this initial step, he could proceed to the next. Here he threw a small ball into the air, picking up one jack on each bounce. From that he would continue to his "two's" and so on until he had completed the number of jacks in the group--as high as twenty, but usually ten. After this was completed, there were special patterns--"putting the pigs in the pen"--putting jacks one by one, two by two, and so on, under one hand held on the floor while bouncing the ball with the other, "helping the old lady over the fence"--lifting the jacks, one by one, two by two, and so on over the hand placed upright on the floor, "round the world"--taking one jack, then two, three, and so on, around the bouncing ball in a circular motion, "humpty dumpty"--picking up one jack which is placed on the top of another, "putting eggs in the basket"--picking up first one jack at a time, then two, and so on, and putting them in the other

hand, and many others. New additions could be worked out if desired. All of these had to be done without touching other jacks with the fingers or with the jack being picked up. Many children became experts at this game and even adults sometimes joined in the fun.

Children in this section in the early days played the same games which are still enjoyed by children here today. The little boys played with tops, kites, and marbles while the girls played dolls and paper dolls. Tree-climbing was fun, and cave digging seemed to be a great part of every child's life. When the writer was a child instead of "cops and robbers," the children played "bootlegging and the sheriff."

Games were sometimes made up by the children. One example of this was "Treasure Hunting." The "treasure," usually broken up china, was collected in a bag and taken off by one group and hidden. They then returned to the waiting group and drew a map which would lead to the treasure. When the treasure was found, it was the other group's turn to hide it. Sometimes the treasure was not found for days.

"Skinning the cat"--putting the entire body through the arms while hanging from the branch of a tree; "jumping over the guinea grass"--two people running and lifting a small child into the air; "jack saddle"--two people forming a seat with their arms and carrying a third person on the seat; "Tom walkers"--two poles with pieces of wood attached for the feet--were other means of diversion for the "small fry."

Autograph Rimes

Autograph books were as popular then as now and typical verses found in them were as follows:

Down in the meadow
Carved on a rock,
Four little words, For-get-me-not.

Roses are red;
Violets are blue;
Sugar is sweet;
And so are you.

By hook or crook,
I'll be the last to write in this book.

Last in your album;
Last in your thoughts;
Last to be remembered;
First to be forgot.

Remember me when far, far off
Where woodchucks die with the whooping cough.

Remember me when death shall close
My eyelids in their last repose,
And when the wind shall gently wave
The grass above your schoolmate's grave.

When land and sea divide us
And your face no more I see,
Remember it was just _____that wrote
These lines for thee.

When I'm dead and almost rotten
Think of me and come a-trottin'.

May your life be like a cat's tail--
Long and "fur" to the end.

May you through life remain the same,
Unchanged in all--except your name.

Remember the boy from the country;
Remember the boy from the town;
Remember the boy who ruined your book
By writing upside down.

U R 2 sweet
2 B 4 gotten.

As you look for the blue birds,
Don't forget the gray ones along the way.

Dare to face life bravely;
Do not be afraid;
If life hands you a lemon--
Make some lemonade!

Tongue Twisters

Robert Rowley rolled a round roll round
A round roll Robert Rowley rolled round.
If Robert Rowley rolled a round roll round,
Where's the round roll Robert Rowley rolled round?

Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers.
A peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked.
If Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers,
Where's the peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked?

Thomas a Tatamus took two t's to tie to tops of two tall trees.
To frighten the terrible Thomas a Tatamus, tell me how many
t's there are in all that? (Answer--2)

My grandfather sent me an old-fashioned, four cornered,
cambric, country-cut handkerchief.
Not a new fashioned, three cornered, cambric, country-cut
handkerchief--
But an old-fashioned, four-cornered, cambric, country-cut
handkerchief.

How much wood can a woodchuck chuck if a woodchuck could
chuck wood?
He'd chuck, he would, as much wood as he could,
He'd chuck as much wood as a woodchuck could,
If a woodchuck could chuck wood.

Summary

Riddles handed down through the ages may be divided into two types: the true riddle and the riddle question. The true riddle has a logical answer while the riddle question can be answered only by the initiated.

Game and game verse were enjoyed by the children. The game might take the form of jumping rope, bouncing a ball, counting out, saying tongue twisters, or playing mumble de peg. Whatever form the means of entertainment did take, it filled a need in the lives of the children and often that of the parents.

CHAPTER XI

SONGS

Music fills an important place in the lives of people. So it was with the frontiersman. Having few musical instruments and few written songs, he danced to "fiddle music" and sang the songs which had come down to him from his ancestors. In this chapter, the writer has included songs which she learned, in the main, from her own family, a pioneer family on the Bay.

Lullaby and Cradle Songs[1]

Ta Rah Rah Boom De Ay

Hush, little baby, don't say a word.
Mama's gonna buy you a mocking bird.
If that mocking bird don't sing,
Mama's gonna buy you a diamond ring.

If that diamond ring turns brass,
Mama's gonna buy you a looking glass.
If that looking glass gets broke,
Mama's gonna buy you a billy goat.

If that billy goat's named "Roney,"
Mama's gonna buy you a Texas pony.
If that Texas pony runs away,
Mama's gonna sing "Ta rah, rah, boom de ay,
Ta rah, rah, boom de ay, ta rah rah, boom de ay,
Ta rah, rah, boom de ay, ta rah, rah, boom de ay.

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[1]The writer learned these songs when a child from her mother, Mrs. George W. Surber, a pioneer.

Tree Grows Down the Townie-oh[2]

The tree grows down the townie-oh.
On that tree there was a limb,
Oh, that limb that pretty little limb,
The limb on the tree,
And the tree grows down the townie-oh.

On that limb there was a nest,
Oh, that nest that pretty little nest,
The nest on the limb,
The limb on the tree,
And the tree grows down the townie-oh.

In that nest there was an egg,
Oh, that egg that pretty little egg,
The egg in the nest,
The nest on the limb,
The limb on the tree,
And the tree grows down the townie-oh.

In that egg there was a bird,
Oh, that bird that pretty little bird,
The bird in the egg,
The egg in the nest,
The nest on the limb,
The limb on the tree,
And the tree grows down the townie-oh.

On that bird there was a wing,
Oh, that wing that pretty little wing,
The wing on the bird,
The bird in the egg,
The egg in the nest,
The nest on the limb,
The limb on the tree,
And the tree grows down the townie-oh.

On that wing there was a feather,
Oh, that feather that pretty little feather,
The feather on the wing,
The wing on the bird,
The bird in the egg,

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[2]Mrs. George W. Surber learned this song from a Mrs. Grills, who came here from Tennessee years ago.

The egg in the nest,
The nest on the limb,
The limb on the tree,
And the tree grows down the townie-oh.

Fiddle-I-fee

I bought me a cat, my cat pleased me.
I fed my cat under the tree.
My cat says, "Fiddle-I-fee."

I bought me a dog, my dog pleased me.
I fed my dog under the tree.
My dog says, "Boo boo,"
My cat says, "Fiddle-I-fee."

I bought me a hen, my hen pleased me.
I fed my hen under the tree.
My hen says, "Chancey chancey."
My dog says, "Boo boo."
My cat says, "Fiddle-I-fee."

I bought me a duck, my duck pleased me.
I fed my duck under the tree.
My duck says, "Brady brady."
My hen says, "Chancey chancey."
My dog says, "Boo boo."
My cat says, "Fiddle-I-fee."

I bought me a hog, my hog pleased me.
I fed my hog under the tree.
My hog says, "Gruffy graffy."
My duck says, "Brady brady."
My hen says, "Chancey chancey."
My dog says, "Boo boo."
My cat says, "Fiddle-I-fee."

I bought me a sheep, my sheep pleased me.
I fed my sheep under the tree.
My sheep says, "Baa baa."
My hog says, "Gruffy graffy."
My duck says, "Brady brady."
My hen says, "Chancey chancey."
My dog says, "Boo boo."
My cat says, "Fiddle-I-fee."

I bought me a cow, my cow pleased me.
I fed my cow under the tree.
My cow says, "Moo moo."
My sheep says, "Baa baa."
My hog says, "Gruffy graffy."
My duck says, "Brady brady."
My hen says, "Chancey chancey."
My dog says, "Boo boo."
My cat says, "Fiddle-I-fee."

Froggie Went a Courtin'

Froggie went a courtin' and he did ride, uh huh, uh huh;
Froggie went a courtin' and he did ride,
Sword and pistol by his side, uh huh, uh huh.

He went down to Miss Mousie's house, uh huh, uh huh;
He went down to Miss Mousie's house and says,
"Miss Mousie, will you marry me?" uh huh, uh huh.

Oh, where will the wedding and the infare be, uh huh, uh huh;
Oh, where will the wedding and the infare be?
Way down yonder in the hollow tree, uh huh, uh huh.

First come in was a little red bug, uh huh, uh huh;
First come in was a little red bug,
He had whiskey in his jug, uh huh, uh huh.

Next come in was a little seed tick, uh huh, uh huh;
Next come in was a little seed tick
Walking with his hickr'y stick, uh huh, uh huh.

Next come in was a bumble bee, uh huh, uh huh;
Next come in was a bumble bee,
He had his fiddle on his knee, uh huh, uh huh.

Next come in was a broken back flea, uh huh, uh huh;
Next come in was a broken back flea,
He danced a jig with the bumble bee, uh huh, uh huh.

Next come in was a big black cat, uh huh, uh huh;
Next come in was a big black cat,
He seized Miss Mousie by the back, uh huh, uh huh.

The frog went swimming o'er the lake, uh huh, uh huh;
The frog went swimming o'er the lake,
And he was swallowed by a big black snake, uh huh, uh huh.

Monkey's Marriage

Monkey married the baboon's sister,
Smacked his lips and then he kissed her.
Kissed so hard he raised a blister,
Then she raised a yell.

What do you think they had for supper?
Blackeyed peas and bread 'n butter.
What do you think they had for a fiddle?
An old tin pan with a hole in the middle.

Animal Fair

I went to the animal fair;
The birds and the beasts were there.
The old racoon by the light of the moon
Was combing his auburn hair.
The monkey he got drunk and sat
On the elephant's trunk.
The elephant sneezed and fell on his knees,
And what became of the monk, monk, monk?

Keem Oh

Keem oh, kime oh, dire oh, day,
Hime a home a instep saddle,
Sing a long time penny winkle,
Sing song kitty can't you kimey oh.

Shoo Fly

Shoo fly, don't you bother me.
Shoo fly, don't you bother me.
Shoo fly, don't you bother me,
Else I'll get your wing.

Lullaby

Go to sleep, little baby-o.
Be a good little baby-o.
Yonder comes your mammy-o,
With a great big knifie-o,
Cut you all to pieces-o.

Go to Sleep

Go to sleep, go to sleep, go to sleep, little baby;
When you wake you can have all them pretty little horses,
One of a cream, one of a bay, and one of a deep sorrell.

A Baby in the House

Hush, keep still as any mouse.
There's a baby in the house.
Not a dolly, not a toy,
But a laughing, crying boy.

Whatcha Gonna Do with the Baby

Whatcha gonna do with the baby?
Whatcha gonna do with the baby?
Dress him up in calico, send him off to Georgia-o.
Whatcha gonna do with the baby?
Whatcha gonna do with the baby?

Rockaby Baby

Rockaby baby in the tree tops
When the wind blows the cradle will rock.
When the bow breaks the cradle will fall
Down will come baby cradle and all.

My Mama Told Me

My mama told me if I'd be goodie,
That she would buy me a rubber dolly;
But don't you tell her I kissed my fellow,
Or she won't buy me that rubber dolly.

Play Party Songs[3]

Here We Dance Lubin

Here we dance Lubin, Lubin;
Here we dance Lubin light.
Here we dance Lubin, Lubin,
All on a Saturday night.

Form a circle, join hands, and circle while singing the above.

Then stop and go through the following motions:

All your right hands in,
All your right hands out,
Shake your right hands a little, little, little,
And turn yourself about.

All your left hands in,
All your left hands out,
Shake your left hands a little, little, little,
And turn yourself about.

All your right feet in,
All your right feet out,
Shake your right feet a little, little, little,
And turn yourself about.

All your left feet in,
All your left feet out,
Shake your left feet a little, little, little,
And turn yourself about.

---

[3]These play party songs came to the writer from her mother, Mrs. George W. Surber, a native of West Florida.

All your noddles in,
All your noddles out,
Shake your noddles a little, little, little,
And turn yourself about.

This Little War

This little war will soon be over.
This little war will soon be over.
This little war will soon be over.
Come join the band.

Couples line up, partners facing each other. One couple promenades up and down between the rows.

Reelin' and a-rockin' I'm bound to go.
Reelin' and a-rockin' I'm bound to go.
Reelin' and a-rockin' I'm bound to go.
Come join the band.

Couples swing each other and then everybody in the line. They then drop to the foot of the line and the next couple goes through the same procedure and so on until all couples have participated.

Sugar Lump

All 'round this ring my sugar lump.
All 'round this ring we go.

That gentleman's a-rockin' my sugar lump.
That gentleman's a-rockin' my sugar lump.
That gentleman's a-rockin' my sugar lump.
Oh, turn, cimalon, turn.

Turn that cimalon, my sugar lump.
Turn that cimalon, my sugar lump.
Turn that cimalon, my sugar lump.
Oh, turn, cimalon, turn.

Rockin' on a mountain, my sugar lump.
Rockin' on a mountain, my sugar lump.
Rockin' on a mountain, my sugar lump.
Oh, turn, cimalon, turn.

Turn back the other way, my sugar lump.
Turn back the other way, my sugar lump.
Turn back the other way, my sugar lump.
Oh, turn, cimalon, turn.

Players "ring up," join hands, and skip around singing to the very rollicking tune. One person in the middle chooses a partner and they skip around holding hands inside the circle following the directions of the words. The one chosen stays in for the next time and the game proceeds.

Old Doctor Collins

(Played like Sugar Lump)

Old Doctor Collins, he's a merry man,
He's a merry man, he's a merry man;
Old Doctor Collins, he's a merry man,
What makes you slight him so?

Young gentlemen (or ladies) all, you see that?
Young gentlemen all, you see that?
Young gentlemen all, you see that?
Come into my lady's garden.

Sam Jones is bound to see that,
Sam Jones is bound to see that;
Sam Jones is bound to see that,
Come into my lady's garden.

Miss Susie's bound to see that,
Miss Susie's bound to see that;
Miss Susie's bound to see that,
Come into my lady's garden.

Swing your sweetheart, see that,
Oh, swing your sweetheart, see that,
Swing your sweetheart, see that,
Come into my lady's garden.

Old Sister Phoebe

Old Sister Phoebe, how merry was she
The night she sat under that June apple tree,
That June apple tree, high-o.

Put a hat on her head keep her head warm,
And two or three kisses will do her no harm,
Will do her no harm, I'm sure.

Players form a circle and join hands. One person is sitting in a chair in the center. During the singing of the first stanza the circle dances around "Old Sister Phoebe." At the beginning of the second stanza, a hat is put on Sister Phoebe's head and everybody kisses her. She selects her successor.

King William Was King James' Son

King William was King James' son.
From the royal race he sprung,
Wore a star upon his breast,
That was called the star of rest.

Go choose to the east; go choose to the west;
Choose the one that you love best.
If he's not here to take his part,
Choose the next one to your heart.

Down on this carpet you must kneel,
As sure as the grass grows in the field,
Salute your bride and kiss her sweet;
Then you can rise upon your feet.

Players Directions: Form a circle with one player in the middle and dance to right, singing the first stanza. At the beginning of the

second stanza, the players stop, and the player in the center chooses a person as his lover. During the singing of the third stanza the couples kneel, then rise, kiss, and change places.

Humorous Songs[4]

Three Nights' Experience[5]

I come home the first night,
Just as drunk as I could be.
Found a horse in the stable,
Where my horse ought to be.

"Oh, come here, little wifie,
And explain this thing to me.
What's a horse doin' in the stable,
Where my horse ought to be?"

"You darned ole fool, you crazy fool,
Can't you plainly see,
It's nothing but a milk cow
My granny sent to me?"

I've traveled this world over,
Ten thousand miles or more,
But a saddle on a milk cow
I've never seen before.

I come home the second night,
Just as drunk as I could be.
Found a coat hanging on the rack
Where my coat ought to be.

"Oh, come here, little wifie,
And explain this thing to me.
What's a coat doin' a-hangin' on the rack
Where my coat ought to be?"

---

[4]Songs not otherwise footnoted came from the Surber family, Pretty Bayou.

[5]The writer learned this song from a pupil, Ishmael Joyner, fifth grade, Springfield School, Bay County, Florida, around 1941.

"You darned ole fool, you crazy fool,
Can't you plainly see,
It's nothing but a bed quilt
My granny sent to me?"

I've traveled this world over,
Ten thousand miles or more,
But pockets on a bed quilt
I've never seen before.

I come home the third night,
Just as drunk as I could be.
Found a head on the pillow
Where my head ought to be.

"Oh, come here, little wifie,
And explain this thing to me.
What's a head doing on a pillow
Where my head ought to be?"

"You darned ole fool, you crazy fool,
Can't you plainly see,
It's nothing but a cabbage head
My granny sent to me?"

I've traveled this world over,
Ten thousand miles or more,
But a mustache on a cabbage head
I've never seen before.

The Good Old Man

Wife: What do you want for breakfast, my husband?
What do you want for breakfast, my man?
What do you want for breakfast, my husband?
The best ole feller in the land.

Answer: Fried eggs.

Wife: How many do you want, my husband?
How many do you want, my man?
How many do you want, my husband?
The best ole feller in the land.

Answer: One dozen.

Wife: One dozen will kill you, my husband.
One dozen will kill you, my man.
One dozen will kill you, my husband.
The best ole feller in the land.

Answer: Let 'em kill.

Wife: Where do you want to be buried, my husband?
Where do you want to be buried, my man?
Where do you want to be buried, my husband?
The best ole feller in the land.

Answer: In the chimney corner.

Wife: What do you want for a coffin, my husband?
What do you want for a coffin, my man?
What do you want for a coffin, my husband?
The best ole feller in the land.

Answer: The woodbox.

Wife: The woodbox'll smut you, my husband.
The woodbox'll smut you, my man.
The woodbox'll smut you, my husband.
The best ole feller in the land.

Answer: Let 'er smut.

Wife: What do you want for a shroud, my husband?
What do you want for a shroud, my man?
What do you want for a shroud, my husband?
The best ole feller in the land.

Answer: The dish rag.

Wife: The dish rag will grease you, my husband.
The dish rag will grease you, my man.
The dish rag will grease you, my husband.
The best ole feller in the land.

With His Old Gray Beard A-shakin'

There was an old man come over the sea;
Oh, and I won't have him,
Come over the sea just to see me,
With his old gray beard a-shakin'.

My Mammy she told me to open the door;
Oh, and I won't have him.
I opened the door, and he fell in the floor,
With his old gray beard a-shakin'.

My Mammy she told me to pass him the fish;
Oh, and I won't have him.
I passed him the fish, and he swallowed the dish,
With his old gray beard a-shakin'.

My Mammy she told me to pass him the cake;
Oh, and I won't have him.
I passed him the cake, and he ate like a snake,
With his old gray beard a-shakin'.

My Mammy she told me to light his old pipe;
Oh, and I won't have him.
I lit his old pipe, and he bade me good night,
With his old gray beard a-shakin'.

My Mammy she told me to light him to bed;
Oh, and I won't have him.
I lit him to bed, and I wished he was dead,
With his old gray beard a-shakin'.

My Mammy she told me to give him some cover;
Oh, and I won't have him.
I gave him some cover, and he swore he would smother,
With his old gray beard a-shakin'.

I Wish I Was Single Again

I married a wife, oh then, oh then;
I married a wife, oh then;
I married a wife, she was the plague of my life,
And I wish I was single again.

Chorus

I wish I was single again, again;
I wish I was single again;
For when I was single, my pockets did jingle,
And I wish I was single again.

She beat me, she banged me, oh then, oh then;
She beat me, she banged me, oh then,
She beat me, she banged me, she swore she would hang me,
And I wish I was single again.

My wife she died, oh then, oh then;
My wife she died, oh then,
My wife she died, and I laughed till I cried
To think I was single again.

I married another, oh then, oh then;
I married another, oh then;
I married another, she was the devil's grandmother,
And I wish I was single again.

She went for the rope, oh then, oh then;
She went for the rope, oh then;
She went for the rope, and greased it with soap,
And I wish I was single again.

The Dumb Wife

There was a Java blade
Who married a country maid
And safely conducted her home, home, home,
She was shrewd in every art
And was pleasing to the heart,
But alas and alas she was dumb, dumb, dumb.

She could hoe and she could rake,
She could sow and she could bake;
She could sweep the floor up clean with a broom,
broom, broom.
She could brew and she could buy;
She was pleasing to the eye;
But alas, and alas, she was dumb, dumb, dumb.

There was a doctor nigh
To whom he did apply
To cure his loving wife of her dumb, dumb, dumb.
Oh, he cut the chattering string
And her tongue began to ring,
And it sounded to his ear like a drum, drum, drum.

To the doctor he did go,
With his heart so full of woe,
Saying, "Doctor, oh, doctor, I'm done, done, done.
My wife began to scold
And her tongue she would not hold
And I'd give anything if she was dumb, dumb, dumb."

Little Brown Jug

My wife and I lived all alone
In a little hut we called our own.
My wife loved whiskey and I loved rum,
I'll tell you what we've lots of fun.

Chorus

Ha, ha, ha, you and me,
Little Brown Jug, don't I love thee.
Ha, ha, ha, you and me,
Little Brown Jug, don't I love thee.

When I go down to my farm,
I take my little brown jug under my arm,
Set it down in the shade of a tree,
Little Brown Jug, don't I love thee.

If I had a cow would give such milk,
I'd dress her in the finest silk,
Feed her on the best of hay,
And milk her forty times a day.

My wife and I and my little black dog
Crossed the creek on a hickory log,
My wife fell in and she got wet,
Save that little brown jug you bet.

Common Bill

I'll tell you of a fellow,
Of a fellow I have seen,
He is neither red nor yellow,
But he's altogether green.

Oh, he came last night to see me,
And he stayed so very late,
I began to think the blockhead
Was never going away.

He told me of a cottage,
All out among the trees,
And don't you think that blockhead
Got down on his knees.

His name is nothing charming;
It is only common Bill,
Yet he wishes me to wed him,
But I hardly think I will.

Now you know the blessed Bible,
Plainly says we must not kill.
So I've thought the matter over,
And I guess I'll marry Bill.

Poor Robin[6]

Poor Robin is dead and in his grave,
In his grave, in his grave.
Poor Robin is dead and in his grave,
Boo hoo hoo.

There grew a green apple tree over his head,
Over his head, over his head,
There grew a green apple tree over his head,
Boo hoo hoo.

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[6]The writer learned this song from a pupil, Juanita Barnes, fifth grade, Springfield School, Bay County.

The apples got ripe and ready to drop,
Ready to drop, ready to drop.
The apples got ripe and ready to drop,
Boo hoo hoo.

There came an old woman to gather them up,
Gather them up, gather them up.
There came an old woman to gather them up,
Boo hoo hoo.

Robin jumped up and give her a pop,
Give her a pop, give her a pop.
Robin jumped up and give her a pop,
Boo hoo hoo.

It made the old woman go hippity hop,
Hippity hop, hippity hop.
It made the old woman go hippity hop,
Boo hoo hoo.

When I Was a Little Boy

When I was a little boy I lived by myself,
All the bread and cheese I got I put on a shelf.
Tum a high, tum a jing, tum a low, tum a jing, tum a jaddy-o.

The rats and the mice they led me such a life,
I had to go to London to get me a wife.
Tum a high, tum a jing, tum a low, tum a jing, tum a jaddy-o.

The streets was so wide and the roads was so narrow,
I had to bring her home in a old wheel barrow.
Tum a high, tum a jing, tum a low, tum a jing, tum a jaddy-o.

Irishman's Shanty

Have you ever been out to an Irishman's shanty,
Where the water was scarce and the whisky was plenty
With a three-legged stool and a table to match
And a door that was hrng with neither hinges nor latch?

That Was Irish, Too.

My father and mother was Irish;
My father and mother was Irish;
My father and mother was Irish;
And I was Irish, too.

We fed the pig in the parlor;
We fed the pig in the parlor;
We fed the pig in the parlor;
And that was Irish, too.

They had a bottle of whisky;
They had a bottle of whisky;
They had a bottle of whisky;
And that was Irish, too.

Hounds

There was Dash, Rod, and Ring;
There was Bulor, Buck, and Spring,
And old Music in the center.
And fifty other hounds to chase
Them 'round and 'round,
On the banks of the old Palmeter.

Here, Rattler, Here

Once I had a muley cow;
She's muley when she's born,
It took a bluebird just six weeks
To fly from horn to horn.

Here, Rattler, here; here, Rattler, here.
Call old Rattler from the barn,
Here, Rattler, here.

Fiddle Tunes[7]

Can't Dance Chicken Foot

I'm often drunk and seldom sober,
Fall of the year comes in October.

Refrain

Can't dance chicken foot,
Can't dance nothing.
Can't dance chicken foot,
Can't dance nothing.

All them girls cross the river
Got my heart and part of my liver.

Old Mrs. Tally, I want your daughter,
To cut my wood and tote my water.

Had a peck of peas and a few more over,
Plowed 'em in the ground with my one-eyed gopher.

Old Mrs. Tally, when you comin' over,
To see me plow my one-eyed gopher?

Old Dan Tucker

Old Dan Tucker was a mean old man,
Beat his wife with a frying pan.
So get out of the road for old Dan Tucker,
He's too late to get his supper.

Old Dan Tucker he got drunk,
Fell in the fire and kicked up a chunk.
So get out of the road for old Dan Tucker,
He's too late to get his supper.

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[7]Songs learned from members of the Surber family.

Turkey in the Straw

As I was going down the road
With a tired team and a heavy load,
The old ox broke, the wagon sprung,
I said good bye to the wagon tongue.

Chorus:

Turkey in the straw, turkey in the hay,
Tune up the fiddle doodle-de ay.
With a high tuck a hay, and a high tuck a haw,
Strike up the tune called "Turkey in the Straw."

I come to the river and I couldn't get across,
I paid five dollars for an old blind hoss;
He wouldn't go ahead and he wouldn't stand still;
He went up and down like an old sawmill.

Go Tell Aunt Rhodie

Go tell Aunt Rhodie,
Go tell Aunt Rhodie,
Go tell Aunt Rhodie,
Her old gray goose is dead.

The one she's been saving,
The one she's been saving,
The one she's been saving
To make a feather bed.

She died a setting,
She died a setting,
She died a setting
On one old rotten egg.

Sad Songs[8]

Lay My Little Shoes Away[9]

Mother, dear, come bathe my forehead,
For I am growing very weak,
Just one drop of water, Mother,
Fall upon my dying cheeks.

Mother, I am going to leave you,
Please remember what I say;
When I'm gone and left you, Mother,
Lay my little shoes away.

Mother, tell all my little playmates
That I shall never more play;
Give them all my toys and playthings,
And lay my little shoes away.

Santa Claus, he gave them to me
With a lot of other things,
And perhaps he brought an angel
With a pair of golden wings.

Baby, he is growing older
Where he can lift his little feet,
Won't he look so neat and cunning,
Walking down the Golden Street?

Mamie[10]

As the dawning moon was fading,
And the skies in beauty smiles,
Came a whisper like an acho
From a pale and dying child.

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[8]Songs not otherwise footnoted come from Mr. and Mrs. George W. Surber and family.

[9]From Mrs. Elmeada Campbell Blakely, December, 1949.

[10]The writer learned this from Miss Mavis Ealum about twenty years ago.

"Tell me truly, darling mother,
Is there room in Heaven for me?
Can I gain a home of spirits
And with shining angels be?

"Happy in that golden region
And the pearly gates so fair,
Up among the shining angels,
Is there room for Mamie there?

"When my little sister calls me,
And her face I see no more,
As she plays among the roses
Just outside our cottage door.

"Do not scold her, darling mother,
This I ask in kindness and love,
For you both can live with Mamie
In that home so bright with love."

Letter Edged in Black

I was standing by my window yesterday morning,
Without a thought of worry or of care,
When I saw the postman coming up the pathway,
With such a happy face and jolly air.

He rang the bell and whistled while he waited,
Then he said, "Good morning to you, Jack."
But he little knew the sorrow that he brought me,
As he handed me a letter, edged in black.

With trembling hands I took the letter from him,
I broke the seal and this is what it said,
"Come home, my boy, your dear old father wants you;
Come home, my boy, your dear old mother's dead.

"Those angry words I wished I'd never spoke them,
You know I did not mean them, don't you, Jack?
May the angels bear me witness, I am asking
Your forgiveness in this letter edged in black."

I bowed my head in sorrow and in silence,
The sunshine from my life it all had fled,
Since the postman brought that letter yesterday morning,
Saying, "Come home, my boy, your dear old mother's dead."

The Baggage Coach Ahead

On a dark stormy night as the train rattled on,
All the passengers had gone to bed,
Except one young man with a babe in his arms,
Who sat there with a bowed head.

The babe started moaning and crying just then,
As though its poor heart would break.
An angry man said, "Make that child stop its noise,
For it's keeping all of us awake."

"Put it out," said another, "Don't keep it in here,
I'm tired from my work and want rest."
But never a word said the man with the child,
As he cuddled it close to his breast.

"Where is its mother go take it to her," another
man kindly said,
"I wish that I could," was the man's sad reply,
"But she's dead in the coach ahead."

As the train rolled onward a young man sat in tears,
Thinking of the happiness of just a few short years.
For Baby's face brings pictures of a cherished hope that's
dead;
But Baby's cries can't waken her in the baggage coach
ahead.

Little Mary Fagin

Little Mary Fagin, she went to town one day;
She went to the pencil factory to get her little pay;
She left her home at seven, she kissed her mother goodby,
Not one time did the poor child think that she was going to die.

Then a villian met her with a brutal heart we know;
He laughed and said, "Little Mary, you'll go home no more."
He sneaked along behind her till she reached the middle room;
He laughed and said, "Little Mary, you've met your fatal doom."

Dupree was the watchman and when he wound the key,
A way down in the basement little Mary he did see;
He called for the policemen, their names I do not know;
They came to the pencil factory and told Dup he must go.

Now, come all you good people, wherever you may be,
Supposing little Mary belonged to you or me?

Fragment of Little Nell of Narragansett Bay

Toll, toll the bell, at early dawn of day,
For lovely Nell so quickly passed away.
Toll, toll the bell, its tone so mournfully,
For bright eyed laughing little Nell of Narragansett Bay.

Floyd Collins

Oh, come all you young people and listen while I tell
The fate of Floyd Collins a lad we all knew well;
His face was fair and handsome, his heart was true and brave,
His body now lies sleeping in a lonely sandstone cave.

* *

But on that fatal morning the sun rose in the sky,
The workers still were busy, "We'll save him by and by."
But, oh, how sad the ending, his life could not be saved,
His body now lies sleeping in the lonely sandstone cave.

Now, come all you young people and listen to his fate,
And get right with your maker before it is too late.
It may not be a sand cave in which you find your tomb,
But at the Bar of Judgement you, too, must meet your doom.

The Wreck of 97

They gave him his orders at Monroe, Virginia,
Saying "Pete, you're 'way behind time.
This is not 38, but old 97,
You must put her in center on time."

He looked 'round and said to his black, greasy fireman,
"Just shovel in a little more coal,
And when we cross that wide old mountain,
You can watch old 97 roll."

It's a mighty rough road from Lynchburg to Danville,
And a ride on a three-mile grade,
It was on that bridge that he lost his average,
And you see what a jump he made.

He was going down grade making 90 miles an hour,
When his whistle broke into a scream,
He was found in the wreck with his hand on the throttle,
And was scalded to death with the steam.

Now ladies, you must take warning,
From this time now and on.
Never speak harsh words to your true loving husband,
He may leave you and never return.

Careless Love

It's love, oh, love, oh, careless love;
It's love, oh, love, oh, careless love;
It's love, oh, love, oh, careless love;
Don't you see what careless love will do.

You broke my heart, you did not care,
And in the wreckage of despair,
Your love grew cold, you did not care.
With your love, your love, your careless love.

Prisoner Song

Oh, I wish I had someone to love me,
Someone to call me their own,
Someone to live with me always,
For I'm tired of living alone.

Oh, please meet me tonight in the moonlight,
Please meet me tonight all alone.
I have a sad story to tell you;
It's a story that's never been told.

I have a grand ship on the ocean,
All mounted with silver and gold,
And before my poor darling should suffer,
That great ship would be anchored and sold.

Now if I had wings of an angel,
Over these prison walls I would fly,
I would fly to the arms of my poor darling;
And there I'd be willing to die.

Down in the Valley

Down in the valley, valley so low,
Late in the evening hear the train blow;
Hear the train blow, love, hear the train blow;
Late in the evening, hear the train blow.

Roses love sunshine, violets love dew;
Angels in Heaven know I love you.
Know I love you, dear, know I love you;
Angels in Heaven know I love you.

Write me a letter send it by mail,
Send it in care of the Birmingham jail,
Birmingham jail, love, Birmingham jail,
Send it in care of the Birmingham jail.

Red River Valley

Oh, they say from this valley you're leaving;
I shall miss your bright eyes and sweet smile;
For they say you are taking the sunshine
That had brightened my pathway awhile.

Chorus

Then come sit by my side in the valley,
Do not hasten to bid me adieu.
Just remember the Red River Valley,
And the girl that once loved you so true.

I've been waiting a long time, my darling,
For those sweet words you never would say,
And at last all my fond hopes have vanished,
For they tell me you're going away.

Oh, they'll bury me where we have wandered,
'Neath the hills where the daffodils grow,
When you're gone from the Red River Valley,
For I can't live without you I know.

I'll Be All Smiles

And when the room he enters,
His bride upon his arm;
I'll stand and gaze upon her
As tho' she were some charm.

Chorus

I'll be all smiles tonight, love;
I'll be all smiles tonight;
Tho' my heart will break tomorrow,
I'll be all smiles tonight.

And those who gaze upon me,
Will think my heart is light;
Tho' my heart will break tomorrow,
I'll be all smiles tonight.

Oh, once you did believe me,
But now you've grown cold and strange.
I sought not to deceive you;
False friends have brought this change.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Butcher Boy

In Jersey City there did dwell
A butcher boy I loved full well;
He courted me my heart away,
And then with me he would not stay.

There was an inn in that same town,
Where my love would go and sit him down;
And take a strange girl on his knee;
And say to her what he once told me.

Her father returning home one night
Did inquire for his daughter bright;
He went upstairs, her door he broke,
And found her hanging by a rope.

He took a knife and cut her down,
And on her breast these words he found,
"Oh, what a silly girl am I,
To kill myself for a butcher boy.

"Go dig my grave both wide and deep;
Place a marble slab at my head and feet;
And on my breast place a turtle dove
To let the world know that I died for love."

Little Mohee

As I was out walking for pleasure one day,
For sweet recreation I happened to stray-
As I sat amusing myself in the shade,
Who should come there but a fair Indian maid.

She sat down beside me, took hold of my hand,
And said, "You're a stranger, not one of this band.
But if you will follow, you're welcome to come;
For I live by myself in a snug little home."

As the sun was a-setting all oe'r the salt sea,
I found myself walking with Little Mohee.
Together we rambled, together we roamed,
'Til we came to the hut in the cocoanut grove.

She opened the door, bid me walk in,
And treated me kindly to all that was within,
Saying, "No more if you wander upon the salt sea,
I'll teach you the language of the Little Mohee."

"Oh, no, fairest maiden, this never can be,
For I have a sweetheart in my own country.
I swore I would wed her for her royalty,
And her heart beats as truly as yours, Mohee."

Next day as I left her, she stood on the strand
As the ship sailed by her, she waved her small hand,
Saying, "When you get home to the girl that you love,
Think of Little Mohee in the cocoanut grove."

I've landed at last on my own native shore,
With friends and relations around me once more,
But there's none that come near me; there's none I can see
Who can compare with my little Mohee.

The Jealous Lover

Down, down by the weeping willow,
Where the sweet fair roses bloom;
There lies a young varilla
So silent in her tomb.

She died unbroken hearted,
And sorrow she beheld;
For she died within one moment
By the one she loved so well.

"Darling, I'll forgive you,"
Came with the last faint breath;
"I never did deceive you,"
And she closed her eyes in death.

He picked up the cold bloody dagger,
And pierced his own black heart;
Saying, "Here on earth my darling,
Together we'll depart."

Rosin the Bow

I've traveled this world over and over,
And now to another I go;
For I know there's good quarters awaiting
To welcome Old Rosin the Bow.

To welcome Old Rosin the Bow;
To welcome Old Rosin the Bow;
For I know there's good quarters awaiting
To welcome Old Rosin the Bow.

When I am dead, if you wish it,
Old friends, you will want to, I know;
Come stand by the side of my coffin
And look at Old Rosin the Bow.

I feel the grim tyrant approaching,
The cruel implacable foe,
Who spares neither age nor condition,
Not even Old Rosin the Bow.

Then get you a couple of tombstones;
Place one at my head and my toe,
And don't forget to place on it,
The name of Old Rosin the Bow.

Rosewood Casket

There's a little Rosewood casket,
Sitting on a marble stand,
There's a package of love letters,
Written by my true love's hand.

Go and bring them to me, brother,
Read them till I fall asleep;
Fall asleep to wake in Heaven,
Oh, dear brother, do not weep.

Last Sunday I saw her walking,
With a new love by her side,
And I thought I heard him tell her,
She could never be his bride.

Frankie and Johnnie

Frankie and Johnnie were sweethearts;
Oh, Lordie, how they did love,
Swore they'd be true to each other,
Just as true as the stars above.
He was her man, he wouldn't do her wrong.

Frankie went down to the corner,
Just for a bucket of beer,
She said, "Mr. Bartender,
Has my lovin' Johnnie been here?
He's my man; he wouldn't do me wrong."

"I ain't gonna cause you no trouble;
I don't want to tell you no lies;
I saw your lover 'bout an hour ago,
Makin' love to Nellie Bly.
He was your man, but he's doin' you wrong."

Frankie peeped over the transom;
She saw to her surprise,
There on a cot sat Johnnie,
Making love to Nellie Bly.
He was her man, but he was doin' her wrong.

Frankie reached in her kimona,
Took out her little forty-four;
"Rookie-took-took," three times she shot
Right through that hardwood door.
She shot her man; he was doin' her wrong.

"Bring on your thousand policemen;
Bring them around today.
Lock me down in that dungeon cell,
And throw that key away.
'Cause I shot my man; he was doin' me wrong.

"Bring out your rubber tired buggies;
Bring out your rubber tired hacks.
I'm taking my man to the graveyard,
But I ain't gonna bring him back.
He was my man, but he was doin' me wrong."

Now this story has no moral;
This story has no end;
This story just goes to show
That there ain't no good in men.
He was her man, and he done her wrong.

Songs of the West[11]

When the Work's All Done This Fall[12]

A group of jolly cowboys discussing plans at ease,
Says one, "I'll tell you something, boys, if you will
listen, please.
I am an old cow puncher, and here I'm dressed in rags;
But I used to be a tough one, and take my great big jags.

"But I have got a home boys, a good one you all know,
Although I have not seen it, since long, long ago.
I'm going back to Dixie once more to see them all;
I'm going to see my mother when the work's all done this fall.

"After the round up is over, after the shipping is done,
I'm going right straight home, boys, e're all my money's gone.
I have changed my ways, boys, no more will I fall;
But I'm going to see my mother when the work's all done this
fall."

The Dying Cowboy[13]

So early one morning I rode o'er the ranches;
So early one morning I rode over there;
I saw a young cowboy all dressed in white linen,
With coal black eyes and waving black hair.

"My friends and relations I'd left in Boston;
My parents knew not where I had roamed;
I went to Texas and hired as a ranchman,
Got shot in the bosom, and death is my doom.

---

[11]Songs not otherwise footnoted came from Mr. and Mrs. George W. Surber and family.

[12]Contributed by Mrs. Elmeada Campbell Blakely, St. Andrews, Florida, December, 1949.

[13]Ibid.

"Go write me a letter to my grayheaded mother;
Go break the news to my sister so dear;
And there is another who's dear as my mother,
And weep if she knew I was dying out here.

"Go take me to the graveyard and place the sod o'er me;
And play the dead march as you carry me along;
Just beat the drum o'er me and play the fife slowly,
For I'm a dead cowboy and I know I've done wrong."

Cowboy Jack[14]

He was just a lonely cowboy
With a heart so brave and true;
And he learned to love a maiden
With eyes of heaven's own blue.

They learned to love each other,
And named their wedding day,
When a quarrel came between them,
And Jack he rode away.

He joined a band of cowboys,
And tried to forget her name;
But out on the lonely prairie,
She waits for him the same.

One night when work was finished,
Just at the close of day.
Someone said, "Sing a song, Jack,
'Twill drive dull care away."

As Jack began his singing,
His mind it wandered back;
For he sang a song of a maiden,
Who waited for her Jack.

"Out on the lonely prairie,
Where the skies are always blue.
Your sweetheart waits for you, Jack,
Your sweetheart waits for you."

---

[14]The writer learned this song from Miss Mavis Ealum (now Mrs. Leonard York) at Pretty Bayou about twenty years ago.

Jack left the camp next morning
Breathing his sweetheart's name;
"I'll go and ask forgiveness,
For I know that I'm to blame."

But when he reached the prairie,
He found a new-made mound;
And his friends there sadly told him,
They'd laid his loved-one down.

They said as she was dying,
She breathed her sweetheart's name;
And with her last breath asked them
To tell him when he came.

"Out on the lonely prairie,
Where the skies are always blue;
Your sweetheart waits for you, Jack,
Your sweetheart waits for you."

The Lone Prairie[15]

"Oh, bury me not on the lone prarie,"
These words came low and mournfully,
From the pallid lips of a youth who lay
On the dying bed at the close of day.

He had wailed in pain till over his brow
Death shadows fast were gathering now;
He thought of this home and his loved ones nigh,
As the cowboys gathered to see him die.

"Oh, bury me not on the lone prairie,
Where the wild coyotes will howl over me;
In a narrow grave six by three,
And bury me not on the lone prairie.

"I fancy I listen to the well known words
Of the free wild wind and the song of birds;
'Til I think of the cottage home in the bower,
And scenes I loved in my childhood hour."

---

[15]From Mrs. Elmeada Campbell Blakely, December, 1949.

The Old Chisholm Trail

Oh, come along, boys and listen to my tale.
I'll tell you of my troubles on the Old Chisholm Trail.

Chorus

Come a tye yi yippy yippy ye yippe ye,
Come a tye yi yippy yippy ye.

Oh, it's cloudy in the west and it looks like rain,
And my darned old slicker's in the wagon again.

Oh, I went to the boss for to git my roll,
And he had me figured out nine dollars in the hole.

I'll sell my outfit soon as I can;
I wouldn't punch cattle for no damn man.

I went up the street to git my mail,
And the damned old policeman put me in jail.

I started up the trail October twenty-third;
I started up the trail with the Z U herd.

Old Ben Bolt was a blamed good boss,
But he'd go to see his gal on a sore-backed horse.

Whoopee Ti Yi Yo, Git Along Little Doggies

This morning as I was walking for pleasure,
I spied a cowboy a-riding alone.
His hat was thrown backwards; his spurs was a-jingling,
As he approached he was singing this song:

Chorus

Oh whoopee, ti yi yo, get along little doggie;
Oh how I wish that you'd only go on,
It's whooping and yelling and driving the doggies,
You know that Wyoming will be your new home.

When first in the saddle I used to go dashing;
When first in the saddle I used to look gay.
I first took to drinking and then to card playing,
Got shot to the heart and I'm dying today.

The Texas Rangers

Come all you Texas Rangers wherever you may be,
And listen to a story which happened unto me.
My name is nothing extra; to you I will not tell;
For I am a roving Ranger, I'm sure I wish you well.

'Twas at the age of sixteen I joined this noble band,
And marched from western Texas unto the Rio Grande;
Our Captain he informed us, perhaps he told us right,
"Before we reach the station, my boys, you'll have to fight."

I saw them Indians coming; I heard them give a yell,
My feelings at that moment no human tongue can tell;
I saw their glittering lances and the arrows fell like hail;
Three hundred Texas Rangers will never tell the tale.

They charged us once; they charged us twice; they charged
us three times more;
The like of dead and wounded I never saw before.
The blood it run in rivers all o'er the sandy plains;
Three hundred Texas Rangers will never see home again.

Perhaps you have a mother, perhaps a sister, too;
Perhaps a loving sweetheart to weep and mourn for you.
And if this be your condition, although you like to roam,
My advice to all young people--They'd better stay at home.

Songs of the Sea[16]

Captain Kidd

My name was Captain Kidd
As I sailed, as I sailed
My name was Captain Kidd
As I sailed
My name was Captain Kidd,
And God's laws I did forbid
And so wickedly I did
As I sailed.

---

[16]All of this group of songs came to the writer from Mr. and Mrs. George W. Surber.

My father taught me well,
As I sailed, as I sailed.
My father taught me well
As I sailed.
To shun the Gates of Hell,
And yet I did rebel
As I sailed.

He put a Bible in my hand,
As I sailed, as I sailed.
He put a Bible in my hand
As I sailed.
He put a Bible in my hand
But I sunk it in the sand,
Before I left the strand
As I sailed.

I murdered William Moore
As I sailed, as I sailed
I murdered William Moore
As I sailed
I murdered William Moore,
Not many leagues from shore,
And I left him in his gore,
As I sailed.

Now to execution dock,
I must go, I must go.
Now to execution dock,
I must go.
Now to execution dock
While thousands round me flock
To see me on the block
I must go.

High Barbaree

Two lofty ships from old England sailed;
Sail high, sail low, and so sailed we.
One was the Prince of Luther and the other Prince of Wales.
Sailing down along the coast of the High Barbaree.

It was broadside to broadside a long time we lay;
Sail high, sail low, and so sailed we
Until the Prince of Luther shot that Pirate's masts away.
Sailing down along the coast of the High Barbaree.

"Quarter, oh quarter!" the pirates then did cry;
Sail high, sail low, and so sailed we,
But the quarter that we gave them, we sank them in the sea,
Sailing down along the coast of the High Barbaree.

Blow, Bullies, Blow

Leader: One night off Cape Horn I remember quite well,
It was dark and a-raining and blowing like Hell;
She was going bows under with her main skysail set
And making ten knots to the windward, you bet.

Chorus (Pulling)

Crew: Blow, blow, blow, Bullies, blow;
These Liverpool martyrs have got us in tow.
Blow, blow, blow, Bullies, blow;
These Liverpool martyrs have got us in tow.

Ranzo's Son

Leader: Oh, if I was old Ranzo's son,

Crew: Ranzo, Boys, Ranzo,

Leader: I'd build a ship ten thousand ton,

Crew: Ranzo, boys, Ranzo.

Chorus

All: Ranzo, boys, Ranzo.
Ranzo, boys, Ranzo.

Leader: Oh, if I was old Ranzo's son,

Crew: Ranzo, boys, Ranzo.

Leader: I'd give my sailors plenty of rum,

Crew: Ranzo, boys, Ranzo.

Nancy Lee

There's none like Nancy Lee, I trow,
Ye ho, ye ho, ye ho, ye ho;
There's none like Nancy Lee, I know,
Ye ho, ye ho, ye ho.

See there she stands upon the quay,
And every day when I'm away,
She whispers low for Jack at sea,
Ye ho, ye ho, ye ho.

A sailor's wife, a sailor's star shall be,
Ye ho, ye ho, ye ho, ye ho;
A sailor's wife, a sailor's star shall be,
Ye ho, ye ho, ye ho.

Milk Maid Chantey

Oh, where are you going, my pretty fair maid?
Oh, where are you going, my pretty fair maid?
I'm bound for Rio Grande.

Chorus:

Oh, Rio, bound for Rio.
Then fare you well, my bonny young girl.
I'm bound for Rio Grande.

"I'm going a-milking, sir," she said.
"I'm going a-milking, sir," she said.
I'm bound for Rio Grande.

Chorus

Then I'll go with you, my pretty fair maid,
Then I'll go with you, my pretty fair maid,
I'm bound for Rio Grande.

Chorus

What is your fortune, my pretty fair maid?
What is your fortune, my pretty fair maid?
I'm bound for Rio Grande.

Chorus

"My face is my fortune, sir," she said.
"My face is my fortune, sir," she said.
I'm bound for Rio Grande.

Chorus

Then I'll not marry you, my pretty fair maid,
Then I'll not marry you, my pretty fair maid,
I'm bound for Rio Grande.

The Lost Boys of East Bay

There's a story so sad I'm about to relate,
Of a ship that has left here and gone to her fate,
Of the fatherless children and the mothers who wait
The news of their loved ones and their hard cruel fate.

Chorus

Oh, your hearts will turn towards them in pity, I know,
When the surf beats loud and the stormy winds blow.
Let their friends look towards Heaven, where their spirits today
Look down on their sad homes on the shores of East Bay.

'Twas the year '94 on an October day
They sailed from their homes on the shores of East Bay.
Not a thought of their fate as the farewell they say
As each kissed some loved one and sailed from the Bay.

But the saddest of all is the tale I now tell,
How the storm swept Sand Island like the furies of Hell,
How each raging sea claimed its victims that day,
Those sixteen brave lads from the shores of East Bay.

Oh, that mother who's left without husband or son
To cheer her at evening when the day's work is done.
But those kind-hearted men will go out never more,
In struggle to drive the grim wolf from the door.

The Jam on Gerry's Rocks

Come all you true-born shanty boys wherever you may be;
I'll have you pay attention and listen unto me,
Concerning of a shanty boy both manfully and brave;
It was at the jam on Gerry's Rock that he met with a watery grave.

It being on a Sunday morning as you shall quickly hear,
The logs were piled up mountain high; we could not keep them clear.
"Turn out! Turn out!" the foreman cried with a heart avoid of fear,
"And we'll break the jam on Gerry's Rock and for Accons Town we'll
steer."

Some of them were willing, while others they held back,
All for working on Sunday they did not think it right,
Until six of our Canadian lads did volunteer to go
And break the jam on Gerry's Rock with their foreman, Young Monroe.

They had not rolled off many logs before the boss did say,
"I'd have you boys be on your guard for the jam will soon give way."
He had not scarcely spoken these words before the jam did break and go,
And carried off those six brave lads with their foreman, Young Monroe.

When the rest of those shanty boys those tidings came to hear,
To search for their dead bodies to the river they did steer.
They found one lifeless body, to their great grief and woe;
All bruised and mangled on the beach lay the corpse of Young Monroe.

They took him from the river bank, smoothed back his raven hair;
There was one fair form among them whose cries did rend the air.
Miss Clara Vincent was her name, a girl from Sagganaw town.
Her mourns and cries did rend the skies for her lover that was drowned.

Her mother was a widow, lived by the river bend;
Miss Clara was a noble girl, likewise the raftsman's friend;
All the wages of her own true love the boss to her did pay,
And a liberal subscription she received from the boys the next day.

Lowlands Low

There was a little ship and she sailed upon the sea,
And the name that they gave her was the Mary Golden Tree,
As she sailed on the low and lonesome low,
As she sailed on the lonesome sea.

Up stepped a captain of our gallant ship
And a well-spoken captain was he;
He says, "This night we'll all be drowned,
And we'll sink to the bottom of the sea.

Up stepped a boy, and a well-spoken boy was he;
"I've got a mother in fair London town
And this night she'll be looking for me
And this night she'll be looking for me.

"She may look and she may weep with watery eye
She can look to the bottom of the sea
And us poor sailors'll rise to the top
And she'll lodge and she'll lie down below."

Early Songs of Our Country[17]

Revolutionary War Song

I'm almost ninety and nine, but I still remember the time
When the country was invaded by the British.
One of freedom's noble sons, our brave George Washington
Made 'em skeedaddle from the happy land of Canaan.

Ha ha, ha ha, ha ha, ha ha,
Bound for the happy land of Canaan.
One of Freedom's noble sons
Our brave George Washington made 'em skeedaddle
From the happy land of Canaan.

---

[17]These songs came from George W. Surber.

Captain and His Whiskers

As they marched through the streets with their banners so gay,
I stepped to the window to hear the band play.

Then I stepped back from the gay gamblee,
And the Captain with his whiskers took a sly look at me.

Took a sly look at me, took a sly look at me,
And the Captain and his whiskers took a sly look at me.

Oh, he asked me to dance and I hung down my head,
And the sweet words he told me I ne'er shall forget.

The Poor Old Slave

'Twas just one year ago today;
The time I remember well,
That I sat down by poor Nellie's side
And this story she did tell:
'Twas of a poor unhappy slave
Who lived for many a year;
But now he's dead and in his grave;
No master does he fear.

Chorus

The poor old slave has gone to rest;
He knows that he is free.
Disturb him not but let him rest
Way down in Tennessee.

Songs with an Older History[18]

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[18]Songs not otherwise footnoted came from Mr. and Mrs. George W. Surber.

The Twa Sisters

(A fragment)

Oh, sister, oh, sister, let's walk out, bow down, bow down;
Oh, sister, oh, sister, let's walk out, the woe has been to me;
They walked out all on the brim, and the older one pushed the younger one in.
I'll be true to my love, if my love will be true to me.

Oh, sister, oh, sister, please help me out, bow down, bow down;
Oh, sister, oh, sister, please help me out, the woe has been to me;
I'll neither give you my glove nor my hand, for the sake of your own true love.
I'll be true to my love, if my love will be true to me.

She rent her breast and began to swim, bow down, bow down;
She rent her breast and began to swim, the woe has been to me;
She rent her breast and began to swim, she swam into the miller's pond.
I'll be true to my love, if my love will be true to me.

Oh, miller, oh, miller, I have gold and land, bow down, bow down;
Oh, miller, oh, miller, I have gold and land, the woe has been to me;
The miller took the gold and land, and pushed her back in the pond again.
I'll be true to my love, if my love will be true to me.

The miller was hanged at his own mill gate, bow down, bow down;
The miller was hanged at his own mill gate, the woe has been to me;
The miller was hanged at his own mill gate, all for the drowning of his sister Kate.
I'll be true to my love, if my love will be true to me.

Georgia Daisy

Oh, how can I leave my house and home?
Oh, how can I leave my baby?
Oh, how can I leave my house and home,
And go with the Georgia Daisy?

Chorus

Rattle tum a dink tum, a dink tum, a daisy,
Rattle tum a dink tum a daisy
Rattle tum a dink tum, ahoopie diddle dink tum
A hoop to the Georgia Daisy.

Very well I can leave my house and home,
Very well I can leave my baby,
Very well I can leave my house and home,
And go with the Georgia Daisy.

Last night I lay on a feather bed,
My waiting maid beside me,
Tonight my bed is a bed of hay,
And the gypsies all around me.

Pull off, pull off, them high-heeled boots
All made of Spanish leather;
Pull off, pull off them high-heeled boots,
Or I'll bid you farewell forever.

House Carpenter

"Well done, well done, my own true love,
Well done, well done," said he,
"For I have returned from the old salt sea,
And it's all for the sake of thee."

"Be gone, be gone, you brash young man,
Be gone, be gone," said she,
"For I have married the house carpenter,
And I think he's a nice young man."

"Cheer up, cheer up, my fair young maid,
Cheer up, cheer up," says he,
"And I will carry you where the grass grows green
On the banks of Sweet Will Lee."

Oh, they sailed two weeks and I'm sure it's not three,
. . . . . .
Until that fair maid begin for to weep,
And she wept most bitterly.

"Are you weeping for my ship?
Or, are you weeping for my stores?
Or, are you weeping for that house carpenter
That you ne'er shall see anymore?"

"I'm not a-weeping for your ship;
And I'm not a-weeping for your stores;
But I'm a-weeping for that precious little babe,
That I ne'er shall see anymore."

Babes in the Woods[19]

Oh, dearie, do you know a long time ago,
Two poor little babes, whose names I don't know,
Were stolen away one bright summer's day
And were lost in the woods I've heard people say.

And when it was night so sad was their plight
The sun it went down, and the moon gave no light;
They cried and they cried, to go home they cried,
And the poor little babes, they lay down and died.

And when they were dead, the robins so red
Brought strawberry leaves and over them spread.
And all the day long they sing their sad song,
"Poor babes in the woods, poor babes in the woods."

Wilkins and Dinah

There was a rich Dutchman in New York did dwell,
He had a daughter, a very fine girl,
Her name was Katrina, scarce sixteen years old,
And she had a large fortune, mit the hands of old Mose.

As Katrina was walking in the garden one day,
Old Mose he came to her and this he did say,
"Go dress, Kathrina, put on mit your shoes;
There's a customer vaiting to go riding mit you."

"Oh, Fader, vhy don't they some other girl find?
To ride mit dose fellers, I don't feel inclined.
The way they drive buggies, it makes me feel sick,
And I want to get married to young Hanson next veek."

Old Mose, he swore to her, "Py damn,
If you go and marry that silly young man,
I'll vill all your fortune to some other kin,
So it vill not profit you mit one single pin."

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[19]The writer learned this from one of her pupils, Juanita Barnes, 5th grade, Springfield School, Bay County, Florida, about 1941.

As Mose was a-walking the garden around,
He found his Katrina lying dead on the ground;
A great bologna sausage, it lay by her side,
And he thinks it must be by this damn thing she has died.

The Boston Burglar

I was born in Boston,
A city we all know well;
Brought up by honest parents,
The truth to you I'll tell.
Brought up by honest parents
And raised most tenderly
Till I became a sporting man
At the age of twenty-three.

My character was taken,
And I was sent to jail;
My friends they found it was in vain
To get me out on bail.
The jury found me guilty;
The clerk he wrote it down;
The judge he read the sentence,
And I was off to Charlestown.

Oh, to see my aged father
A-pleading at the bar!
Likewise my aged mother
A-tearing out her hair!
A-tearing out her old gray locks,
The tears come tumbling down,
Saying, "My son, my son, what have you done?
You're for the prisons of Charlestown."

They put me 'board an eastbound train
One cold December day;
And every city that I passed through
I heard the people say,
"There goes the Boston Burglar;
In iron chains he'll be bound;
For some crime or other
He's sentenced for the prisons of Charlestown."

There's one fair girl in Boston
That I am going to see;
If ever I gain my liberty,
With her long years I'll roam.
If I ever gain my liberty,
Bad company I'll shun,
And also walking streets at night,
And also drinking rum.

All you who have your liberty,
Pray keep it while you can,
And do not break the laws of man,
. . . . . .
For if you do you'll surely rue;
You'll be just like me,
A-serving out your twenty-one years
In the penitentiary.

The Carrion Crow

There was an old crow set on the limb
. . . . . .

Chorus

Sing hi ho, the carrion crow
Fol de rol, de di do.

"Wife, wife, bring me my bow,
And I will kill you a carrion crow."

The tailor he shot and missed his mark,
And shot his old sow right through the heart.

"Wife, wife, bring me the brandy and spoon,
For our old sow's fallen in a swoon."

The Cuckoo Song

The cuckoo is a pretty bird;
She sings as she flies;
She brings us good tidings,
And tells us no lies.

She sucks little bird eggs
To make her voice clear;
And never sings cuckoo,
Till the spring of the year.

A-walking and a-talking,
And a-walking goes I,
To meet my sweet William,
My dear heart's delight.

For meeting is a pleasure,
And parting is a grief.
But an unconstant true lover
Is worse than a thief.

A thief will but rob you,
And take what you have,
But an unconstant true lover
Will lead you to your grave.

The grave will consume you,
And turn you to dust.
There ain't one boy in twenty,
That a pore girl can trust.

Summary

The songs of the early settlers in the St. Andrews Bay region included cowboy songs, sea-chanteys, play party songs, humorous songs, broadsides, true folksongs brought to this country from across the ocean, and popular numbers sung in this area in bygone days.

The pioneers sometimes sang these songs just for the pleasure of singing. At other times, they had some particular purpose as in the

case of the play party songs. Word was sent to the neighbors that there was going to be a play party and perhaps a "candy boiling" along with it. The family giving the party would tear down all the beds and move them out of the living room to give the players plenty of room. All of the participants then joined hands and started the "plays," singing for music. Whatever the purpose of the song, that they were important to the early people is shown by the fact that many of them are still being sung on the Bay today.

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APPENDICES

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Appendix

A. Petition

B. Charter for Building a Town on St. Andrews Bay

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APPENDIX A

Petition[1]

This petition was issued and signed by the people of St. Andrews in protest against being made a part of Panama City. Although this protest was made, it was ignored. The people of St. Andrews appear never to have been allowed to have a "say-so" in this matter.

> We, the undersigned, citizens, residents and qualified electors of St. Andrews, Bay County, Florida, now claimed to be a part of the municipality of Panama City, Florida, hereby petition and request our Representative in the Legislature of the State of Florida to bring before the Legislature or take such other steps as are within his power, to dissolve the present incorporation of the said city of Panama City, so far as same affects what was heretofore known as the municipality of St. Andrews, Bay County, Florida, and to have the Legislature re-enact the old corporate charter of said city of St. Andrews, Bay County, Florida, passed by the Legislature of 1921 existing prior to the consolidation of St. Andrews with the present City of Panama City.

Here follow the signatures of the majority of the citizens of St. Andrews at that time. The petition is undated, but was issued around 1925 or 1926, as the incorporation took place in 1925.

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[1]Through the courtesy of Mrs. Fred Gainer, St. Andrews, Florida, August 10, 1949, who has the original petition in her possession.

APPENDIX B

Charter for Building a Town on St. Andrews Bay[2]

No. X 1. An Act to be entitled an act to incorporate the Directors and Trustees of the St. Andrews Bay Land Company.

Section 1. Be it enacted by the Governor and the legislative council of the Territory of Florida--That Jesse Coe, Richard H. Long, Benjamin Wynn, William Booth, William Nichols, and Walter J. Robinson, and their associates and assigns are hereby constituted a body corporate and politic under the name and style of the "Directors and Trustee of the St. Andrews Bay Land Company;" and by that name they, their heirs, successors and assigns shall have perpetual succession and shall be capable in law to purchase, hold, receive, retain, and enjoy to them, their heirs, successors, and assigns, lands, tenements, goods, and chattels of any kind and description whatsoever, necessary to carry on the business and concern of said Company, and the same to grant, mortgage, sell and dispose of agreeably to the provisions of certain articles of association entered into by said Corporation and entitled "Articles of Association of the St. Andrews Bay land Company," dated the Fifth day of February, A. D. 1838, and recorded in the office of the county court of Jackson County, in said Territory, on the second day of November, A. D., 1841; and shall have the power to sue and be

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[2]West, St. Andrews, Florida, pp. 34, 35.

sued, plead and be impleaded; and to make and use a common seal, and the same to break, alter and amend at their pleasure; and to ordain, establish, and put in execution such by laws and regulations not inconsistent with the aforesaid articles of association as may be deemed necessary and expedient by said Directors and Trustees for their government, and not being contrary to the Constitution of the United States, and the laws of this Territory.

Section 2. Be it further enacted, That the powers, rights, and liabilities of said Directors and Trustees and subscribers to the said articles of association, the purposes and objects of said company, the stock thereof, and all the transactions and business of said Company shall be governed, regulated, defined, determined, and executed, in conformity with the articles of association aforesaid and said articles shall be held and recognized in law as valid and binding upon all interested in said Company, and all other persons or bodies corporate whatsoever.

Section 3. Be it further enacted, That nothing contained in this charter shall be construed as to give any banking privileges and that this act shall be subject to be modified, amended or repealed by any future legislature of the State or Territory of Florida.

APPENDIX C

Approved 9 March, 1843.

Location of St. Andrews College[3]

Section 8. Be it further enacted that said college shall be located on the sixteenth section of township four, range fourteen south and west in the County of Washington; Provided the assent of Congress can be thereunto obtained; and if the same is not done, then the said trustees may locate the same at such place as they deem best: Provided the said location shall be made on the Bay of St. Andrews.

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[3] Pensacola Gazette, March 3, 1838. Also West, op. cit., p. 36.

APPENDIX D

Resolutions Passed Upon Receipt of News of Ex-Governor Clark's Death[4]

A large number of citizens from every part of the state assembled at Milledgeville on the evening of the 16th (November, 1832) to express their feelings at the death of our late estimable fellow citizen General John Clark, formerly Chief Magistrate of the State, when John Wood was appointed Chairman, and Joseph Sturges, Esq., was appointed Secretary of the meeting.

The following preamble and resolutions were submitted by John C. Cuthbert, Esq., and were unanimously adopted:

This assembly of the citizens of Georgia convened on the afflictive intelligence of the decease of our late distinguished citizen, and of his respected consort, with strong emotions of grief feel it to be a melancholy but a grateful duty to render honor to departed's worth. In the death of General John Clark his country has sustained a severe bereavement, and his friends have suffered an irreparable loss; but his memory will live long in the hearts of his countrymen, and his example will light them to the paths of honor and patriotism.

In the green days of his unripened boyhood, we honor that ardent courage which prompted him to encounter the dangers of battle and

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[4]Passed by a mass meeting held at Milledgeville, Georgia. See also West, op. cit., pp. 30, 31.

that unshaken constancy which sustained him in enduring the hardships and privations of the camp. At the age of fourteen, he was a soldier of the revolution.

In his mature years, we admire that integrity of heart, that warmth of affection, and fixedness of purpose, which marked him as an upright man, a disinterested patriot, a generous and constant friend, a pure, energetic and constant statesman. We revere that unalterable resolution and inflexible virtue, which never yielded to an enemy, which never forsook a friend, which never swerved from duty to his country.

Be it therefore Resolved, That in honor of his memory, and in token of grief at his decease, and of his respected, admirable and pious consort, his partner in life and death, we will, and his friends throughout the state are requested to wear crape on the left arm for thirty days.

Be it further Resolved, That the proceedings of this meeting be published in the Gazette of the State; and that a copy be sent to the surviving kindred of the deceased.

APPENDIX E

Naval War Records and Official Records of the Rebellion

Early activities of the blockading Federal fleet in St. Andrews Bay was the capture of the steamer Florida which had been running the blockade. The following are the official reports of this transaction:[5]

Acting volunteer Lieutenant David Cate, commanding the United States bark Pursuit, having received information that the rebel steamer Florida which had succeeded in getting into St. Andrews was lying some twenty miles above that town, determined to make an attempt to cut her out, a volunteer expedition was organized, and left the vessel on the 4th of April and on the night of the 6th, reached and surprised the Florida.

The crew were overcome with slight resistance, and the vessel--a valuable side-wheel steamer of 500 tons--with a cargo of over 200 bales of cotton, was brought safely out.

Flag officer McKean transmits report of the capture of the Confederate steamer Florida.

United States Flag-Ship Niagra
Key West, April 24, 1862

Sir:

I have the honor to transmit herewith a copy of the report

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[5] Ibid., pp. 59-62. Any variations in the spelling of names, in the names themselves, or mistakes in spelling and punctuation are not those of the writer, but those of the source material.

made by Acting Master Elnathan Lewis, who commanded the boat expedition from the Pursuit, which resulted in the capture of the Confederate steamer Florida, and which I did not receive in time to forward by the Connecticut.

I am respectfully, your obedient servant,

Wm. W. McKean,
Flag-Officer commanding
Eastern Gulf Squadron

Hon. Gideon Welles,
Sect'y of the Navy, Washington, D. C.
Steamer Florida to U. S. Bark Pursuit

Sir:

I have to report that, in obedience to your order of the 4th instant, I proceeded with the boats under my command to St. Andrews Bay, to endeavor to capture any vessel or vessels that might be found loaded or lying in that vicinity. We arrived at the mouth of the pass and landed at 12:30 a. m. and camped on the beach. Having been informed that a sloop loaded with cotton, bound to Havana, was lying 5 miles up Crooked Island sound, I dispatched that launch with twelve men in charge of Sailingmaster John C. Hamlin, with orders to capture her, if possible. Mr. Hamlin proceeded up the sound and took possession of sloop, which proved to be the sloop Lafayette of Pensacola, which ran the blockade by East Pass, Pensacola, March 1, and had been lying there since, having abandoned his voyage.

Found the captain on board, who expressed strong Union sentiments Got sloop under way, brought her to the pass and anchored her. We

found that Captain Harrison of this sloop was acquainted with the bay, and volunteered his services to pilot us to the steamer, Florida, then loading at head of North bay mouth of Bear Creek. At 1 P. M. started sloop, with boats in tow; at 4 p. m. passed St. Andrews town and proceeded up North bay until 9 p.m., when the wind having died away, we anchored the sloop, and one boat, leaving five men in charge under the command of James H. Barry, master's mate. We then proceeded cautiously with launch, first cutter, and twenty-five men, Captain Harrison acting as pilot.

At 2 a.m. we succeeded in passing the picket guard without any alarm being given; at 3 a.m. discerned the lights of the steamer in the distance. We then lay on our oars and drifted up the tide until we came within hail, when we were hailed by the watch, who gave the alarm. We then boarded her in both boats on both sides. We met with but little resistance, they being completely taken by surprise. On gaining the deck of the steamer, I received a pistol shot in the forehead. We then took charge of the steamer, putting the crew under guard. She proved to be the steamship Florida, loading with cotton for the purpose of running the blockade. Found the boilers empty, and immediately pumped them up, and proceeded to get the steamer in working order. Finding the engineers to be Union men, we prevailed on them to assist in getting the steamer down.

At 11 a.m. got under way and steamed slowly down the bay. After proceeding about five miles we grounded on an oyster bank, in mid

channel; used every effort to get her off without success; lay there all night. At 9 a.m. tide veering, succeeded in getting her afloat, but had scarcely gone a mile when we grounded on another bar. Finding that I could not get her afloat, and provisions getting scarce, I held a consultation with the officers and crew, and concluded to set those on shore who did not wish to take the oath of allegiance to the United States; which we did, sending nine men and the chief engineer.

I then deemed it advisable to lighten the ship, which I did by throwing overboard thirty bales of cotton, considering the ship in a dangerous condition. I offered to the pilot, Mr. H. Harrison; Samuel Dayton, chief mate; and Robert Davidson, first engineer, $500 each; likewise to Henry Jones, second engineer, $250; also to each of the greasers, $50, to induce them to make every effort to get the boat to sea. Next morning, at 9 o'clock, got the steamer afloat and proceeded down the bay. On arriving abreast of St. Andrews town, we found it impossible to cross the bay, owing to the heavy gale then blowing from the southwest; came to an anchor.

Finding provisions getting scarce, and having previously been informed by the pilot that the two families living there were Unionists, I was induced to send the sloop Lafayette, in charge of James H. Barry, with five men and a pilot, with a flag of truce, to try and procure some. Seeing a flag of truce on shore, Mr. Barry and the pilot landed and were met by a woman who told them that they could get provisions at another place. As they were going to the boat, an alarm was given that a body of armed men, to the number of forty or fifty, were running toward them from the woods. They jumped into the

boat and made for the sloop, but had scarcely got twenty yards from shore when they were fired at by the rebels. They succeeded in getting on board the sloop; while doing which, however, another volley was fired instantly killing Samuel Lawrence, badly wounding James Finney and also wounding James H. Barry and the pilot. They returned the fire and succeeded in driving them back; got sloop under way and reached the steamer. We then fired six shells into the town from our small rifled 12 pounder, which we had taken from our boat and mounted on the steamer. The gale increasing, let go the other anchor, and kept the ship under steam all night. At 9 a.m. Jacob F. F. Wendt accidently shot shimself in the groin. At 1 p.m. next day, wind abating, got underway and proceeded to East Pass. On reaching the pass and finding the sea running very high on the bar, rendering it impossible to cross without great risk, came to anchor. At 8 the next morning got under way; crossed the bar and proceeded to St. Joseph's bay at 11 a.m.

In conclusion I have to express my entire satisfaction with the conduct of the officers and men whom it was my good fortune to command. And furthermore, I wish to recommend to your notice the gallant conduct of Captain Harrison, our pilot, in bravely assisting to defend our men in the sloop against the tremendous odds opposed to them. I wish also to express my heartfelt thanks to Sailingmaster John C. Hamlin, and Master's Mate James H. Barry for their conduct during the expedition.

I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

Volunteer Lieut. Cate, United States Bark Pursuit

Elnathan Lewis, Acting Master and Executive Officers

The Confederate report concerning this affair is in the two letters[6] which follow:

Hdqrs. Prov. Forces Dept. E and M Fla.
Tallahassee, Fla., April 7, 1862

Capt. R. S. Smith, Comdg. Marianna Dragoons,
Marianna, Florida

Captain:

You will immediately proceed in the direction of Saint Andrews Bay with your troops, and if possible, recapture the steamer Florida, prevent all unnecessary communication with the enemy, and arrest any person which you may have reason to suspect of treason.

Respectfully yours,

W. S. Dilworth

Colonel Commanding District

April 7th, 1862--Affair at Saint Andrews Bay, Florida

Report of Capt. R. S. Smith, Marianna Dragoons

Blue Spring Camp, April 16, 1862

Brig. Gen. Joseph Finegan

Commanding Department

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[6] Ibid., pp. 62-63.

Sir:

In compliance with a telegraphic order (a copy of which is herewith enclosed from Colonel Dilworth, then commanding, and received at my camp, six miles east of Marianna, at twelve o'clock, on the 7th instant, I started at three p.m. of the same day with my command, and arrived at three p.m. the next day at Saint Andrews Bay, having been in the saddle twenty-four hours, with only a rest of two hours to feed our horses. I found that the enemy had succeeded in getting the steamer Florida from her anchorage up North Bay, and was then opposite the town of Saint Andrews. When about three miles from the town we heard a gun from the steamer, and riding then at half speed I met one of my advance guard just before reaching the town, who informed me that the enemy were landing from a small sloop about a mile from us. I then dismounted my command and advanced rapidly through the woods, hoping to capture them. But the enemy saw us two hundred yards off, and took to their boats. I then caused my command to open fire upon them. They were out of gunshot reach, but a portion of my command, who were armed with Maynard rifles, killed or disabled four or five of the seven. Having only five cartridges to the rifle, our ammunition was soon exhausted. Had I had sufficient cartridges, I am sure that I could have taken the sloop, and probably have re-taken the steamer, or at least burned her. The enemy fired on us with a long range gun, carrying round balls, which passed over our heads at a distance of half a mile. They also sent a few shells after us, but no one hurt on our side. The steamer then left the bay, and after remaining some

days, I returned with my command to camp.

Yours obediently,
R. S. Smith
Capt. Commanding Marianna Dragoons

Salt Making

Salt making overshadowed all other activities from 1861 to 1865. Three confederate companies were kept here to protect the salt workers. In 1862, the need for troops at other points was felt to such an extent that military leaders thought it might be better to remove these companies from this section. Governor Milton of Florida and Governor Shorter of Alabama both sent an appeal to have these troops kept here. Their letters follow:[7]

Executive Department

Tallahassee, November 5, 1862

Brig. Gen. John Forney:

Sir:

I introduce to your acquaintance Dr. John Erwin, first lieutenant of a company in your department commanded by Capt. Robinson. There are two cavalry companies commanded by Captain Thigpen, the other by Captain Blocker, and the infantry by W. J. Robinson. Dr. Erwin will give you all necessary information relative to them. Gen. Finegan is making an effort to have the companies transferred to this department,

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[7] Ibid., pp. 65-66.

in which event a very important section of your department would be left entirely unprotected, and I hope you will cooperate with me in opposing the transfer, and issue the necessary orders to secure subsistence for the companies and for their active performance of duties.

Respectfully,

John Milton

Governor of Florida

Executive Department
Montgomery, Alabama, November 10, 1862

The suggestion of governor Milton is heartily approved, and I hope General Forney will accept and provide for the troops named. Maj. L. F. Johnston, quartermaster, C. S. Army, at Eufaula, Ala., can furnish needful supplies if ordered.

Jno. Gill Shorter,
Governor of Alabama

General Forney, who was in charge of this section of Florida, took the matter up with General Beauregard.[8]

Hdqrs. District Gulf,
Mobile, Nov. 12th, 1862

General H. T. Beauregard:

General:

I enclose you letters of the Governors of Alabama and Florida,

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[8] Id.

expressing their desire that the three companies of Florida troops may be retained west of the Applachicola. Your dispatch of November 11th, answered by telegraph today, styles them cavalry. They are stationed respectively on the Applachicola, near Dead Lake, and on St. Andrews Bay, at the head of the Northern Arm. The infantry company is near the town of Saint Andrews. These troops are within my district and playing an important part in guarding the coast and preventing the running off of all negroes. I cannot replace them, and request that they be continued in their present stations.

General Finegan has exercised command over them heretofore and I wish him to continue to do so, for I have no one in that region of country to whom to intrust such a command.

I will direct my Major Johnston, quartermaster at Eufaula, Ala., to furnish supplies under General Finegan's orders, if so desired. I will also send General Finegan copy of this letter.

I am, General, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

John H. Forney

Major-General, Commanding

Because of the damaging effects of the raids made upon the salt works, the Governors of Georgia, Alabama, and Florida sent a united appeal to President Davis asking him to form a new military department to be made up of parts of the three states. These sections were dependent upon St. Andrews Bay for salt and the little trade that was

carried on. As a result, General Howell Cobb had this territory added to his district. After visiting this section, he submitted a report of which the following is a part to General Beauregard:

> During my absence I visited that portion of the district lying between the Apalachicola and Choctawhatchee Rivers. Between the populated portion of that section and the coast and bays is an almost desert country of nearly fifty miles in extent. There is no reason to apprehend an invasion or raid of the enemy in that quarter beyond the salt works on Saint Andrews Bay. This interest has become an extensive and important one. It has already attracted the attention of the enemy, and two efforts have recently been made by them to break up these works. I found the few troops there stationed too far from the coast to render timely aid. I changed them to more convenient posts, and have taken steps to concentrate the operation in the saltworks within narrower limits. These steps in connection with the action of the Florida legislature authorizing the organization of the salt workers for their own defense, will, I hope, enable me in the future to prevent any serious interruption in these works.[9]

The official Federal reports covering the operations against the salt works follow:

Destruction of Saltworks on St. Andrews Bay and on Coast of Texas[10]

Flagship Hartford

New Orleans, Dec. 17, 1862

Sir:

I have the honor herewith to enclose a report from Lieutenant Commander Hart, also of Acting Master G. W. Brown, of the destruction of the saltworks near St. Andrews bay. I also enclose a report from

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[9] Ibid., p. 67.

[10] Ibid., pp. 68-76.

Acting Master Commanding Dillingham, of salt works destroyed on the Texas coast.

Very respectfully your obedient servant,

D. G. Farragut,

Rear Admiral

Hon. Gideon Welles

Sec'ty of Navy

Report of Lieutenant Commander J. E. Hart,

Commanding United States Steamer Albatross[11]

United States Steamer Albatross,

At Sea, December 9, 1862

Sir:

On the 14th of November, I proceeded to sea, in obedience to your orders of the 5th, taking in tow the United States brig Bohio, Acting Master George W. Brown commanding; that vessel being placed under my command by Commodore Henry H. Bell, to assist me in destroying the saltworks on the coast, between Pensacola and St. Andrews Bay, Florida. Along this part of the coast there were but a few saltworks to be found until we reached a place called Phillip's inlet, (not laid down on the chart) this was the only spot that had the appearance of doing any business in the salt line; but the surf was so heavy that our boats could not land without wetting the arms and ammunition of the

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[11] Ibid., pp. 68-73.

crews, I deemed it produent [sic] to wait for a smooth time, so that I could effectually destroy all their works.

Carefully noticing and counting all their furnaces as I went, I continued on my course until I reached St. Andrews Bay, off the entrance of which I anchored. A boat from the United States schooner Wanderer came off to us; and on the following day (16th November) the wind having veered round to the southward and eastward, bringing in a heavy swell, I again took the Bohio in tow ran in and anchored under shelter of Hurricane island. During the afternoon I took two armed boats to reconnoitre, and pulled into an arm of St. Andrew's bay that extends due West and is only separated from the sea for fifteen or sixteen miles by a narrow strip of land, in many places less than a quarter of a mile wide. I wanted to see if it was quite possible for me to get with an armed force to the rear of the saltworks at Phillip's inlet, and destroy them in that way.

I found I could not get at them without a march of over six miles through the sand, and that my best way was, when the sea was smooth, to land in our boats. By taking this little trip, however, I chanced to see and learn the extent of the salt manufactories along the shores of the bays or bayous and creeks of St. Andrew's bay. It quite surprised me, and I felt sure if I did all that I could to destroy them I would not exceed your orders, which were to run up the coast and destroy the salt-works between this place (Pensacola) and St. Andrews bay. I saw the smoke of a very large number, and when I returned on board that night the sky was lit up, both to the eastward and

westward, away inland for a long distance. I afterward learned that they, not having been molested here, had collected in great numbers....

On the 17th the Wanderer in attempting to work up the bay, got aground; and I went to her assistance with the steamer, and concluded to follow her up the bay to the town of St. Andrew's. With the exception of three men and two women the place was deserted. There were boats hauled upon the beach, and under sheds that were servicable, and which I set fire to and otherwise destroyed, at the suggestion of Acting Master Turner, of the Wanderer, who thought they might be put to improper use, and if manned and armed could give great annoyance, in endeavoring to capture the boats of the schooner, carrying salt across the bay, or running the blockade. Within a few miles of the town I destroyed several salt pans, with their furnaces, pumps, tubs, and gutters, etc.; two or three of these pans were made of the coast survey buoys cut in two; each half would hold over one hundred and fifty gallons of sea water....

We found ourselves, while at anchor off the town, constantly watched by a company of cavalry, numbering, as near as we could learn, about ninety men; they took good care, however, to keep out of harm's way. For a whole week we sent out armed boats to reconnoitre in all directions, and to destroy all boats, salt pans, etc., in the neighborhood. On the morning of the 24th of November, at 4 a.m., I started off with an expedition under my command in the direction of North Bay. The Bohio furnished two boats and thirty men, one of the boats having a howitzer; and the Albatross armed and equipped three

boats with thirty men, besides a working gang of coal-heavers and firemen, with sledge-hammers, top-mauls, cold-chisels and axes. The officers belonging to the Albatross which accompanied the expedition were Acting Master Theodore B. Dubois and Acting Ensign John H. Harris.

We proceeded up an arm of St. Andrew's bay, called North bay, for about twelve or fourteen miles, and reached a point of land, where we concluded to rest until broad daylight.

The bay was very wide at this point and a fog hung over the water, preventing us from seeing which way to go. As soon as we lay on our oars we thought we heard voices on shore. Pulling in the direction we soon ascertained that we were near quite a number of people, and as we came nearer we not only heard voices, but we heard dogs barking and horses neighing, and we felt quite sure we had stumbled upon a company of cavalry and soldiers, for day was breaking, and what we afterward found out were canvas-covered wagons we mistook for tents. I thought we would startle them, and ordered a shell to be sent over their heads, and in a minute there never was heard such shouting and confusion; they seemed not to know which way to run.

Some of their mules and horses they succeeded in harnessing to the wagons, and some they ran off to the woods beyond as fast as they could be driven, a shell now and then over their heads making them hurry faster. The water was so shoal that our men had to wade over two hundred yards through the water over a muddy bottom to the shore, and before they reached it the people had all left, and we could just

see them through the woods at a long distance off. We threw our pickets, and Acting Master Brown, with the men belonging to the Bohio, took one direction, and I, with my men and officers, took the other, and with top-mauls, axes, sledge-hammers and shovels, we commenced the destruction of salt-kettles, salt-pans, and mason work, for we had got into a settlement of salt workers.

To give you an idea of our seven hour's labor I refer you to the accompanying report of Acting Master Brown, and list, and also my list of salt-kettles. To render everything completely unfit for future use we had to knock down all the brick work, to destroy the salt already made, to knock in the heads and set fire to the barrels, boxes and everything that would hold salt; to burn the sheds and houses in which it was stowed, and to disable and burn up the wagons that we found loaded with it. The kettles being such as are used in making sugar, we knew the capacity by the marks on them, but the salt-pans we could only tell by measurement, which we had no time to do; so that our total estimate of the amount of sea water that was boiling in them when we arrived is far short of what it really was. Our pickets brought in five white men and three negroes; the white men were paroled and the negroes were brought away by us.

To our surprise we heard that we had driven off nine hundred men and boys, all of whom had been here for some months. They had all heard of the frequent attacks upon them by the boats of Admiral Lardner's squadron, and some of them had come from salt-works further down the coast.

After we had finished with these here, we pulled to another place four miles distant. The people saw our boats coming, and they commenced putting out their fires and securing their kettles. We gave chase, and Acting Master DuBois, after a dead run of three miles across a swamp and two creeks, with eight or ten men, succeeded in capturing five wagons, which he let go after breaking the kettles that were in them. At this place we destroyed over forty furnaces and sheds, besides pumps and kettles. After this day's work and a pull of thirty miles together, our men returned to their vessels, and, strange to say, that although nearly all were wet through as high as the waist all day long, there had not been one sick.

On the morning of the 26th at 3 a.m., with a force of the same number of men and boats, and with two howitzers mounted, we quietly pulled with muffled oars in another direction to the eastward. At daybreak we landed at a place where there were a number of salt-works in full operation, and set fire to and destroyed the sheds and firewood, and salt-pots and pans. There were thirty altogether here, but many of the kettles had been taken away. Three miles beyond was another place where we found extensive preparations for making salt and arrangements were complete in every way. Here were large furnaces that had never been used, and there were brick kilns and sheds for drying brick, an excellent claying soil. All their sheds and furnaces, etc., we destroyed or rendered useless. Beyond this place, thirteen miles distant, we were informed was another large settlement, called California inlet, where there were said to be a thousand salt-makers,

under the protection of a large body of cavalry.

As our boats' crew had already pulled eighteen miles, and were wet and somewhat tired, I thought it not advisable to add thirteen miles more to it; their condition when they returned to their vessels after such a day's work would have been anything but a proper one. However, our day's work was not yet finished, for on our way back we discovered that we had passed in the dark three or four small salt-works, which we visited and destroyed.

On the 28th of November we dropped down to the entrance of St. Andrews bay and prepared for sea. The wind came out from the southward and westward, with rain and foggy weather, and with a heavy swell on, and we were detained until the 30th, when we saw a strange sail to the southward. Got under way and stood out toward it; but the weather getting hazy, we lost sight of her. Again visited the salt-works along the shores toward the east end of Santa Rosa island, but could not effect a safe and dry landing to our armed boats and crews, and returned to the anchorage behind Hurricane island, where my consort the Bohio lay. The following week we had rains, fog, and southerly winds. Our boats were employed in visiting the upper bays to watch for salt-makers. On Saturday afternoon, the 6th, the wind came around to the north, and the weather became clear and cold, and the sea commenced going down.

On Monday, the 8th, we took the Bohio in tow and stood along the coast toward Pensacola bay, landing and destroying the salt-works between St. Andrews and Santa Rosa island as we came across them.

The works at Phillip's inlet were not as extensive as they had been represented to me. I found only a few, and away inland, upon the shores of the bayou, which extends two or three miles. I saw neither smoke nor fires. At sunset I stood to the southward ten miles and cast off the Bohio to proceed on her course; stood in shore again and anchored until this morning, 9th November, at daylight, when I got under way for Pensacola.

During this short cruise I have had an excellent opportunity of seeing the courage, endurance and cheerfulness of the crew under my command; had there been a good armed resistance made to our descent upon the saltworks, they would have found our men a tough party to handle. Of the officers I cannot speak in too high praise; it is owing to them solely that my crew are well drilled and obedient.

The Bohio rendered me much assistance with her boats and men, and Captain Brown and his officers showed a praise-worthy alacrity in complying with every request and order of mine.

Enclosed you will find the report of Acting Master George W. Brown, commanding United States brig Bohio, with his list of salt-pans, etc., destroyed, and a list also of mines that were destroyed by the crew of the Albatross.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,

John E. Hart,

Lt. Comdg.

Rear Admiral D. G. Farragut,

Commanding W.G.B. Squadron.

Account of salt pots and pans destroyed by an expedition from United States steamer Albatross, Nov. 24, 1862, St. Andrew's bay, Florida.

Lieut. Com'dr John E. Hart
Commanding

No. Pots	Capacity of each in Gallons	Total Gallons
24	6,150; 12,100; 5,75; 3,125	2,700
25	11,40; 10,70; 4,75	1,440
21	25	525
12	3,100; 5,70; 4,75	950
39	9,100; 6,70; 9,45; 9,40; 6,25	2,235
17	8,150; 4,100; 5,40	1,800
35	8,125; 20,45; 9,45	1,875
33	3,150; 2,100; 20,70; 8,45	2,410
24	9,100; 9,70; 9,25	1,705
5	250	1,250
235		16,890
(Nov. 27)		
20	90	1,800
(Dec. 8)		
59	50	2,950
		21,640

With the above were destroyed furnaces, pumps, boxes, barrels, sheds, houses, and wagons containing salt in quantities that I could not estimate. Whenever I found anything connected with the manufactory of salt, I destroyed it.

Respectfully,
John E. Hart
Lt. Com'dr., U.S.N.

Report of Acting Master George W. Browne of the United States brig Bohio[12]

United States brig Bohio,

St. Andrews Bay, November 25, 1862

Sir:

According to your request, I respectfully report that on the morning November 24, at 4 a.m., I started from this vessel with two boats the larger having a light 12 pounder howitzer mounted for service---and thirty men, armed with rifles, muskets, and carbines. Taking the cutter in tow, I proceeded with all possible dispatch up North bay to a point not laid down on my chart, but at a supposed distance of twelve miles. Previous to my arrival, I discovered large volumes of smoke, covering the vicinity of our intended landing, and on going close I discovered numerous small fires, which I concluded were camp fires, particularly when I distinctly heard the challenge of "Who comes there", from a person I took to be a soldier on the shore. The day was just breaking when you called my attention to the noise and confusion in the camp. When we could see well we discovered numerous bands of men and horses, which appeared forming to give us battle. We then decided to pepper them a little, and accordingly we opened on them with shrapnell and canister. After firing thirteen rounds we landed, having had to wade in mud and water above our knees. You directed me to proceed at once with my command and destroy all the

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[12] Ibid., pp. 74-76.

salt cauldrons and salt I could discover, together with all the wagons and conveyances of the men employed at the works, which I faithfully did, killing all the mules I could find and burning wagons and appurtenances.

I ascertained from some prisoners I took that there were some 2,500 men engaged in this vicinity making salt and that there were about 1,000 men engaged here but they had run off when our shells began to play about them. Some of them were armed with rifles, and others with shotguns. One of the latter I found stowed away in a wagon, loaded with heavy buckshot. The salt-works I destroyed here were on a large scale, and I should judge, from the number, and from what the prisoners said, that 500 bushels a day would be within the estimate of their labors.

According to your orders, I followed your boats some five miles up West bay; had the same difficulty through landing in mud and water; made a half circuit of the island in the opposite direction from that you had taken; destroyed a number of salt-works that had been left with great alacrity; killed several cattle, and then took my men across a deep morass of mud, crossed over on the mainland, and destroyed numerous works, burning all the houses and appurtenances attached. All the salt I effectively destroyed by mixing it with sand in such quantities as to render it perfectly useless. At six p.m. I received orders to return, and arrived back to this vessel 8:40 p.m. The men were much fatigued with the day's labor, and several of them had their feet cut and injured by the exposure.

I take much pleasure in commending Master's Mate Samuel H. Heath and James Sheppard for the able manner they performed their duty; and all the men behaved and worked admirably, particularly Daniel Parsons, boatswain's mate, who is worthy of a better position.

Enclosed please find a detailed report of the destruction of salt and cauldrons by the party under my command.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

George W. Browne,

Acting Master Commanding

Lieut. Com'dr. John E. Hart,

In command of Expedition

Account of Pots and Salt Destroyed by Boat Expedition from United States Brig Bohio, George W. Browne Commanding

No. of Pans	Capacity of each in Gallons		
6	100	600	10
7	200	1400	4
9	6,200;3,100	1,500	3
5	150	750	4
6	2,60;4,100	520	6
4	80	320	9
13	9,100;4,75	1,200	7
2	150	300	2
14	11,90;3,150	1,440	175
7	4,60;3,100	540	60
6	4,100;2,50	500	20

8	4,60;4,40	400	40
17	10,100;7,80	1,560	50
4	150	600	19
5	100	500	1
7	40	280	2
5	60	300	70
6	100	600	60
2	150	300	20
4	90	360	2
5	100	500	3
3	60	180	1
1	250	250	
4	100	400	
2	400	800	
152		16,100	568

St. Andrews Bay, November 24, 1862,

Respectfully,

George W. Browne

Acting Master, Commanding

Lieut. Com'dr John E. Hart,

Commanding Expedition

Salt-Making, 1863[13]

A correspondent of the New York Herald estimated the property destroyed in December, 1863 as follows: 500 boilers and kettles averaging 150 gallons each, at $5 per gallon, $375,00; value of manufactured salt, $120,000: Confederate Government Works, three-fourths of a mile square, with buildings, $500,000; 199 small salt works of 100 gallons each, $1,990,000; total $2,985,000. The works of the Confederate Government had just been completed but ten days before, and were very complete and extensive. Another private report states that 98 brick furnaces were destroyed, and 100 buildings.

The following letter tells of expeditions against the salt works and the destruction of "Old Town":

United States Flag-Ship San Jacinto

Key West, December 28, 1863

Sir:

I have the gratification of reporting a very important service performed by the blockading force in St. Andrews sound, under the command of Acting Master William R. Browne, in destroying a very extensive and valuable quantity of salt-works both at Lake Ocala and St. Andrew's bay. The circumstances are as follows:

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On the 10th day of December, Acting Ensign Edward Cressy arrived

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[13] Ibid., pp. 85-87.

at St. Andrew's sound from the east pass of Santa Rosa's sound, with the stern-wheel steamer Bloomer and her tender, the sloop Caroline, having heard of the expedition at Lake Ocala, and placed his command at the disposal of Acting Master Browne, for more extensive operations near St. Andrews. Accordingly three officers and forty-eight men were sent from the Restless to the Bloomer, and she proceeded to West bay where the rebel government's salt-works were first destroyed which produced 400 bushels daily. At this place there were twenty-seven buildings, twenty-two large boilers, and some 200 kettles, averaging 200 gallons each, all of which were destroyed, together with 2,000 bushels of salt, and some store houses containing three months' provisions.

The whole was estimated at half a million dollars. From this point the expedition proceeded down the bay, destroying private salt-works, which lined each side for a distance of seven miles, to the number of one hundred and ninety-eight different establishments, averaging two boilers and two kettles each, together with large quantities of salt. Five hundred and seven kettles were dug up and rendered useless, and over three hundred buildings were destroyed, together with twenty-seven wagons and five large flat boats. The entire damage to the enemy is estimated by Acting Master Browne at $3,000,000. Thirty-one contrabands, employed at these works, gladly availed themselves of this opportunity to escape, and were of great service in pointing out the places where the kettles were buried for concealment.

In the meantime, while the operations were going on, Master Browne got under way in the bark Restless, and ran up to within one hundred yards of the town of St. Andrew's, which had been reported to him by deserters as being occupied only by a military force, for the last ten months, and commenced shelling the place, and some soldiery, who made a speedy retreat to the woods.

Selecting the weather-most house for a target, the town was fired by the third shell, and thirty-two houses were soon reduced to ashes. No resistance was offered to our people throughout the affair.

Acting Master Browne speaks in highest terms of Acting Ensign James J. Russel and Charles N. Hicks and the forty-eight men from the Restless, as also Acting Ensign Cressy and the six men belonging to the Bloomer for the prompt manner in which they carried out their orders.

Respectfully,

Theodorus Bailey,

Acting Rear Admiral,

Commanding Eastern Squadron

Concerning the destruction of "Old Town" on December 11th, 1863, Acting Master Browne reports:[14]

Selecting the largest group of houses, we succeeded in firing it, our third shell bursting in one of the houses at the southeast end. The

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[14] Ibid., p. 110.

wind being E.S.E., communicated the flames quickly to the others, consisting of 32 houses and shanties, which were speedily reduced to ashes, and will no more afford shelter, as heretofore, to the enemy, from which they watched the proceedings of all which took place in or about the harbor.

Major Weeks, in command of white and colored troops from Cedar Keys, landed here and raided the interior country in July.

About the 20th ultimo, an expedition, composed of 400 troops from the Second Florida Cavalry and Second U. S. Colored Troops, under command of Major Weeks, Second Florida Cavalry, made a descent from Cedar Keys, Florida, upon Saint Andrew's Bay. On landing, 100 bales of cotton were captured near the coast and burnt. The expedition marched 44 miles into the interior, burnt 80 bales of cotton, 2 large bridges, 1 large grist-mill, 1 camp with store-houses, etc. complete, capable of containing 500 men. On the return to the coast the expedition brought in 115 contrabands, 8 mules, and 2 horses. The troops returned after an absence of nine days without the loss of a man.

Saltmaking continued until the end of the war and for sometime thereafter. Other official reports, of which the preceding are only examples, may be found at Washington, D. C.[15]

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[15] Ibid., p. 92.

Official Reports of U. S. and Confederate Officers

of the Fight at "Old Town"[16]

Unfortunate Boat Reconnoisance [sic] at

St. Andrews, Bay, Florida

United States Flag Ship St. Lawrence,

Key West, April 21, 1863

Sir:

I enclose herewith the report of Acting Master Sherrell, Commanding bark Roebuck, of an unfortunate affair, in which Acting Master James Folger and the launch's crew of eleven men were engaged, and which resulted in the death of two of the men and the wounding of six.

It seems that Capt. Sherrell, having heard that a vessel was loading with cotton up St. Andrews Bay, sent up his launch and crew to reconnoiter. For some reason of which I am not advised, Mr. Folger in charge of that party made a landing.

The boat's crew were fired upon by a large guerilla force with fatal effect and barely escaped with their lives, Mr. Folger paying dearly for his incautiousness, as the report shows.

I think the landing was ill-advised.

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

Theodore Bailey,

Acting Rear Admiral,

Commanding E.G.B. Squadron

---

[16] Ibid., pp. 81-85.

Report of Acting Master John Sherrell, of the Roebuck

United States Bark Roebuck,

St. Andrews Bay, March 20, 1863

Sir:

I have to inform the Department that this morning I sent the launch of this vessel with an armed crew of eleven men, up the bay on a reconnoisance [sic]. The boat returned at 2 o'clock p.m., the crew having been attacked by a guerilla party of over fifty (50) men and met with the following severe loss:

Killed, Thomas King, seaman; Ralph B. Snow, ordinary seaman.

Wounded, Acting Master James Folger, severely; Robert Wilkes, Captain of forecastle, mortally; Andrew C. Snyder, landsman, mortally; Charles Sweet, landsman, slightly; George B. French, ordinary seaman, slightly. The body of Ralph B. Snow was not brought off.

Thomas Wylie, ordinary seaman, and James Kitchen, landsman, deserve much credit for bringing the boat off safely, when nearly all the rest of the crew were killed or wounded. I have the honor to be,

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

John Sherrell,

Acting Master, U. S. Navy,

Commanding U. S. Bark Roebuck

Hon. Gideon Welles,

Secretary of the Navy

Washington, D. C.

Report of Major W. W. Scott, C. S. Army, 1st Bat., Fla. Inf.

Headquarters, Marianna, W.F., Mar. 22, 1863

Dear Sir:

I have the honor to report an affair of Capt. Robinson's, on St. Andrews Bay. His report to me is as follows:

"I proceeded to the town of St. Andrews on the 19th instant with a lieutenant, sergeant and twenty men. Arriving just before night, I encamped. Yesterday morning, March 20, about 10:30 O'clock, the enemy came into the bay in a launch, on which was mounted a brass howitzer, I think a twelve-pounder, and landed an armed party consisting of an officer and 9 men, 2 men remaining in the boat. They formed and marched down the beach, the boat keeping opposite to them. I formed my men and taking advantage of a bluff, charged within 75 yards of them before we were discovered. Being the stronger party, I ordered them to surrender, which they refused to do, but attempted to get on their boat. I ordered my men to fire and brought down 4 or 5. We charged into the water after them about waist deep, which brought us within their musket range from the boat, and our firing was so hot they could not board her, but swam out in the bay. Several attempted to get on board, but were killed. The men in the boat tried to fire their cannon, but were so badly wounded they were not able to do so. They finally lowered their flag and asked for quarter. I immediately ordered my men to cease firing. They then asked

permission to pick up their wounded and drowning, which was granted. They got two on board; the balance had sunk, and being then nearly out of range, they hoisted sail and escaped with boat. We had no boat to board them and the water was too deep to wade. There were but three men in the boat able to sit up, and one of them was shot from his seat as they went off. One escaped in the woods and we were unable to capture him. I do not think a single man escaped unhurt, as we could see from the blood that the two that remained in the boat were seriously wounded. We got their flag, 4 minnie muskets, 3 cartridge boxes, 3 bayonets, also 1 pair oars. I should have taken the boat but for their beggin quarter."

I have received flag captured by Captain Robinson, and will forward to the commanding general if he directs me. I am, Captain,

Your obedient servant, etc.

E. W. Scott,

Major Commanding

Captain James Barrow, Ass't Gen'l.

Headquarters Dept. South Carolina, Georgia and Florida

Charleston, S. C., April 3, 1863

Brig. Gen. H. Cobb,

Commanding District East Florida

General:

The commanding general directs me, through you, to express to Captains G. W. Scott and Robinson, and the officers, non-commissioned officers and men of their respective command, his high sense of their soldierly conduct on the occasions reported severally by Maj. W. W. Scott and Capt. G. W. Scott. By enterprises such as these, conducted with coolness and address, and characterized by resolute courage, small detachments of our troops may strike the enemy with such effect as to prevent them from landing within the limits of your command.

The flags captured should be sent to these headquarters by some convenient opportunity. If you deem it proper or convenient, you might by flag of truce communicate to the commander of the United States forces to which the St. Andrews Bay party belonged, the statement of Captain Scott, and demand the surrender of the boat and its arms and equipments, as it stood when surrendered, and the men, and notify them that unless this is done that hereafter quarter must be denied under similar circumstances.

I am likewise instructed to say to you that the general is much gratified by the prompt manner in which you sent assistance to Brigadier General Finegan.

Respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
Thomas Jordan
Chief of Staff

Acting Assistant Surgeon M. G. Raifley's Report

of Casualties

United States Bark Roebuck

St. Andrew's Bay, Florida

March 21, 1863

Sir:

I have to report the following casulaties of the attack of the guerillas upon our boat's crew at St. Andrew's town, Florida. Killed: Thomas King, seaman, shot through the head; Ralph B. Snow, ordinary seaman, reported shot through the head; his body was not recovered.

Wounded mortally: Robert Wilkes, captain of the forecastle, wounded in seven places, with three balls and five buckshot; one of the balls entered the umbilical region; another ball entered the right forearm, and grazing the elbow joint, broke the humerus in its lower third; the other wounds are flesh wounds.

Neal O'Donnell, landsman, received two balls in the upper half of his right humerus, fracturing it badly; a buckshot in right shoulder; another buckshot through the auricle of right ear, lodging in the cheek; and still another in the right thigh.

Andrew K. Snyder, landsman, wounded in the head with buckshot, penetrating the skull, and a ball in right forearm, shattering the ulna.

Wounded severely: James Folger, acting master and executive officer, struck on the right knee apparently by a rifle ball, which

after grazing the upper extremety of the fibula, was lost in the soft parts.

George French, ordinary seaman, received a flesh wound in his right forearm by a ball, and another slight wound on the left hand.

Wounded slightly: Charles Sweet, seaman, ball grazing right shoulder, and left side of throat. James Kichen, landsman, cut wound in right shoulder.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

Max G. Raefley,

Acting Assistant Surgeon

Acting Master John Sherrell

Commanding United States Bark Roebuck

APPENDIX F

PANAMA CITY AT A GLANCE

Altitude, Climate, Rainfall, etc.	-The altitude is 14 feet above sea level. Average rainfall is 58 inches per year. Average mean temperature is 68 degrees. There is no snowfall. The average number of growing days is 267.
Assessed Valuation	-(1948) $19,961,110.00
Auto Registration	-As of January 1, 1949 - 7,132 Passenger and 1,942 Trucks
Bank Data (Deposits)	-January 1, 1949 - $13,086,172.52
Building Permits	-(1948) $2,290,910.00
Churches	-Thirty churches with every faith represented.
City Government	-City Manager form of government with four commissioners, a Mayor and City Manager.
County Government	-Commission form of government with five commissioners.
Communications	-Western Union and Southern Bell Telephone & Telegraph Co.
Electric Meters	-(1948) There are 9,448 electric meters in Panama City as of July 1.
Freight Transportation	-Panama City is served by one railroad, two truck lines, several barge and steamship lines.
Hospitals	-There are three modern hospitals
Hotels	-Eleven hotels make Panama City an easy place to visit.
Newspapers	-There is one daily with a circulation of 11,325
Population	-(Census, 1945) 24,915 - Estimate 1948 - 28,016
Postal Receipts	-Panama City has three postoffices and their combined receipts for 1948 were $150,102.98
Radio Station	-W.D.L.P., a 1000 Watt Station, with a Mutual Broadcasting company hookup serves this community.

Recreation	-Fishing, Hunting, Golf, Horseback riding, sailing, and the beaches offer the permanent immigrant many opportunities.
Retail Sales	-$30,293,000.00 (1948 - Sales Management's Survey)
Schools	-There are five modern elementary and two high schools.
Telephones	-As of January 1, 1949, there are 5,756
Transportation	-Three bus lines and the railroad serve Panama City with direct over-night pullman service to Atlanta and intermediate points. During normal times this is augmented by ocean going steamships. Panama City is also a certificated stop on National Airlines.

PANAMA CITY CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

APPENDIX G

PANAMA CITY, FLORIDA

Climatic Data

Month	Mean Rainfall Inches	Mean Temper-ature	Mean Max. Temp.	Mean Min. Temp.	Average Snowfall Inches
January	3.64	53.2	63.2	43.3	None
February	4.36	54.8	64.8	44.7	"
March	3.54	61.6	71.3	51.9	"
April	2.98	67.2	77.7	56.8	"
May	4.09	74.8	85.1	64.4	"
June	4.70	80.6	89.8	71.4	"
July	7.55	81.9	90.2	73.6	"
August	8.35	81.4	89.8	73.1	"
September	6.11	78.9	87.8	70.0	"
October	4.24	70.0	80.0	60.1	"
November	3.23	60.2	71.0	49.4	"
December	5.07	53.8	63.6	43.9	"
Annual	57.86	68.2	77.9	58.6	"

Highest temperature in 26 years		102
Lowest temperature in 26 years		4
Average date last killing frost in Spring	March	3
Average date first killing frost in Fall	November	30
Average number growing days		267
Average number days with .01 inch rain or more		93
Elevation above sea level, feet		14

PANAMA CITY CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

APPENDIX H

STATISTICAL FACTS
(ISSUED JANUARY 1, 1949)

BUILDING PERMITS

1940	$ 488,067.00
1941	992,050.00
1942	1,179,858.00
1943	855,538.00
1944	519,728.50
1945	1,089,290.00
1946	1,503,245.00
1947	2,314,074.00
1948	2,290,910.00

ELECTRIC METERS

1940	3,117
1941	3,618
1942	4,539
1943	6,408
1944	7,133
1945	5,833
1946	6,350
1947	8,067
1948	9,448

MOTOR VEHICLE REGISTRATION

	Passenger	Truck
1940	2,956	824
1941	2,780	987
1942	5,743	1,049
1943	7,560	1,316
1944	8,457	1,772
1945	7,474	1,349
1946	5,288	2,271
1947	5,648	2,636
1948	7,132	1,942

POST OFFICE RECEIPTS

1940	$ 45,549.31
1941	63,368.72
1942	108,148.94
1943	186,721.82
1944	197,095.03
1945	206,347.29
1946	124,836.57
1947	123,456.23
1948	150,102.98

NEWSPAPER CIRCULATION
PANAMA CITY NEWS-HERALD (Net Paid)

January 1, 1941	2,881
January 1, 1942	3,933
January 1, 1943	6,996
July 1, 1943	10,185
January 1, 1944	12,126
January 1, 1946	10,180
January 1, 1947	11,185
January 1, 1948	11,106
January 1, 1949	11,325

BANK DEPOSITS
Taken from published statements of banks of Panama City

December 31, 1940	$ 1,537,985.00
December 31, 1941	2,850,219.50
December 31, 1942	4,010,246.29
December 31, 1943	10,827,274.76
December 31, 1944	16,545,651.29
December 31, 1945	15,930,739.00
December 31, 1946	10,834,843.49
December 31, 1947	10,551,041.25
December 31, 1928	13,086,172.52

TELEPHONES

1940	1,513
1941	1,534
1942	1,883
1943	3,108
1944	3,443
1945	3,435
1946	4,079
1947	5,082
1948	5,756

POPULATION

Year	Bay County	Panama City
1930	12,091	5,402
1940	20,686	11,610
1945	43,188	24,915
1946	45,000	27,000
1947	45,000	27,000
1948	47,000	28,016

APPENDIX I

PANAMA CITY INDUSTRIES

NAME	PRODUCTS MANUFACTURED	NO. EMPLOYEES
Alabama Textile Prod. Corp. 15th St. & Foster Ave.	Shirts	190
Arizona Chemical Co. Bay Harbor, Florida	Basic Chemicals	24
Asbell, J. R., Inc. P. O. Box 853	Cement Products	20
Bay Mattress Co. 22 Harrison Ave.	Mattress & Living-room Furniture	5
Brewton Engineering Co. Harrison & 15th St.	Super-rock blocks & ready-mixed concrete	20
Carter, James L. Parker, Florida	Furniture, store fixtures, etc.	5
Coca-Cola Bottling Co. 238 W. 5th St.	Coca-Cola	33
Dixie Mattress Co. 628 Oak Ave.	Mattresses, Awnings, box springs	8
Dothan Ice Cream Co. 543 Jenks	Ice Cream	5
Dr. Pepper Bottling Co. 328 W. Beach Drive	Soft Drinks	11
Etheridge Cabinet Shop 40 W. Beach Dr.	Cabinets, woodwork, beach furniture, store fixtures	4
Freeman Electric Co. 534 Oak Ave.	Neon Signs	6
International Paper Co. Panama City, Fla.	Kraft Paper	1500
Kilbourn Ice Co. Springfield Route	Ice	14
Lokey Ice & Cold Storage W. 6th St.	Ice	20

PANAMA CITY INDUSTRIES (Con't)

NAME	PRODUCTS MANUFACTURED	NO. EMPLOYEES
Martin Pie Shop Harrison Ave.	Bread & Pasteries	7
Millville Ice Co. Millville, Florida	Ice	7
Moore's Bakery W. 5th St.	Bread & Pasteries	7
Naval Chemical Co. 54 W. Beach Drive	Insecticides	2
Nehi Bottling Co. 400 W. 13th St.	Soft Drinks	11
Panama City Lumber Co. P. O. Box 1115	Lumber	40
Panama Venetian Blind Co. 1134 Beck Ave. St. Andrew, Florida	Venetian Blinds	4
Pepsi-Cola E. 6th St.	Soft Drinks	6
Piggly Wiggly Bakery W. 5th St.	Bread & Pasteries	7
Southern Tent & Awning Co. 1308 Beck Ave. St. Andrew, Florida	Tents, Awnings, Sails	1
Standard Ice Co. St. Andrews, Fla.	Ice & Quick Freeze Service	10
Watson Bayou Boat Co. Panama City, Fla.	Boats of all types	--
Wood's Baking Co. 1014 E. 5th St.	Bread & Pasteries	55
	TOTAL	2022

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

PANAMA CITY, FLORIDA

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PANAMA CITY TRANSIT COMPANY

STEDMAN HOBBS, President

HWY 98 ST. ANDREWS, FLA. PHONE 413

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MORTGAGE LOANS BONDS

BUS SCHEDULES

ROUTE NO. & NAME	FIRST BUS LEAVES	AT	BUSES RUN	LAST BUS LEAVES	AT
#1—BAY HARBOR	HARRISON & 4th ST.	05:30 AM	EVERY 15 MIN. UNTIL 08:00 PM Then Every 20 Min. Until 12:00 MID	HARRISON & 4th ST.	12:00 MID
#2—ST. ANDREWS	HARRISON & 5th ST.	05:30 AM	EVERY 15 MIN. UNTIL 08:00 PM Then Every 20 Min. Until 12:00 MID	HARRISON & 5th ST. Other Buses to Barns Until	12:00 MID 01:00 AM
#3—LINCOLN PARK	HARRISON & 5th ST.	06:30 AM	EVERY 30 MINUTES EXCEPT ON SATURDAY EVERY 15 MINS.	HARRISON & 5th ST.	10:00 PM
#4—COVE-VICTORY CIRCLE	HARRISON & BEACH DRIVE	06:50 AM	EVERY 30 MINUTES	HARRISON & BEACH DRIVE	09:20 PM
#5—HARRISON - 15TH	HARRISON & 4th ST.	07:10 AM	EVERY 30 MINUTES	HARRISON & 4TH ST.	09:50 PM
#6—TYNDALL FIELD	HARRISON & BEACH DRIVE	06:00 AM	EVERY HOUR EXCEPT SATURDAY AND SUNDAY AFTERNOON EVERY 30 MINS.	HARRISON & BEACH DR.	12:00 MID
#7—BEACHES	SEE SPECIAL SCHEDULES IN THE BUSES OR CALL 413				

ZIRK'S GROCERY

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TELEPHONE 8-44

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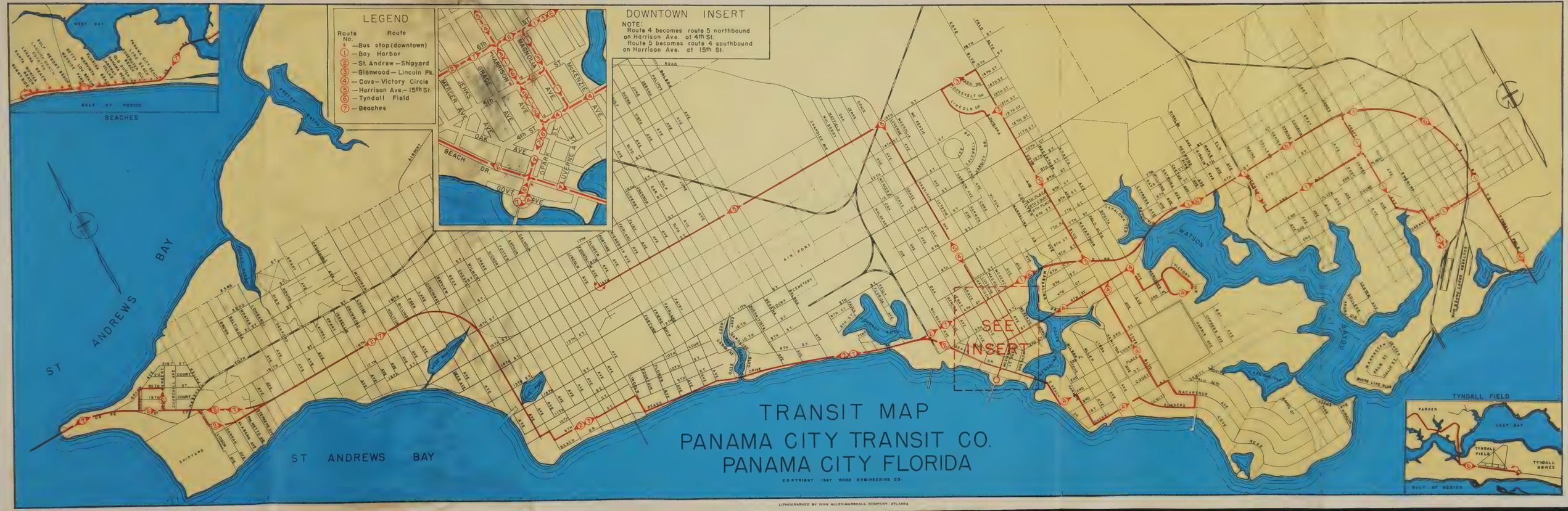
CITY AND COUNTY MAPS AND PLATS OF ALL KINDS

9 E. BEACH DRIVE PHONE 544


LEGEND
Route No. Route
$ —Bus stop (downtown)
(1) —Bay Harbor
(2) —St. Andrew — Shipyard
(3) —Glenwood — Lincoln Pk.
(4) —Cove — Victory Circle
(5) —Harrison Ave. — 15th St.
(6) —Tyndall Field
(7) —Beaches
DOWNTOWN INSERT
NOTE:
Route 4 becomes route 5 northbound on Harrison Ave. at 4th St.
Route 5 becomes route 4 southbound on Harrison Ave. at 15th St.
BEACHES
GULF OF MEXICO
WEST BAY
PRETTY BAYOU
ST ANDREWS BAY
ST ANDREWS BAY
SHIPYARD
AIRPORT
AIR PORT
WATSON BAYOU
SEE INSERT
TYNDALL FIELD
PARKER
EAST BAY
TYNDALL FIELD
TYNDALL HOMES
GULF OF MEXICO
TRANSIT MAP
PANAMA CITY TRANSIT CO.
PANAMA CITY FLORIDA
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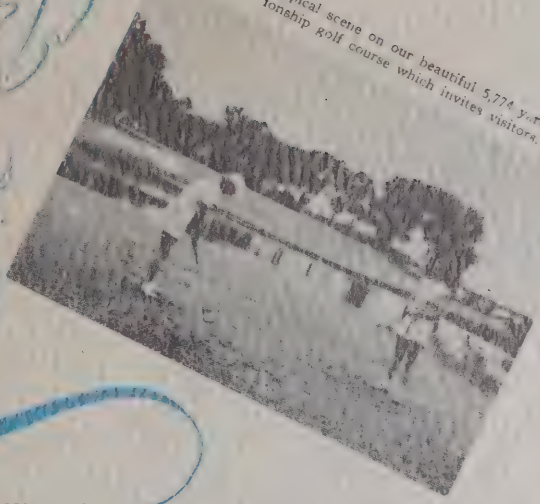
Panama City

ON THE GULF COAST

Florida's

FINEST DEEP SEA FISHING

Typical beach scene along thirty miles of unexcelled white sand beach.



Typical scene on our beautiful 5,774 yard championship golf course which invites visitors.

Panama City, Florida, a city of 30,000 on the Northwest Florida Coast, and the beaches are 600 miles or 3 days roundtrip closer than are the South Florida cities. Over one thousand tourist facilities offer the winter visitor special cut rates. Game—deer, turkey, quail and bear—abound in the area around us. The best fresh and salt water fishing are available at your door. The Panama Country Club cordially invites visitors to play its eighteen hole championship golf course and use its other facilities. For the sightseer there is Tyndall Air Force Base, home of the Air Tactical School where over 2000 officers are trained each year.—International Paper Company's huge 1200 ton a day plant—The U. S. Navy's Mine Countermeasures Station—The drive along U. S. 98 for miles only a stones throw from the blue Gulf of Mexico. Only an hour or so drive away is Wakulla Springs, Apalachicola where the shrimp and oyster fleets are docked and picturesque Florida caverns at Marianna. For the connoisseur of good foods restaurants specializing in all types of seafoods abound. All this plus an average temperature of 68.2 degrees makes this area the best of year around resorts.

For detailed information write:

The Panama City Chamber of Commerce

Panama City, Florida

A minesweeper tied up at the U. S. Navy's Mine Countermeasures Station docks.

Fishing from beautiful Bailey Bridge over North arm of St. Andrews Bay

Chapel at Tyndall Air Force Base. Home of the U.S.A.F. Air Tactical School

Surf casting is a year around sport.

Panama City
ON THE GULF OF MEXICO
CHICAGO
ATLANTA
BIRMINGHAM
MONTGOMERY
COLUMBUS
MOBILE
MARIANNA
TALLAHASSEE
PANAMA CITY
MIAMI

APPENDIX L

Clippings on the following pages taken from the Panama City News-Herald, April 30, 1950

Ira A. Hutchison Listed Among Florida's Most Noted Jurists

One of Florida's most prominent and able jurists resides in Panama City.

He is Circuit Judge Ira A. Hutchison, who was born at Florala, Ala., just across the line from Florida, and who came to West Florida with his family as a tiny child. Judge Hutchison was born Dec. 4, 1879.

The family settled in the section that later became Walton county and the jurist received his early schooling at DeFuniak Springs and in Washington county. He took his degree in law at Stetson University in Deland in 1905.

His ancestors came to the Southeast early, a great-great grandfather moving to the Alabama territory and settling in 1824 in a section which later became Dale county.

LAND PATENT

His land patent was the third issued for the Alabama territory by the U. S. Land Office in Georgia.

His great-great grandfather was appointed the first county judge of Dale county and in 1847, when Coffee county, Alabama was formed, its limits included Clintonville, a settlement Lewis Hutchison founded. He also served as an Alabama state senator.

Ira A. Hutchison began practicing law here in 1907 in a small building that stood where the Panama theatre is located today. He was the first city attorney and drew the charter under which Panama City was incorporated in 1908.

APPOINTMENT

In 1911, he was appointed county judge of Washington county, which then included Panama City, by Gov. Albert Gilchrist. The county seat was at Vernon in those days and the appointment made it necessary to move there.

He served one term and part of another and then resigned to resume private law practice at Chipley. In 1916, he was appointed state attorney for the ninth judicial circuit which included Bay, Holmes and Washington counties.

In 1922, he gave up the state attorney's office to return to private practice.

One year later, Judge Hutchison returned to Panama City where he had been retained as general counsel by the Atlanta and St. Andrew Bay Line Railroad and the St. Andrew Lumber Company and as attorney for the Minor C. Keith interests.

IRA A. HUTCHISON

CIRCUIT BENCH

In 1927, he was elevated to the circuit bench by appointment of Gov. John Martin. He presided over the newly created 28th judicial circuit which was set up for the purpose of assignment and when the present 14th judicial circuit was created, he was reappointed by Gov. Doyle Carlton.

His appointment to the circuit bench began almost 20 years of service in that capacity, save for a few months spent in the attorney general's office, as an assistant.

Although he served for 21 years on the bench before he retired, Judge Hutchison has an almost "believe-it-or-not" achievement. He never served out a complete term and although circuit judgeships were by gubernatorial appointment until 1948, he stood in every democratic primary without opposition. The primaries on judgeship were conducted for the purpose of instructing succeeding governors in the matter of the appointment.

REAPPOINTMENT

Upon the death of Judge D. J. Jones in 1935, he was returned here from the attorney general's office for the balance of the term and he was reappointed by Gov. Fred Cone and Gov. Spessard L. Holland.

Judge Hutchison retired from the bench Nov. 1, 1948 but under the retirement law, is subject to call back and consequently he is frequently assigned here and elsewhere.

He has served in every judicial circuit in Florida, upon assignment from the governor's office, written opinions for the supreme court, and has a record of fewer reversals than most other circuit judges in appeals to the state supreme court.

The noted jurist first came to St. Andrew at the age of 10 years in 1889 with his family and, coincidentally, stopped over night at a house located in the same block which he lives in today.

He has always been a leader in civic affairs and was one of those influential in locating the Southern Kraft paper mill here in the 1930s.

Selection of Name for City Recalled By Press

Ed. Note: The story below, reports on the selection of Panama City as the name for the newly-created town between St. Andrew and Harrison on St. Andrew Bay. It is taken frcm an early-day copy of a newspaper published here.

ST. ANDREWS. — (Special) — "Panama City" is the name of the new town to be established between St. Andrews and Harrison, 3 miles east of here. Already great preparations are being made for the laying off and opening up of what bids fair to be the largest city on the West Gulf coast.

This proposed new city is situated on St. Andrews Bay, one of the most beautiful and ideal locations that could have been selected anywhere on the West coast of Florida. The bay has a depth of from 20 to 30 feet and is one of the finest harbors in the south. Panama City will be just opposite the pass out to the Gulf of Mexico, which can be seen a few miles across the bay.

LAND LOCKED BAY

Owing to the narrow pass out to the Gulf, the bay is land-locked, making it one of the safest for vessels to shelter in time of storms, of any harbor in Florida.

Promoter of the new city is the Gulf Coast Development Company, a corporation chartered with $100,000 capital. The principal stock holders and officers are Captain Jackson, of Chicago, president; R. L. McKenzie, a resident of this country of the large naval store firm of Bickers & McKenzie, vice president and general manager.

The company has already contracted for two new railroads to be built to the new city, both of which are expected to reach here this fall.

The Birmingham, Columbus & St. Andrews R. R. has already been constructed between Chipley, Fla., to within a few miles of the Bay and trains are expected to reach here in about three months. This road, when completed, will be about 200 miles in length, and will open up some of the finest section of undeveloped country in Florida and Alabama.

RAILROAD PROMOTERS

The promoters of the Birmingham, Columbus & St. Andrews R. R. are Hon. Mr. Miller of Chipley, A. J. Gay, of Gay, Fla., R. L. McKenzie and some Columbus capitalists.

The other railroad is being constructed from Dothan, Ala., to St. Andrews Bay via Cottondale, on the L. & N. Ry.

This is known as the A. B. Steele road, and is being built by him and his associates. The grading crews have finished their work to within about 30 miles of the bay and are pushing the work on this way as fast as men and money can do it. Miles and miles of fine timber will be traversed by these two roads and mills will be established all along both lines. The Steele road when completed, will give Panama City and the west coast a direct line to Albany, Cordele, Americus, Macon and Atlanta, via Dothan, Ala. Heretofore no railroad has touched within fifty miles of this section of the country, and all freight and passengers from the outside world were compelled to go by boat to Pensacola and thence via Montgomery and Chipley. The distance over the Steele road, to reach Dothan will be about 90 miles, Albany about 180 miles, and Cordele about 215 miles.

The Gulf Coast Development Co., and its associates, own about four miles of water front, going back into the interior three or four miles. A high bluff extends all along the frontage, and a more beautiful site for a town was never selected. It is predicted by many that Panama City in a few years will far excell Pensacola and many other cities in

HARRISON AVENUE in the days before stop lights, hard-surfacing, neon lights and modern business fronts.

Florida. When the great Panama Canal is completed Panama City will be the most direct route to the states. Panama City will be a great shipping point.

Drake Funeral Home Founder Here In 1890

Original Owner Began Business In St. Andrew

Brake funeral home is operated by T. W. "Woodie" an enterprising young Panama City business man, but it was founded by one of this sections earliest settlers, Arthur Harvey Brake.

A. H. Brake came to West Florida and located in St. Andrew in 1886, at the age of 23 years.

He opened a small, general merchandise store there four years later and one of the lines he handled and sold was caskets. He also conducted funerals, a far cry from today's modern service, and transported caskets to cemeteries in a covered, horse-drawn wagon.

A native of Borneville, Ohio, Mr. Brake continued to operate in St. Andrew until 1917, when he moved to Panama City and located his business on First street.

Three years later, the business was moved to 416 Harrison avenue, where a retail hardware outlet was operated on the ground floor. The funeral parlor was located on the second floor.

In 1930, Mr. Brake retired and turned operation of both businesses over to his son, Arthur Schlegal Brake, who obtained his embalmer's and funeral director's licenses 10 years earlier.

The 416 Harrison avenue location continued as the home of the business until 1939 when the strikingly beautiful funeral home was constructed and opened for business at 505 North MacArthur. That location was "out in the woods" in Panama City then, but not for long as business continued to extend along Sixth street in the direction of Millville.

Brake continued as owner and operator of the funeral home until July 1, 1946, when the business was purchased by T. W. "Woodie" Smith. A native of Lineville, Ala., Smith worked as an attache of funeral homes in Alabama and Arkansas before coming here to enter business on his own in the same field.

Several improvements have been added under his ownership. A canopy has been installed at the entrance, and a nationally-known resusitator, added and manned by a qualified operator. It has been used in a number of cases to revive drowning and shock victims.

A Wurlitzer organ has been installed in the funeral home chapel to add greater dignity for last rites and the home has an organist on call at all times.

Two combination ambulances and hearses are operated and five persons, including a lady attendant, are employed.

Gulf Coast Development Held Original Panama City Plat

George M. West, W. J. Jackson and Roy Dorothy founded the Gulf Coast Development company here May 13, 1905.

That was several years before there was such a town as Panama City. This section was called Harrison in those days, the settlement taking its name from an early Bay family that resided here.

West came here first and bought up the original homesteads of G. B. Thompson, the Beach drive section from the railroad down almost to Tarpon Dock, the Slade homestead, which included land along Massa- included the land about the city lina Bayou, below the courthouse, and the Demaret homestead which park.

THREE HOMESTEADS

Those three homesteads made up the original Panama City.

In addition to those properties, West also bought properties of H. H. Mock, A. G. Tanton and others and then founded the Gulf Coast Development company. Associated with him were Jackson and Dorothy.

Charter was issued on May 13, 1905 by D. P. Wipf, then secretary of state for Florida. First offices were at Pierre, S. D., and then at Chicago, Ill., before transferring here.

The original property was valued at $74,300 and the corporation was chartered to issue stock in the amount of $100,000.

Records of the organization show that on Jan. 9, 1906, stockholders were West, R. L. McKenzie, Jackson, Mary B. Jenks, W. F. Look, who became a director soon after incorporation, Julia C. Mason, Peter F. Fallon and E. N. Seneff.

FIRST OFFICE

First office of the GCDC was a little frame building that fronted on the Bay, but a short time later, Mr. West built brick offices at Harrison avenue and First street, the first brick building in Panama City. It still stands and is occupied today.

With Mr. West's death in October of 1926, his widow was named president of the corporation. The original charter was for 20 years and two extensions have been obtained since.

While the Gulf Coast Development company is no longer actively engaged in real estate transactions, it does exist here as a company.

Panama City's Incorporation Notice

A time-yellowed and worn newspaper notice provides the record on the incorporation of Panama City on Tuesday, Feb. 23, 1909 at 9 a. m.

It follows:

We, over twenty-five qualified and registered electors living within the proposed corporate limits hereinafter described, desiring to form a municipal government with corporate powers and privileges under the provisions of Chapter One (1), of Title Ten (10) of the general statutes of the state of Florida, hereby give notice that all persons who are registered voters residing within the proposed corporate limits are required to assemble at Nine o'clock in the forenoon, on Tuesday, February 23rd, 1909 at the Panama City Real company in Panama City Florida, within said corporate limits, to select officers and organize a Municipal Government within the said corporate limits which are bounded are described as follows:

All that territory, Beginning at the North East corner of Section Four (4), Township Four (4) South, Range Fourteen West, Washington county Florida; thence South along the line between Sections Four and Three, Nine and Ten, and Sixteen and Fifteen, to a point in the waters of St. Andrew Bay on the Boundary line between Washington and Calhoun counties; thence along said boundary line between these counties and the waters of St. Andrew Bay in a northwesterly direction to a point due south of the line extended south from between Sections Seven and Eight, Township Four South, Range Fourteen West; thence along the said line between Sections seven and eight and five and six to the North West corner of Section Five, Township Four South, Range Fourteen West; thence East along the line between Township Three South and Four South, to the point of beginning at the Northeast Corner of Section Four; which boundaries include Sections Four, Five and Franctional Sections Eight, Nine, Sixteen and a portion of the North East Quarter of Section Seventeen and all that portion of the waters of St. Andrew Bay contained within said boundaries, all being in Township Four South, Range Fourteen West of the Tallahassee Meridan, and in which territory now resides over twenty-five and less than 300 qualified voters.

Signed:

R. L. McKenzie, I. A. Hutchison, J. J. Ward, A. G. Chandlee, R. Hogeboom, J. G. Lewis, G. H. McKenzie, E. M. Goodson, Z. V. Porter, O. P. McKenzie, R. McLellan, J. E. McKenzie, James Stone, M. B. Jenks, S. A. Hillman, A. Hogeboom, G. L. Fenters, H. J. Chaffer, N. C. Crosby, L. D. Harmon, W. H. Crawford, J. B. Hogeboom, N. C. Hall, M. L. Harmon, Sam Welch, H. A. Smith, H. H. Mock, I. G. Shores, H. W. Johnson, W. B. Caswell and Lyman Dykes.

Bay Line Railroad

Saga Embraces Wood Burners To Diesel Power

Streyer Now Directs Line Built To City In June of 1908

As in the case with most American railroads, the Atlanta & St. Andrews Bay Railway, more widely known as "The Bay Line" had its ups and downs in getting started and had it not been for the vision and determination of its rugged pioneers, the Bay Line might not be the splendid railroad it is today.

It was in the mind of the late Mr. A. B. Steele, at one time a lumberman who transferred his holdings from the State of Georgia to Dothan, Ala., after his lumber holdings around Worth and Pitts, Ga,. were exhausted, that the idea of building a railroad linking Atlanta, Ga., with the Gulf of Mexico was born. While running his tram line between Worth and Pitts, a distance of twenty miles, he dreamed of extending his jerk-water, wood-burning line to Hawkinsville, Ga., but an even grander project than this, he would go to Atlanta and, with the Worth-Pitts line as a nucleus, strike from Atlanta toward the Gulf, terminating somewhere in Florida.

After moving to Dothan, Steele organized the Enterprise Lumber Company. Most of Steele's holdings were south of Dothan and he immediately started working on the vast stands of virgin timber that in the early 1900's still girdled the raw and thriving town of Dothan, Ala. His operations carried him even deeper into Florida and closer to the Gulf he had dreamed of linking with Atlanta and it was within striking distance of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad at Cottondale, Fla., that he seriously considered making a real railroad out of his rattletrap lumber line.

CONTRACT LET

On June 2, 1905, a contract to build the Bay Line was signed by Steele, and on June 23 he had let the contract for the construction of that portion of the line between Dothan and Cottondale, which was to be completed within eighteen months.

In the fall of 1905, Mr. Steele began to investigate the subject of a terminus for his railroad. Hearing of the proposed plan to build from Dothan to St. Andrews Bay, G. M. West, of the Gulf Coast Development company, communicated with Steele, requesting him to look over the frontage at and near Harrison, Fla., which is today Panama City. After some delay Steele, accompanied by his chief engineer, B. G. Farmer of Dothan, made a trip to this section and R. L. McKenzie of Panama City, who was interested in the Gulf Coast Development Company, at the request of Mr. West, showed them not only lands of the development company but also all prospective terminus sites. The purpose of the trip, of course, was to favorably incline Steele in locating the terminus at Panama City, Fla.

NAME CHOSEN

The road was officially named The Atlanta & Saint Andrews Bay by Mr. Steele; Atlanta being the hoped-for northern terminus and St. Andrews Bay, on which Panama City is located, the southern terminus.

In February, 1906, the Bay Line was incorporated under the laws of the State of Alabama and work was immediately started. What might be termed an oddity is the fact that while Dothan, Ala., is the northern terminus of the line, the name of Dothan was never used in the title or on any of its equipment, however, Atlanta was included, despite the fact the Bay Line never had a foot of track in Georgia.

FIRST TRAIN

On June 29, 1908, the first through train from Dothan, Ala., arrived in Panama City, the southern terminus, with some 250 passengers, including the first Bay Line president, A. B. Steele.

At about this time, however, Steele had become heavily involved financially and found it necessary to call on his close friend, Asa G. Candler, of Atlanta, Ga., founder of the Coca Cola company, who advanced him $70,000 to save the road. When Steele died, Candler took over the road for the notes due him by Steele with the intention of extending it to Columbus, Ga., to connect with lines north. This territory has actually been surveyed and the extension was included in the original Bay Line Charter. In 1915-17, before Candler could consummate the final plans for this extension, A. B. Steele, Jr., son of the founder, bought the road back for $70,000. However, soon after this transaction, Minor C. Keith, of the United Fruit company, bought the road from Steele with the view of creating the Gulf's greatest banana terminal at Panama City.

PORT PLANNED

At this time Tampa, Fla., was the main Gulf terminal and account the roads serving Tampa at that time reducing their rates to keep the business, Mr. Keith gave up the idea. During the time Keith had the road, he served as its president, with W. C. Sherman, prominent in Panama City, serving as vice president, until 1931 when the St. Andrews Bay Holding company bought the road, which company still owns controlling stock. Under this regime, A. R. Graustein served as its president until 1935, when R. J. Cullan, then vice president, was elected president. Cullen held this office until 1937. Upon Mr. Cullen's election to the presidency, Major J. H. Friend was elected executive vice president and played an important part in the progress of the Bay Line. In 1934, J. A. Streyer became connected with the Bay Line as general manager, was soon made vice president and general manager and in 1937 was elected president and general manager, succeeding Cullen, which position he presently holds.

At the time Streyer became connected with the Bay Line, the general offices were located in Panama City, Fla., and the average number of employees for the entire road was 132 for the year; however, in March, 1936, the general offices were transferred to Dothan, Ala., and the average number of employees now is well over that number.

War effort demands on all American Railroads were tremendous, yet the fact that they handled the traffic satisfactorily is borne out by commendations from the President of the United States and other officials in Washington handling these matters. The Bay Line is proud of the part it played in handling the enormous, abnormal traffic forced upon it by these demands. This traffic was handled while rebuilding the entire line of road. It was completely tie-plated and slag-ballasted, crossties being replaced where necessary and the installation of additional ties to the extent necessary

to reach the highest standard maintained by any railroad. The entire line of road has been relayed with new ninety pound rail. Mile long passing tracks, none more than eight miles apart, have also been constructed.

EFFICIENT OPERATIONS

To give a better idea of its operating efficiency, 390 solid trains were handled in one month alone—or an average of 13 trains per day, with a minimum loss of time, expense, injuries, etc.

Further example of progress is that in 1934 it only had seven small coal burning locomotives for all operations while today it does not have a single coal-burning locomotive but does have in operation ten Diesel-Electric combination road and switcher locomoties and two Diesel-electric switch locomotives in addition to one streamlined Diesel passenger locomotive. With this fine array of locomotive power, the Bay Line is in position to handle all types of traffic, both export and import, to and from all foreign ports through the Port of Panama City and domestic traffic to and from Dothan, Ala., and Panama City, Fla.

Vital war materials were handled into Panama City to the Wainwright Shipyard of the J. A. Jones Construction company; Tyndall Field Army Air Base; Naval Countermine Station; Southern Kraft Division of the International Paper company and numerous commercial organizations. To satisfy the demands of the government, it was necessary to operate solid trains of petroleum and petroleum products out of Panama City to Churchland, Va. This, alone, amounted to almost 60,000 cars and does not include any of the other traffic from Panama City.

NEW YARD TOWERS

A new, modern yard tower, housing dispatchers was completed in June, 1945, and overlooks the Dothan yard, which is also completely floodlighted.

Passengers, too, have benefitted from the modernization program. The depot in Panama City has been enlarged and in June, 1946, a new depot was opened in Dothan, Ala. Both depots are designed for the comfort of the passenger. Instead of the usual hard benches in stuffy waiting rooms, such rooms are well lighted, air-conditioned and equipped with deeply upholstered metal chairs and settees. In keeping with the modern trend of better passenger service, through Pullman service, without change, and late type, individual, reclining seat chair cars, with only one change, is offered between Panama City, Fla., and Atlanta, Ga., via the Bay Line to Dothan, Ala., Central of Georgia Ry., beyond through Albany and Macon, Ga. For the exclusive patronage of passengers, the Bay Line has erected its own kitchen in Dothan and hot plate lunches are served, on order, direct on the train. Maid service is also furnished on the Bay Line while the entire train is air-conditioned and pulled by Diesel power. Connections are made in Atlanta for all points.

CLASS 1 ROAD

On January 1, 1947, the Interstate Commerce Commission designated the Bay Line as a Class 1 roadroad and in June of that year the last of the steam locomoties was retired and the Bay Line, was the first Class 1 railroad in the United States to become completely Dieselized.

In June 1948, the new Panama City yard tower was completed and placed into service. This tower is located approximately in the center of the new W. C. Sherman Yards which were formally dedicated and opened for use on July 28, 1948. This yard, located within the northern limits of the city, is so located as to permit practically unlimited expansion and at the same time is in an area where the growth of the city is not likely to necessitate street crossings or the movement of vehicular traffic which would interfere with yard switching or be interferred with by such switching. The yard was named for Mr. Walter C. Sherman, formerly executive vice president of the railroad, and now a prominent business man of Panama City. The yards are flood-lighted at the classification end and consist of eight tracks, four of which are approximately one mile long each, and the other four approximately one-half mile in length, all being slag-ballasted on creosoted ties. The yard will accomodate approximately 500 cars. The location of the yard is such that it affords service to and from all parts of Panama City without the necessity of passing through any congested areas or traversing one section of the city to reach another.

NEW SHOPS

Immediately adjacent to the yard area is the new Diesel shop which was opened in June 1949, and was named for Major J. H. Friend, another former executive vice president of the railroad. These shops were built to take care of future as well as present needs and are capable of providing service for several times the amount of equipment now in use. They are equipped with the latest type mechanical equipment such as electrically operated drop tables, hoisting cranes, inspection pits and platforms, as well as the usual machine shop equipment necessary for practically any type of Diesel repair work. A part of the shop is also a car shop department, for general car repairs. The entire shop constiutes one of the finest maintenance and repair facilities in the entire country, though possibly not one of the largest. The main shop building is 180x120 feet., containing 4 tracks each, through separate doorways, each doorway being protected by 14x18 ft., steel rolling doors which are either electrically or manually operated. The drop table is of 90-ton capacity and permits the speedy replacement of trucks. The overhead crane is of 25-ton capacity and operates the entire 180 foot length of the building. The repair pits are 52 inches deep, resting on 17-inch concrete foundation and are adequate to accomodate 6 Diesel locomotives at one time. The tracks on which the locomotives rest are 152 pound per yard rail, braced by 12 inch H columns. All of the shop columns and tracks are on pine pile clusters, capped by heavy concrete slabs, all pile clusters having been designed to stand weights approximately twice as great as any actually anticipated. The entire building is equipped with the latest type industrial lighting system.

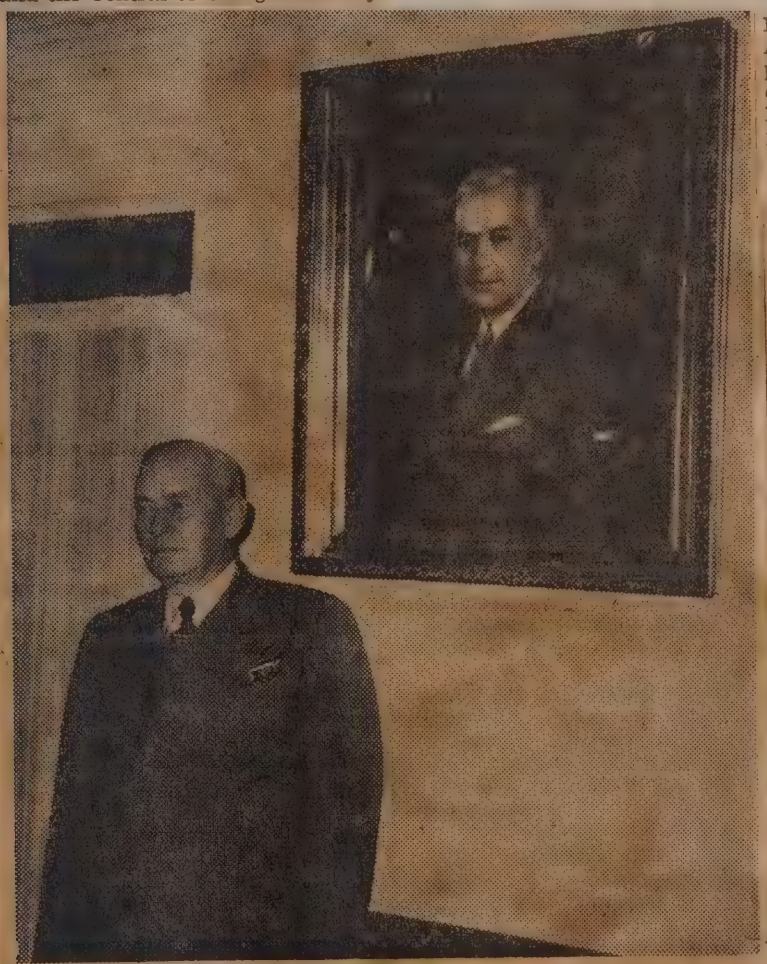
TRESTLES REPLACED

During the post-war period several wooden trestles have been replaced with earth fills and concrete drainage boxes of adequate size, thus reducing maintenance expense to a minimum. All fills on the railroad have been flushed and are now in process of being either grass planted or sodded to prevent erosion and further reduce maintenance.

The so-called fertilizer warehouse and dock at Panama City is owned by the Bay Line and is under lease to one of the largest materials distributors in the United States. The water at this dock has been deepened to a minimum of 32 feet at mean low tide and sufficient tolerence was allowed to maintain this depth. The depth at the dock is the same as that maintained by the Government through the channel from the Gulf into St. Andrews Bay. The maintenance of the minimum depth of 32 feet in the channel and docks at Panama City permits ships handling import, export, coastwise and intercoastal traffic to serve the port of Panama City in the most expeditious manner and most vessels are handled to and from the dock without assistance of tugs, thus permitting a very economical operation.

THROUGH SERVICE

While the Bay Line only extends from Panama City, Fla., to Dothan, Ala., a distance of 82 miles, it operates through service between its stations and all points in the United States, Canada, etc., through Dothan, Ala., where it connects with the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad and the Central of Georgia Railway and through Cottondale, Fla., where it connects with the Louisville & Nashville Railroad. Interchange tracks capable of accomodating entire trains are operated at both junction points which facilitate the interchange of traffic and eliminate the usual delays encountered in congested yards.



WALTER C. SHERMAN

W. C. Sherman Has Pushed City and County Growth

Of all the names of historic prominence in Panama City, none is more so than that of Walter Colquitt Sherman.

Born Feb. 22, 1880 at Lumpkin, Stewart county, Ga., Sherman attended school there and completed high school in 1897.

He enlisted in the Third U. S. Volunteer Infantry in April, 1898 and served in the Spanish-American war. He saw active duty in Cuba and was mustered out of service in May of 1899.

A desire to see the West sent him to Texas in 1900 and he remained there until 1905. Then he returned to his native Georgia in 1905 and engaged in the lumbering business.

MOVES TO FLORIDA

His first business venture in Florida came in 1912, when he established a lumber business at Fountain, 35 miles north of here. In 1919, he took over the German-American lumber company, expanded it greatly and operated under the name of the St. Andrew Bay Lumber company for many years.

Mr. Sherman built the golf course at Lynn Haven in 1926 and in the same year he was the largest contributor to the construction of a modern brick hotel here in spite of the fact that he operated a hotel of his own on the Bay front.

HOTEL PROJECT

The hotel bears his name—the Dixie-Sherman. The Stiles corporation, which now owns it, honored his outstanding effort to see the new hotel built here and his other great contributions to this section last February. A portrait of him was unveiled in connection with a party marking his 76th birthday. It hangs in the hotel lobby.

Mr. Sherman has had many other honors sectionally and statewide. He set up the war-born rationing system for Florida as rationing administrator in 1942. He served for two terms as president of the state chamber of commerce.

Mr. Sherman joined with other citizens in buying out the Bay National bank.

He is a long-time member of the Elks lodge and Kiwanis club and a member and a builder of the First National Methodist church.

Beaches

Beautiful Area Scene of Much Local History

Huge Development Has Obscured Rich Legend

Indian fighting, pirate raids, naval battles . . . Panama City's beaches and bayous have been the scene of them all.

In the fast development of the beaches as one of the county's best natural resources the tendency has been to overlook the rich history and legend of the past and yet this section plays a part second to none in the development of the state as a whole.

While other famed Florida resort cities capitalize on their historical background and even go so far as to hold annual pageants and festivals to commemorate events, the Panama City area does not share its history.

In a pamphlet issued December 1, 1888, by the St. Andrews Messenger Print we get a glimpse of life in this section and what's more, a ballhoo of the sites that the Chamber of Commerce might well copy. It reads:

"For nearly all persons in bad health, the climate is excellent. Those who seek only to escape cold will find a delightful winter. To lovers of natural beauty, our exquisite and always-changing bay and beaches never grow old. Hunters will find deer, turkey, and ducks abundant and some geese and snipe. The shell oysters which are good cost one dollar (1.00) a thousand delivered. Snapper, Pompano, red fish, sheepshead, grouper, trout and mullet are plentiful and fine. For those who love sail, the bay is perfect. Its hundreds of miles of arms and bayous are full of interest, and months would be required to explore them."

The interesting little pamphlet goes on to say that the locality will be serviced by the Cumberland, steamer, which will leave Mobile enroute to St. Andrews and Tampa. Fare is advertised as "moderate."

Further ballyhooing the Panama City locality the little pamphlet makes note:

"There has been no yellow fever here, or within two hundred miles. The air is so pure we do not fear it even in summer. The water is soft and clear. Good board may be had in several hotels, boarding houses, and private families, at $4.00 to $10.00 per week. Small cottages may be rented at low rates."

That, of course, was back in '88. That was at the time Harrison and Harmon Avenue were just an orange grove. And the steam-launch "St. Andrews" was taking care of the tourist trade to such points as Cromanton, Parker, Wettapo, Hurricane, and Crooked Islands, and Grand Lagoon.

But the pages of local history can be turned back even further . . . back to the Civil War times when the gulf coast from Pensacola to Apalachicola was dotted with private and government "salt works" to supply salt hungry South with that much needed salt.

The Yankee gunboats were giving them a hard time. From the Officials Records of the union and Confederate navies, Volumn I, now on file at the state library in Tallahassee, we find a report of Acting Ensign Crissey, U. S. Navy, Commanding U. S. S. Bloomer. Its dated December 20, 1863, aboard the Bloomer at East Pass, and it reads:

"Sir: I have started to report that on the afternoon of December 9, I started for West Bay of St. Andres in the steamer Bloomer, and accompanying me the sloop Caroline. On the morning of the 10th came to anchor in St. Andrews Bay reported to Captain Browne, of the U. S. bark "Restless" blockading the bay.

Ensign Crissey goes on to report that Captain Browne gave him 3 officers and 48 men along with orders to destroy all salt works in the area. That Crissey did his job thoroughly and efficiently can be ascertained in the final part of his formal report.

"This (the Confederacy works) was one of the best located in West Bay being situated in a marsh, was, in fact, a complete salt vallage, covering a a space of three-fourths of a square mile, employing many hands and 16 ox and mule teams constantly to haul salt to Eufola Sound (belived to be what is now known as Eufaula, Ala.) and from thence conveyed to Montgomery at which place it is selling at a fabulous price of $40.00 and $45.00 per bushel. At this place (on West Bay) were 27 buildings, 22 large steam boilers, and 200 kettles, averaging 200 gallons each, which cost the Government $5.00 per gallon, all of which were totally destroyed, together with the storehouses containing salt, etc."

Ensign Crissey's report is briefly statistical and he winds it up with true yankeeism by saying: "This work, together with the other (salt) works, could not have cost less than three million dollars."

SALT MAKING AROUND PANAMA CITY'S BEACHES

When it is recalled that salt, in the Civil War period was one of the few known foods preservative it can be easily understood why it became one of the most vitally needed items in the South.

The Yankee blockade of ports began to tell on the Johnny Rebels and by 1862 the salt shortage was acute. People began to devise methods of obtaining it.

At first they boiled down the accumulation of salt on the floors of meat storage houses, but that lasted only a short time. Naturally they thought of the Gulf of Mexico.

Obtaining salt from gulf waters was hazardous and due to the danger of bombardments from gun boats laying off the coast, plus the amount of labor needed to produce the finished product made the irst futile attempt.

Finally, after trial and error, the individual maker's and the big companies, moved the process inland to marsh land and bayous. It was found that vats, made up similar to the syrup and cane vats still in use today, could be used. That became the general method.

The salt water solution was boiled until a thick, sirypy brine was left in the kettle. The brime was then poured on bleaching tables in the hot Florida sun and the process of drying left a deposit of salt which was scraped up and packaged.

The thick brine was occasionally used without drying when used in the preparation of pickling meats. Some people poured the brine into bags and let them dry in that manner. Others used fine sieves.

Salt-making, because of its expense and lack of markets, became a thing of the past when the Civil War ended.

Today, a tour of local districts where the works were established will still show evidence of the once booming industry. Broken kettles, rotten timbers off old buildings, and decayed brick or stone kilns still point an aged finger at a vital critical chapter of West Florida History.

FACT AND LEGEND ABOUT THE BEACHES

Legend has it that at the bottom of West Bay are the stones of an old Spanish Mission which was supposed to be one of the oldest in the state.

Having been located in the beach area near West Bay and under constant attack by marauding Indians, the fathers decided to tear down the mission and move it nearer the settlement across the bay.

Evidently they weren't engineers. Or a storm came up. The barge they used to tow the stones sank to the bottom of the bay, and according to several local people, they can still be seen.

In the early 1800's when the Indians were making a last dramatic stand and Andrew Jackson was giving them a time of it from Pensacola and as far up the Apalachicola river to the present town of Chattahoochee, settlers in this district were few, and inpermanent.

It was along this territory that the Indian renegade, Billy Bowlegs, was lifting scalps and the fiery Tecumsen sent his words of rebellion to the local Creek Tribes.

From the West Florida district of mixed Creek and Cherokee tribes we get the present Seminoles of Southern Florida.

Indian mounds and relics, a few years ago, were plentiful. The tribes along the beaches lived a life of ease, with good hunting and fishing, in a healthy and vigerous climate.

Hawk Masslina, Panama City Negro, who died at the ripe old age of 108 ,has often in the past regaled oldtimers. With yarns about this district as far back as 1840 when he was born. He often stated that when he was a boy Chief Indian Joe was bossing the redskins along the bayous.

And for the imaginative, the oldtimers still tell the yarn about the pirate craft that chased a rich English ship into West Bay, but that by the time they caught her the English had gone ashore and buried all their loot.

The captives were made to walk the plank in an effort to get them to reveal the location of the buried treasure, but to no avail. So, its anybody's guess. According to the story there's a fortune awaiting the one who finds it . . . buried somewhere on a local bay beach.

W. F. Look Aided In Bringing Mill And Railroad To Panama

William Fairchild Look, a resident here when Panama City was founded, is a native of Horicon, Wisc., where he was born on January 4, 1861.

His parents were Samuel Look and Sarah Mason Look. He was educated in the schools of Milwaukee.

He entered the business world at the age of 17 years when he moved to Escanaba, Mich., and entered the employ of the Chicago and Northwestern railroad as a clerk in the weigh master's office.

RAILROAD CONNECTION

He was subsequently weighmaster, yard master, chief clerk in the division superintendent's office, chief clerk to the assistant general superintendent at Chicago, secretary to the general manager of the Sioux City & Pacific railroad at Missouri Valley, Ia. Then he became division superintendent, and then was transferred back to Escanaba as superintendent of docks and terminals.

He then left the railroad service and, in October of 1908, came to St. Andrew and joined with railroad officials of two Illinois lines in forming the Gulf Coast development company, which owned and promoted the first land development in Panama City.

RAILROAD BUILT

The company later interested A. B. Steele in building a railroad from Dothan to Panama City which was named the Atlanta and St. Andrew Bay railroad.

W. F. LOOK

In 1917, Minor C. Keith of New York, bought up land in the town site of Lynn Haven and outlying lands in Washington, Bay and Calhoun counties and from then on, Look had charge of the Keith interests here.

He also served as assistant secretary of the St. Andrew Bay Lumber company and affiliates, and was interested in constructing the first telephone exchange here. It was later sold to Southern Bell.

He was also active in negotiations which brought Southern Kraft mill here and assisted their engineers in locating tests for mill foundations.

CIVIC SERVICE

Look served two terms as mayor, two terms as city councilman and two terms as school trustee and has generally been connected with the growth of Panama City since he came here to make his home.

He belongs to the Sons of the American Revolution, the Elks and the Episcopal church.

Look was married on June 14, 1911 to Laura Elizabeth Read Jenks and they have two children, Mrs. Carita Wise of Panama City and James H. Look of Jacksonville.

SCHOOLS

First Building Site Purchased 100 Years Ago

8,000 Students Now Enrolled In Fast Growing System

The history of the Bay County school system is an interesting study. The beginnmg in a truly pioneer section to the present promise of a modern and up to date system is indeed remarkable.

The first record of a school in Bay County is a deed to Washington County of which Bay was a part, for the purchase of the site for the present St. Andrew school in 1850. It is presumed that a building was built on the site at that time. There are no records of school activities in Bay County previous to 1921 due to the destruction of the records by fire when the courthouse burned.

However the records of Uncle Bob McKenzie disclose that the first school was a one teacher affair behind the Cook Motor Company which was later purchased by the Presbyterian church. This is part of the auditorium for the present Presbyterian church which was later moved to its present location.

8,000 ENROLLED

The history of school membership is also interesting from the early 1921 of 600 to a present 8,000. The early budget of $6,000 based on a 10 mill levy has been enlarged to better than a million for the current year with a 9 mill levy.

A. M. Douglas was the first county superintendent in Bay County and was succeeded by C. C. Mathis. L. L. Thompson succeeded Mathis upon his death and A. L. Hardy was appointed when Thompson died. Hardy was followed by M. M. Mashburn and Merritt Brown was appointed to fill the unexpired term of Mashburn. Tommy Smith was elected to succeed Brown who failed to come up for election last term.

F. M. Nelson was chairman of the County Board in 1921, the first available records show.

1921 MINUTES

It is interesting to note the minutes for 1921 when all high school students above the 10th grade came to Panama High school for their last two years. There were three high school teachers in the county. Mrs. Jim Asbell was one of the teachers in the Panama Grammar school at that time. Miss Bessie Gainey, teacher in Millville school, was an instructor in that same school in 1921. She is the only original teacher still in the system.

Panama Grammar school had 11 teachers in 1921 and G. Ballard Simmons, later Dean of Education at the University of Florida, was principal. R. D. Altman, present superintendent of Public Instruction in Wakulla County, was principal of the Millville school at the time. The budget was set that year at $37,000 with a total of 53 teachers and principals, white and colored. Today the budget is better than a million with 318 teachers and principals.

LOW SALARIES

High school teachers were paid $810 per year. 8th grade teachers were paid $640 annually and those below the eighth grade were making $400 to $600 annually, depending upon their location. Today all make $2,500 with equivalent degrees. At that time all were paid the same regardless of whether they had degrees or not. Few did in addition to Millville, Panama Grammar and St. Andrew. Bay county had 32 one- and two-teacher schools. They were located at Cook, Cario, Tompkins, Youngstown, Fountain, Sweetwater, Wetappo, Allentown, Sandy Creek, Callaway, Southport, Auburn, Bellisle, Farmdale, Panama City, Lynn Haven, West Bay, Crooked Creek, Cromaton, San Blas, Majette, McAllister, Pinelog, Murlee, Woodlawn, Lagoon, Merial, Econfina, Bay Head, and Parker.

BUILDING PLANS

Today West Bay, St. Andrew, Panama Grammar, Millville, Lynn Haven, Parker, Southport, Callaway and Youngstown are still existing as sites although none of them are less than four teacher institutions. West Bay is the only school still in its original quarters and that will be corrected next year. In addition to these, Drummond Park, Bay High, Cove, Springfield and Hiland Park have been added to the system.

The negro schools were just as spread out. There were 12 colored schools in the county, all one teacher affairs. They were located at Youngstown, Bay Harbor, St. Andrew, Panama City, Millville, Red Fish Point, West Bay, Anderson, Fountain, Lynn Haven, Horkee, and County Line.

Youngstown, Bay Harbor, St. Andrew, Millville, Lynn Haven, and Panama City still are in existence.

The total cost of insurance during 1921 on all buildings was $100 as compared with $13,000 during the current year.

BOND ISSUE

1926 saw the first attempt to solve the building problems facing a then beginning to grow county. A bond issue was passed by the large vote of 74 to 3 in the St. Andrew district and the present St. Andrew school was built at a cost of $60,000. These bonds were issued at a 6 per cent interest rate and the last bond has just been purchased so that next year the District 2 property owners will for the first time not be burdened with this cost.

At the same time the county board sold $130,000 in bonds at 6 per cent to construct and equip Bay County High School. The first class occupied the building in 1926-27 and had an enrollment of 200. The first graduating class contained 25 students with Dr. D. M. Adams and Miss Marjorie Fay, at present a teacher at Bay High, listed. The first athletic budget recorded was in 1937 with a total of $1,113.15 which has been swelled to $20,000 this year. A $2,500 contract added two rooms to Bay High in 1937. Another wing was added in 1941.

CREDIT TO BAY

A history of the housing of Bay County children is a clear picture of the county. Beginning with the one teacher school to the modern program now under way is a credit to the county.

All first buildings, were of course, wooden structures with the protruding stove pipes and wooden burners. The first major building program was undertaken in 1915 when buildings were erected at Millville and Panama Grammar. Bond issues at these centers were paid off in 1941. The Millville building was destroyed by fire and a temporary building erected. St. Andrew wooden structure was also destroyed by fire and a bond issue in 1926 saw the erection of the present building. That same year another bond sale resulted in the erection of Bay County High School. The present Millville building was built in 1934 with W. P. A. funds. Cove school, Callaway, Springfield, and Hiland Park were also erected about this time. Another wing to the high school was added in 1939.

CONSOLIDATION

As the population began to grow and the system of roads improved, the schools began to consolidate and the small one room schools disappear. The next development was in 1942 and 43 when Lynn Haven school burned and was replaced. The Drummond Park and Parker schools were also erected and additions made to Southport, Millville colored, Rosenwald and others.

The Bay High band and cafeteria building was finished in 1946 as one of the most modern in the state. The next year saw two rooms added at Highland Park and the building of the Cove Cafeteria.

The future holds the solution for the present needs for schools in Bay County. The passage of the recent bond issue will permit the adoption of a modern system and revolutionize the buildings and the program in the county.

FOCAL POINT

The focal point of the system is the erection of two junior high schools which have already been contracted. These should be ready not later than January 1. Each present center will be enlarged and modernized as well as equipped for comfortable teaching. A new negro junior-senior high will come up for bidding in a few days as plans move forward to provide building space.

Thus a year from now should see Bay County children well housed and a program of education going that will be a credit to the entire nation.

However, it must be noted that the bond money will only provide for the erection of space for present needs. It is the first major money spent by the county in its history to provide a complete system of education but will not take care of the future. It is expected that not too far in the future schools must again be enlarged at many centers and new schools erected to take care of the growing population in the county. Reserve moneys will be built up as fast as possible to take care of these needs.

C. M. Chandlee, Extensive Land Owner, Here 43 Years

C. M. Chandlee, one of this section's most extensive property owners, business and land, came to Panama City less than a decade after the turn of the century.

He beat the railroad here by a short time and was a Panama Citian years before there were any electric lights, a city water system, sewerage and telephones or any sand clay streets.

Chandlee was city clerk here for several years during the early history of Panama City and in that capacity also acted as tax assessor and tax collector.

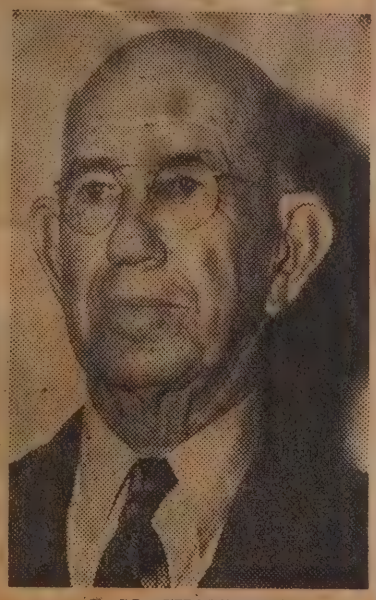
He was also one of the charter members of the chamber of commerce.

When he built his real estate office on the present site of the Panama theatre there were less than a dozen buildings in Panama City.

Most of the buildings and, what business there was here in those days, was located on the city dock at the foot of Harrison avenue.

Mr. Chandlee conducted a general real estate, insurance and rental business, selling and reselling many lots on Harrison avenue and in other locations in Panama City, Millville and St. Andrew.

Many of the early real estate developments were platted by him including Chandlee addition, Glenwood, Pine View, Bayou, Sunnyside, Bay Harbor and several others. The largest plat was Hiland City which comprised 1240 acres.



C. M. CHANDLEE

Mr. Chandlee has always been actively engaged in civic enterprises and all other projects that led to the advance and betterment of Panama City.

St. Andrew Bay Chronology

1492. Previous to the year 1492 this portion of the Gulf coast was occupied by Indians of Carib and Aztec descent. Owing to the abundant supply of fish and game found in and contingent to this bay, its borders were quite generally settled by those people. Evidences of their habitations are to be found all along the shores of the bay, while at St. Andrew was located one of their burial grounds. This spot has received some attention from archeologists owing to the fact that it is one of the furthermost eastern points in the United States where urn burial was practiced by the aborigines.

1498. In this year Americius Vespuici cruised along the North Gulf, reaching the lower end of the Florida peninsula in April. From the account of this voyage it seems probable that he explored this portion of the Gulf.

1516. Diego Miruelo, a pilot, of Cuba, visited the Florida coast and had possibly made other voyages here, as he was a trader and known as an "unlicensed explorer." From descriptions he gave of the bays he had visited it seems probable that upon some of his voyages he entered this bay.

1519. Pineda, who was sent out by Garay on an exploring expedition in the Gulf, is said to have visited this section. It is reported he explored the North Gulf coast and made notes of the rivers, bays and lands he visited. On the oldest maps of this region is the inscription at this point, "the land of Garay."

1529. In this year was begun the ill fated voyage of Narvarez and his men, that furnishes us the first authentic account white men visiting St. Andrews Bay. This is to be found in Devacas narrative of the voyage of the 242 survivors of Narvarez expedition, who on September 22nd, 1528, set forth from Apalache bay in four ill-constructed boats to seek their countrymen in Mexico. We extract the following paragraph from Lowery's "Spanish Settlements in the United States" which gives Devacas account of what befell them after skirting the shores between Apalache bay and this point, and the sad straits they were in upon arriving here. He says: "But relief was near at hand. In the evening, after doubling a point of land, the Spaniards came upon an Indian village the houses of which were built near the shore, and in front of them stood clay jars filled with water, and cooked fish was found in abundance. Kindly received into his mat dwelling by the Indian chief, they were betrayed by a night attack in which the governor and others were wounded." The description of the habitations of the Indians applies to conditions as then existed along the shore between St. Andrew and Panama City, and possibly here was where Narvarez and his men were entertained and ambushed.

1540. In this year DeSoto while at Apalache bay sent one of his captains, Maldonado, to the westward in search of a good harbor. He explored all the coast most thoroughly between Apalache bay and Pensacola, undoubtedly coming into St. Andrew Bay. Possibly it was this Catholic captain that gave the bay its name of St. Andrew, as the bays, points, etc., were named after the Saint upon whose day they were discovered, and it is quite probable that Maldonado visited this bay on St. Andrew's day.

1558. Guido de las Bazarês, with three vessels and a party of 60 soldiers, set said from San Juan de Ulloa, September 3rd, 1558, on an exploring expedition. He first touched the Texas coast, and then sailing southeasterly came to some islands off the Yucatan coast. From there he sailed north and struck the mainland near the mouths of the Mississippi. He then sailed eastward along the coast discovering several bays, and among them was one of which he wrote very favorably. That this bay was that of St. Andrews is based upon his statement that palm trees grew at its entrance, and extended back from the shore, and from the fact as stated by the early botanists that visited the North Gulf coast, that the palm tree did not at that time grow west of St. Andrews Bay, and furthermore that this bay has always had growing near its entrance such a large number of those trees as would attract the attention of voyagers.

1559. DeLuna sailed from Vera Cruz with 13 vessels, and a large number of colonists and supplies, destined for Bazares bay, where the Spanish authorities had decided to locate a colony on the North Gulf Coast. This expedition reached their destination in August after sailing back and forth along these shores, seeking the bay which had been but indifferently described to their pilots. It is not definitely known what bay they at last entered but many authorities think the evidence favors St. Andrews Bay. On the night of the 19th of September, a tropical hurricane visited the camp, the storm lasting 24 hours, with constantly increasing violence. It shattered to pieces five ships, a galleon and a bark, with great loss of life, and supplies, both on the vessels that were lost, and those that had been landed on the shore. One caravel was swept into a grove of trees more than an arquebuse shot from the shore. So severe was the storm and so wrought-up were the colonists in this to them strange land, that they swore they saw devils in the air. This, with other mishaps, broke up this project of colonization.

1600-1750. Nothing as yet has been printed that throws any light upon St. Andrews Bay through all these many years. In the archives of Spain, and in the records of the religious societies that were continually sending out Fathers to these shores, are thousands of reports made by them that have never been examined. Possibly they may contain something in reference to settlements here. During this time undoubtedly some of the free booters that infested the Gulf made this bay their headquarters as they preyed upon the richly-laden commerce passing from Mexico to Spain and at favored localities careened their ships and scraped and repaired them. Some of the ancient clearings hereabouts are credited as having been the abiding places of these sea rovers. During the latter part of their term undoubtedly some Spanish settlers lived along the North shores of this bay, Spanish coins having been found here of that date, and scattered reports have been handed down of such settlements.

1763. Florida having been ceded to England and the soldiers of that country having been granted tracks of land here, several officers and men located on their allotments at various points on the north shores of the bay, and on North bay. At Dyers point a town was established which was named Wells, and it is noted in accounts of the country during the English occupation from 1763 to 1783 that it, with Pensacola and Apalachicola, constituted all the towns in West Florida. Upon the cession of Florida to Spain in 1783 these settlers removed to Jamaica and other points, and the improvements that they had made here were soon obliterated by the ele-

ments and the rapid growth of vegetation. However quite a few of the older orange trees about this bay were dug up in the woods which cover the location of Wells. It was during this period that the first official survey of this coast and the entrance to the harbor was made by the British.

1783-1819. Between the period of the English exodus and the treaty for the purchase of Florida in 1819, by the United States, but few, other than rambling Spanish fishermen, lived here. Even then the bay had begun to be the favorite fishing ground for many daring settlers of lower Georgia and Alabama, and as soon as the country had been turned over to the United States in 1821 they came in increasing numbers.

1821-1826- During this period John Lee Williams, of Pensacola, one of the Commissioners appointed to select a location for the capital, traveled extensively in West Florida, and made the first map of St. Andrews Bay. His two works published in 1827 and 1837, are the only authentic and complete records of this section at that time.

1825. Representative John W. White began his efforts in Congress to secure a canal across the state from the Atlantic to Vacassar bay, thence by the Apalachicola river and a canal from that stream to St. Andrews Bay, thence through this bay and by canal from West Bay to Choctawhatchee bay thence through that bay and Santa Rosa sound to Pensacola, and from lower part of Pensacola bay to Perdido bay and on to Mobile bay, precisely what it now being planned by those engaged in the Inland Waterway improvement. Of the so-called East Bay Canal his first plan was as follows:

"Up the Apalachicola river thirty five miles, to its junction with the Chipola, Hort's lake ten miles opposite to the heads of Wetappo creek; thence by a canal three miles to the Wetappo; thence down the Wetappo, seven miles, to the east arm of St. Andrews Bay."

1827. Ex-governor John Clarke, of Georgia, removed to St. Andrews Bay and built a home where the residence of G. M. West now stands. Among the trees that he planted at that time was a fig, bearing large purple fruit, the roots of which have never been killed, and from which have been grown about all the purple figs on the bay. The tree that have sprung from the original planting are now very large and luxuriant in growth. He was appointed by his friend President Jackson, caretaker of the live oaks along these shores, which were reserved by the government for ship building purposes. He died in 1832, and was buried in the lot east of his residence. His children erected a monument over his grave which is still standing.

1832. On July 4th Congress passed a bill appropriating $3,000 for a survey between St. Andrews Bay and Choctawhatchee Bay, and between Pensacola Bay and Bon Secour, with a view of obtaining data as to cost etc., for locating canals connecting said waters. In this year the St. Andrews and Chipola Canal Co., was incorporated by the legislature.

1838. A bill passed the legislature incorporating the St. Andrews College, to be located at Bunkers Cove. Congress was memoralized to appropriate $5,000 to repair the road "laid out by James Watson from the residence of Peter W. Gautier, Sr., on St. Andrews Bay, to the Compass road."

1839. The St. Andrews and Chipola Canal Co., was granted privilege of constructing a railroad from St. Andrews Bay to Florida line, or to any intervening point.

1840. The entrance to St. Andrews Bay was surveyed by Lieutenant Commander L. W. Powell, with the brig Consort. He reported 17 feet of water in the main pass, 13 in the east pass, and 14 in the west pass.

1842. The legislature memoralized Congress to provide for fortifications on St. Andrews Bay.

1843. The St. Andrews Bay Land Company was incorporated. This was the company that laid out what is known as Old Town.

1956. P. M. Callaway, of Eufaula, erected a large saw mill on Laugtons bayou near the present site of Callaway.

1862. On March 20th of this year occurred the fight at Old Town between a boats crew from the blockading fleet, and Capt. Robinson's Company of Confederates.

1863. In January of this year Old Town was destroyed by the U. S. bark Restless.

1885. Present town of St. Andrews started.

1887. Park Resort, next called Harrison, and the present site of Panama City, was platted.

1888. Congress ordered a survey of St. Andrews Bay.

1890. Cromantion platted.

1898. First turpentine still started on the bay at Gay.

1899. Mill built at Millville and town started.

1902. Congress authorized and directed a survey to be made of "the two entrances to St. Andrews Bay, with a view of securing a twenty-one foot channel through one of said entrances and across the bulkheads into said bay, and up to the town of Saint Andrews Bay."

1907. St. Andrews incorporated. Congress authorized and directed a survey of St. Andrews Bay.

1908. First railroad reached St. Andrews Bay in June, the Atlanta & St. Andrews Bay R. R. First ice plants began making ice on the bay.

1909. Panama City incorporated. U. S. engineers report favorably upon the improvement of the entrance to St. Andrews Bay.

Panama City's Birth Occurred 41 Years Ago

It was exactly 41 years ago in February that the first meeting of Panama City's town council was held.

Presiding over the meeting was R. L. (Col. Bob) McKenzie, still well-known and beloved resident of the city.

It was on February 28, 1909—at 10 a. m. to be exact—that the town council was "conceived in regular session," according to minutes of the meeting filed in the office of City Clerk Harry Harris. The records, although nothing more than ink-inscribed accounts in an ordinary ledger book, show the first session was attended by 33 voters who unanimously elected McKenzie as the first mayor.

OTHER MEMBERS

Other members of the council named during the meeting were, A. J. Gay, who was chosen president of the group; G. N. McKenzie, F. B. Clingo, R. A. Rozier and A. L. Williams. E. M. Goodson was the first clerk and M. L. Harmon was employed as the first town marshal. Today's Circuit Judge Ira A. Hutchison was chosen to serve for a term of one year as the town's legal counsel. Gay was elected president of the council. The first officials drew lots to determine that Gay and Williams should hold the longer terms of office.

It was almost a month later, on March 13, that the city became a full-fledged municipality on land owned by the Gulf Coast Development Company. The company had been waiting since its formation in 1905 until the community had the necessary "more than 25 voters" to ask for incorporation.

INCORPORATION FILED

Records of incorporation were filed in the Washington county courthouse under the attested seal of W. C. Lokey, clerk of the circuit at that time. (Bay county was not created until April 24, 1913). Photostatic copies of the records of the municipal election of incorporation are found in records of the Bay County Land and Abstract Company.

Although the town boasted 34 qualfied voters at the time of incorporation, only 33 took advantage of the opportunity to vote approval. They are listed as H. W. Johnson, H. A. Smith, G. B. Thompson, H. H. Mack, Alto Williams, I. A. Hutchison, Jesse Bowen, J. G. Lewis, Lyman Dykes, W. B. Caswell, A. Hogeboom, J. B. Hogeboom, W. H. Crawford, S. A. Wilman, R. L. McKenzie, G. H. McKenzie, J. E. McKenzie, A. P. McKenzie, E. M. Goodson, J. J. Ward, R. A. Rozier, N. C. Hall, G. L. Fenters, J. W. Cooley, I. G. Shores, M. L. Harmon, L. D. Harmon, Turner Harmon, A. G. Chandlee, R. McClellan, James Stone, N. C. Crosley and H. J. Choffer.

Those signing the petition of incorporation not listed above included J. V. Porter, M. B. Jenks, S. A. Hillman, W. H. Crawford, I. G. Shores, and W. B. Caswell.

Mr. McKenzie, or Colonel Bob, as he is affectionately called, is perhaps the best source of information on the city's early history, not only on historical data, but on the human interest side of those early days, as well. Of four McKenzie brothers who helped to settle and found Panama City, he is the only one still living.

Although, as one of the fathers of the city he is extremely anxious for its future progress and welfare, he also likes to look back across the years and recall to mind the town as it once was — a few business houses perched precariously along the shoreline of St. Andrews Bay.

Here shoppers came by boat until, as years went by, the business district grew and pushed back along what is now Harrison avenue. The city's main thoroughfare was named for the remains of a previous settlement here called Harrison, which failed to survive.

AMUSING COMMENTARY

An amusing bit of commentary published at about this time in the Cordele Rambler, of Cordele, Ga., McKenzie's home town, read: "Bob McKenzie, an old Cordele boy, is circulating among his friends here again. Bob says they are going to build a city down there."

"R. L. McKenzie returned Monday and reported interest all through Southwestern Georgia and Southeastern Alabama in the opening of this harbor to commerce of the world."

McKenzie was reminded of the first funds the city ever took in just the other day when he was encountered by an old citizen of Panama City. The man asked the first mayor if he remembers the fine he (McKenzie) ever imposed upon him.

"I'll never forget it," McKenzie replied, chuckling. "That was the first money the city ever had, and it looked like a fortune." That first defendant in city court was charged with public drunkenness, McKenzie said.

FIRST ORDINANCE

Incidentally, public drunkenness was the object of the first ordinance ever passed by the Town Council.

Other ordinances passed during the initial meeting dealt with gambling, regulations on firearms, and obscene and indecent language, the original minutes of the session shows.

Among the list of "firsts" McKenzie likes to mull over is the first wedding ever held in the city and the subsequent "serenade," which caused disruption of mail service for a number of days. The mail horse was so frightened by the commotion that he broke loose and ran away with the mail and it was several days before he was recaptured and postal service could be resumed, McKenzie recalls.

The Gulf Coast Development Company, whose land became the City of Panama City, was formed by McKenzie, W. J. Jackson and G. M. West, the latter two railroad men from Chicago. Their first sale was made to a man named McLdan, who, although never a resident here, was correct in thinking the tract of land had a future. It is the present site of the Commercial Bank. Mr. West was made general manager and took charge of the development. Later he was joined by W. F. Look, who is still a resident of Panama City.

DEVELOPMENT COMPANY

The Development Company obtained a lot of its land from A. J. Gay, whose son and grandchildren still liv here. Gay became a director of the company and a Panama City booster.

McKenzie came here as a young turpentine operator and bought a turpentine place on what is now the Panama Country Club. In 1906 he persuaded A. B. Steel of Atlanta to make this section the Gulf coast terminal of his proposed railroad. Thus the Atlanta and St. Andrew's Bay Railroad, better known as The Bay Line, came through.

It was also McKenzie who attended Governor Park Trammell at the signing of the legislative act providing for the creation of Bay County from small portions of surrounding counties on April 24, 1913. By this time he had served as representative in the House.

Both Mr. and Mrs. McKenzie treasure the tortoise shell enjewell-

ed pen which was used during the historical event.

"The Governor told me he'd sign the act if I'd furnish the pen," McKenzie laughed. "So I called my wife and asked her to bring me one in a hurry."

The couple bought the gold-pointed pen in Havana, Cuba. It is now kept in a little box in McKenzie's desk.

Even the first Bay County court hearings, as late as 1913 were held out in the waters of St. Andrew's Bay. A newspaper comment on the first court proceedings, held in an old skating rink building, declared "The Owl's Nest," a delightful place in which to dispense justice.

R. L. McKenzie's Leadership In City Has Never Dimmed

The name of McKenzie has been prominent in Panama City history for more than 40 years and is still prominent here today.

R. L. McKenzie, one of the founders and early builders of Panama City and first mayor of the town upon incorporation, came here as a young man from his native Georgia.

He lives today on a site that was included in one of three homesteads from which Panama City was formed.

LONG A LEADER

His leadership and influence has been felt in many projects that benefited Panama City. He was an early leader in the timber industry and a motivating force in bringing railroad service to this section.

He was elected to the legislature as representative from Washington county, when this section was still in Washington county, and served in the 1909 and 1911 sessions. He returned for the session of 1913 as a private and influential citizen, to help steer through the legislature the special act which carved Bay county from Washington, Gulf and Calhoun counties.

WOOED INDUSTRY

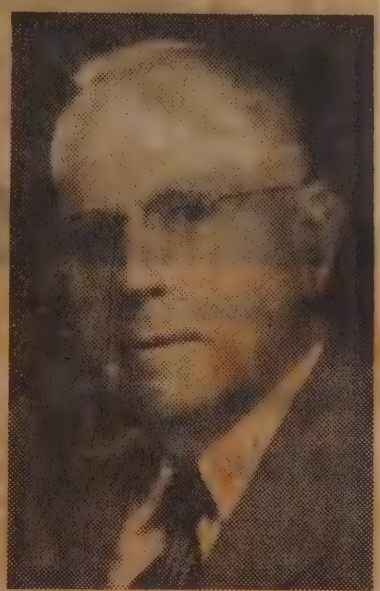
Regarded as one of the "elder statesmen" of Panama City, he was also a leader in negotiations which resulted in locating Southern Kraft mill here and assuring this section of economic stability.

He was a charter member of the First Baptist church and still a member of the board of trustees there. He is also a charter member of the Kiwanis club here and of the executive board of Bob Jones University at Greenville, S. C.

His two daughters, Anne and Ellen, are members of the faculty of Bob Jones University.

SCHOOL HONORS HIM

The University holds him in such esteem that the 1949 annual was



R. L. McKENZIE

dedicated to him with this tribute: "Determination, foresight and gentleness—these qualities characterize the one to whom we dedicate our annual. As a pioneer member of the board of trustees and vice chairman of the executive committee, R. L. McKenzie has stood by Bob Jones University wholeheartedly, cooperating in every way with contributions, both material and spiritual.

"To you, Mr. McKenzie, our faithful friend and supporter, for your steadfast friendship and your unswerving loyalty not only to our school but to the cause for which it stands, we, the students of Bob Jones University, dedicate the VINTAGE of 1949."

Mr. McKenzie has long been connected with the real estate field and is still active in the business here.

City Built On 3 Early Homesteads

Panama City was founded on three early homesteads here, beginning at the site of the present day courthouse and connecting up through what is now the city park and onto the bay shore.

The records show that the homesteads were entered by Samuel J. Ervin in October, 1882 and February 1884 by G. B. Thompson in October, 1887, and by Clark P. Slade in November, 1889.

The Erwin homestead was purchased by Capt. George W. Jenks in April, 1887. Out of this purchase grew the platting in May of 1888 of Park Resort by Jenks and Dehorest, which name was changed to Harrison in a revised plat filed in 1889.

Capt. Jenks, who first began promotion of what is now Panama City, was born in Saybrook, Ohio, March 10, 1831. When he was six years old, his family moved to Illinois, where he received his education and he came to this section as a young adult.

APPENDIX M

Map of Bay County

June, 1948

Revised 1950

GENERAL HIGHWAY MAP
BAY COUNTY
FLORIDA

PREPARED BY THE
FLORIDA STATE ROAD DEPARTMENT
DIVISION OF RESEARCH AND RECORDS
IN COOPERATION WITH THE
FEDERAL HIGHWAY ADMINISTRATION
FEDERAL WORKS AGENCY

SCALE
1 0 1 2 3 4 MILES

JUNE, 1948
REVISED JANUARY 1, 1950

All of Bayview City and that part of Panama City lying north of the Intracoastal Waterway are included in the Urban Area as approved by the Bureau of Public Roads. Any roads not now shown but which may be added in the future will be shown on the map when they are added to the system.

GENERAL LEGEND

- PAVED ROAD
- BITUMINOUS ROAD
- OIL PENETRATION ROAD
- GRAVEL AND STONE ROAD
- SOIL SURFACED ROAD
- GRADED AND DRAINED ROAD
- UNIMPROVED ROAD
- TRAIL
- MOTORABLE TRAIL
- U. S. HIGHWAY
- STATE HIGHWAY
- FEDERAL AID HIGHWAY
- SECONDARY OR FARM TO MARKET ROAD
- STATE AID ROAD
- COUNTY ROAD
- MUNICIPAL STREET
- PRIVATE ROAD
- GRADE SEPARATION
- UNDERPASS
- OVERPASS
- RAILROAD
- RAILROAD STATION
- RAILROAD SIDING
- FOREST RANGER STATION
- FARM UNIT
- TENANT HOUSE
- DWELLING OTHER THAN FARM
- GROUP OF DWELLINGS
- BUSINESS & DWELLING
- SMALL BUSINESS
- DWELLING, BUSINESS & POST OFFICE
- POST OFFICE
- CHURCH
- SCHOOL
- CEMETERY
- AIRPORT
- AIRPORT WITH HARD SURFACED RUNWAY
- AIRPORT WITH TURF RUNWAY
- LOOKOUT TOWER
- RADIO TOWER
- WINDMILL
- LOCKED GATE OR FENCE
- STOCK YARD, LOADING PEN
- WATER SUPPLY STAND PIPE
- STATE BOUNDARY
- COUNTY BOUNDARY
- MUNICIPAL BOUNDARY
- FOREST, GAME OR PARK BOUNDARY
- INDIAN RESERVATION BOUNDARY
- MILITARY RESERVATION BOUNDARY
- LAND GRANT BOUNDARY
- SURVEY LINE
- TOWNSHIP LINE
- RANGE LINE
- SECTION LINE
- MILE POST
- KILOMETER POST
- BRIDGE
- TUNNEL
- RAILROAD UNDERPASS
- RAILROAD OVERPASS
- FERRY
- FORD
- FORD IMPASSABLE
- FORD IMPASSABLE AT HIGH WATER
- FORD IMPASSABLE AT LOW WATER
- FORD WITH DEPTH IN FEET
- FORD WITH DEPTH IN FEET AT HIGH WATER
- FORD WITH DEPTH IN FEET AT LOW WATER
- WATER SUPPLY STAND PIPE
- WATER SUPPLY WELL
- WATER SUPPLY SPRING

GRID NORTH AT PANAMA CITY IS APPROXIMATELY 1° 30' WEST OF TRUE NORTH
MAGNETIC NORTH IS APPROXIMATELY 7° 30' EAST OF TRUE NORTH
ANNUAL MAGNETIC CHANGE NEGLIGIBLE

This map prepared on the Lambert conformal conic projection with zone coordinates as established for the Florida North Zone.

Note: In congested rural areas cultural features omitted may be shown on county maps prepared by this county. For details refer to maps prepared for this county.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

Elsie Lillian Surber was born in St. Andrews, Florida. She received her Bachelor of Arts in Education degree from the University of Florida in 1946. She did her graduate work in the fields of education and English at the University of Florida.

She has been a teacher in the public schools of Florida for thirteen years and is at present a member of the faculty of John Gorrie Junior High School, Jacksonville, Florida.

She is a member of the Upsilon Chapter of the Kappa Delta Pi honor society.

This thesis was prepared under the direction of the Chairman of the candidate's Supervisory Committee and has been approved by all members of the Committee. It was submitted to the Graduate Council and was approved as partial fulfilment of the requirements for the degree of Master of Arts in Education.

September 2, 1950

T. M. Simpson
Dean

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